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TRUE AND FALSE CONCEPTIONS OF THE ATONEMENT.*

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PREFATORY.

THIS volume presents to us an object of considerable interest. It inspires sympathy with the writer, not only as a person highly gifted, but as a seeker after truth, although it is to be regretted that at a particular point of the narrative the discussion borders on the loathsome. Indeed, it becomes hard to conceive by what mental process Mrs. Besant can have convinced herself, that it was part of her mission as a woman to open such a subject as that of the Ninth Chapter, in the face of the world, and in a book meant for popular perusal. Instruction will be derived from the work at large; but probably not exactly the instruction intended by the authoress. Her read-

ers will find that they are expected to feel a lively interest in her personality: and, in order that this interest may not be disappointed, they will find her presented to their view in no less than three portraits, at different portions of the volume. They will also find, that the book is a spiritual itinerary, and that it shows with how much at least of intellectual ease, and what unquestioning assumptions of being right, vast spaces of mental travelling may be performed. The stages are, indeed, glaringly in contrast with one another; yet their violent contrarieties do not seem at any period to suggest to the writer so much as a doubt whether the mind, which so continually changes in attitude and color, can after all be very trustworthy in each and all its movements. This uncomfortable suggestion is never permitted to intrude; and the

* *Annie Besant: an Autobiography* (London: T. Fisher Unwin, 1894).

absolute self-complacency of the authoress bears her on through tracts of air buoyant and copious enough to carry the Dircæan swan. Mrs. Besant passes from her earliest to her latest stage of thought as lightly, as the swallow skims the surface of the lawn, and with just as little effort to ascertain what lies beneath it. An ordinary mind would suppose that modesty was the one lesson which she could not have failed to learn from her extraordinary permutations; but the chemist, who shall analyze by percentages the contents of these pages, will not, I apprehend, be in a condition to report that of such an element he can find even the infinitesimal quantity usually and conveniently denominated a "trace." Her several schemes of belief, or non-belief, appear to have been entertained one after another, with the same undoubting confidence, until the junctures successively arrived for their not regretful, but rather contemptuous, rejection. They are nowhere based upon reasoning, but they rest upon one and the same authority—the authority of Mrs. Besant. In the general absence of argument to explain the causes of her movements, she apparently thinks it sufficient to supply us with her three portraits, as carrying with them sufficient attestation. If we ask upon which of her religions, or substitutes for religion, we are to place reliance, the reply would undoubtedly be, upon the last. Yes; but who is to assure us that it will be the last? It remains open to us to hope, for her own sake, that she may yet describe the complete circle, and end somewhere near the point where she began.

Religion had a large share in the interests of Mrs. Besant's early childhood; and at eight years* old she received a strongly Evangelical bent. She is sensible of having been much governed by vanity at this period of her life, while she does not inform us whether this quality spontaneously disappeared, or what had become of it in the later stages. It can hardly be made matter of reproach to Mrs. Besant that such early years did not supply

her with her final standing-ground; or that, like most of the other highly gifted pupils in the school popularly known as Evangelical, she felt herself irresistibly impelled to an onward movement. She came to rejoice, as so many more have done, in the great conception of a Catholic Church lasting through the centuries;* "the hidden life grew stronger," and the practice of weekly communion, nay, even that of self-chastisement, was adopted. In retrospect, she perceives that the keynote of her life has been a "longing for sacrifice to something felt as greater than the self."† When she married, at the age of twenty, she "had no more idea of the marriage relation than if she had been four years old." The supremacy of the new form given to her religious ideas is not very well defined, nor is there any intelligible account of the process through which it was summarily put upon its trial. She informs us, indeed, that she went up to the sources, and made herself acquainted with the Fathers of the Christian Church. It would be interesting to know what were her opportunities, or what was the extent of the girl's patristic reading.‡ Suffice it to say that it has not left the smallest trace upon the matter or spirit of this volume. And, indeed, that a reader of the early Fathers should present to us, as agreeable to the teaching "of the Churches," that utterly modern caricature of the doctrine of the Atonement which will presently be cited, is a solecism which, along with a multitude of other solecisms, we must leave it to her readers to examine. As for Mrs. Besant she is frankly astonished at the amount of her own religiosity, and she accepts with apparent acquiescence the remark of her dying father.§ that "darling Annie's only fault was being too religious." In all her different phases of thought, that place in the mind where the sense of sin should be, appears to have remained, all through the shifting scenes of her mental history, an absolute blank. Without this sense, it is obvious that her Evangelicalism and her High Churchism were alike built upon the sand, and that in strictness

* P. 45.

* P. 56. † P. 57. ‡ P. 56. § P. 24.

she never quitted what she had never in its integrity possessed. Speaking generally, it may be held that she has followed at all times her own impulses with an entire sincerity; but that those impulses have been woefully dislocated in origin, spirit, and direction, by an amount of egregious self-confidence which is in itself a guarantee of failure in mental investigations.

After a physical crisis, brought about by the sufferings of a child in illness, her religion received a shock which it had not strength to survive. She resolved carefully and thoroughly to examine its dogmas one by one;* and she addressed herself, by a process which she does not describe, to four propositions, which, as she states, are assailed by "the steadily advancing waves of historical and scientific criticism." The propositions are:†

1. The eternity of punishment after death.
2. The meaning of goodness and love, as applied to a God who had made this world with all its sin and misery.
3. The nature of the Atonement of Christ, and the justice of God in accepting a vicarious suffering from Christ, and a vicarious righteousness from the sinner.
4. The meaning of inspiration as applied to the Bible, and the reconciliation of the perfections of the Author with the blunders and immoralities of the work.

These propositions were rejected by the young lady not long out of her teens. But lest we should resent her reticence as to the method in which she fulfilled her plan of systematic examination, she gives us this assurance: "Looking back I cannot but see how orderly was the progression of thought, how steady the growth, after that first terrible earthquake."‡

Still, beyond this authoritative notice, we have not the smallest tittle of evidence to show either, first, that any of the propositions were ever subjected to any serious examination at all, or even, secondly, that any pains were taken to verify them as propositions really incorporated in that teaching of "the Churches" with which she was resolved to deal. It is hardly needful to observe that, to allege such incorporation, with respect to an essential part of the third proposition, is to ex-

hibit what, in a case where insincerity is not for a moment to be imputed, can only be described as rash and blameworthy ignorance.

It is not necessary to follow the authoress into her further experiences as (in her own language) an atheist and a theosophist. The point at which she parts company from Christianity is the point for taking up her challenge. Accordingly, the purpose of these pages is to test at least one of her four propositions, that which relates to the doctrine of Atonement. But as I am conscious of no title to set off an *ipse dixit* against the *ipsa dixit* of Mrs. Besant, the task set before me can only be performed by a patient examination of language, and of reasoning, which supply the sole means ordinarily vouchsafed to man as his aids in the search for truth. In speaking thus, I waive no tittle of the authority which belongs to the established doctrine of the Atonement; but only abstain from modes of speech and argument, which could find no possible access to the minds of such as follow the methods adopted by the writer of this autobiography.

THE ATONEMENT OF CHRIST.

This inquirer, or rather, this objector, asks* what is the "justice" of God in "accepting a vicarious suffering from Christ, and a vicarious righteousness from the sinner"?

The acceptance of a vicarious righteousness from the sinner may be put aside for the present; inasmuch as, if the first part of the case can be met, the second, which is an ulterior, and perhaps in various ways a questionable, development, at least as it is often put, never will arise.

It is well to get rid of verbal controversies. In human affairs, when an intermediate person comes between a creditor and his debtor, and guarantees or advances the money, the creditor may be said to accept a vicarious liquidation of the debt. And yet that intermediate person may have the fullest intention of requiring the debtor to take the obligation upon himself, and the fullest knowledge that this will be

* P. 99.

† *Ibid.*

‡ *Ibid.*

* Mrs. Besant, *Autobiography*, p. 99.

done. Accordingly, let this topic stand aside, for it is virtually included in the larger question.

It is, then, obviously intended to suggest that God accepts from Christ the suffering which, but for Christ, would have been justly due to the sinner, and justly inflicted upon him; and that, Christ being absolutely innocent, injustice toward Him is here involved.

At the outset, I have to say that statements are sometimes made by unwise or uninstructed persons—indeed, I have myself heard such statements from the pulpit—which give, or appear to give, countenance to this charge. A preacher, whom I am reluctant to name, declared in my hearing that, when pardon has been obtained under the Gospel, a debt is paid off, and God gives “a receipt in full.” The thing necessary is, that there should be a payment. What does it matter to the creditor by whom the debt is paid? Shylock, more astute than other creditors, though even he was incompletely astute, yet provided effectually against this contingency. The debt of Antonio was to be paid with a part of his own body, and admitted of no substitution. An act of sin is, from this point of view, what is called an I O U; and it is nothing more. The receipt in full having been given, the transaction, or course of transactions, is at an end. This incautious preacher stated a part, and that not the most inward or ethical part, as if it had been the whole; and, according to his exposition, the Almighty, who was the creditor, had no more to do with the affair; while the character of the required penalty, which fell upon the Saviour, is so stated as if good had been undeservedly obtained for the sinner, by the infliction of evil undeservedly upon the righteous.

It is, of course, no answer to this to say that the obligation to discharge the debt was willingly accepted by our Lord. For, firstly, we must, I think, understand from the Agony in the Garden that His willingness was a conditioned willingness. He would not ask for the twelve legions of angels (St. Matt. xxvi. 39, 42, 53); but He prayed that the cup might pass from

Him if His drinking, draining, it could be dispensed with; He accepted it because there was something deep down in the counsels, and in the very nature of the Divine Being, which made it indispensable. Secondly, if it was unjust that He should pay by suffering, His willingness in no way clears the character of the Almighty as the universal Governor of the world. Injustice is not the less injustice because there may be a willing submission to it.

But, in fact, our objector seems to agree with our disowned defender in this; that both look at the forensic or reputed, and neither at the ethical, which is of necessity the essential, aspect of the case. Let it be granted to them both—

1. That the “sinner,” that is to say, man, taken generally, is liable to penalty, for sin ingrained and sin committed.

2. That the Son of God, liable to no penalty, submits Himself to a destiny of suffering and shame.

3. That by His life and death of suffering and shame men are relievable, and have, upon acceptance of the Gospel and continuance therein, been actually relieved, from the penalties to which they were liable.

4. That as sin entails suffering, and as Another has enabled the sinner to put all penal suffering away, and, in effecting this, and for the purpose of effecting it, has Himself suffered, this surely is in the full sense of the term a vicarious suffering, an atonement, at-one-ment, vicariously brought about by the intervention of an innocent person.

This dispensation of Atonement is part and parcel of the Incarnation; and the Incarnation, undertaken in order to suffer, by the Man of Sorrows acquainted with grief, is mystery but is not injustice; does not involve the idea of injustice, and is not liable to the charge. Such is the contention which it will now be endeavored to make good.

Be it remembered that pain, though it is not lawfully to be inflicted except for wrong done, is not in itself essentially evil. It has been freely borne, again and again, by good men for the sake of bad men; and they have borne it sometimes with benefit to the bad

men, always with benefit to themselves. Pain indicates, it may be, a relation to evil; but is so far from being absolutely an evil, that it may be relatively and conditionally a good, as being the instrumental cause of good.

If we are told in reply that Christ, being God and therefore perfect, could receive no good from pain, the answer is that by the Incarnation Christ took upon Him a nature not strictly perfect but perfectible, for He "grew in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man" (St. Luke ii. 52).

I have here gone through some propositions which may be termed forensic. It may be convenient, before proceeding farther, to advert to the meaning of this term, which was brought, I apprehend, into familiar use, about half a century ago, by the remarkable writings of Mr. Alexander Knox. It properly refers to proceedings of condemnation or acquittal, such as take place in earthly courts of justice, and accordingly express not certain truth, but only our imperfect effort to arrive at it. They are therefore necessarily disjoined from ethical conditions, in so far that they have no fixed relation to them.

With so much of explanation, let us now turn to those considerations which are properly ethical. And I would strongly contend that there is in Scripture, in Christianity, nothing forensic, which is not also ethical; that these are two distinct but not clashing forms of expressing the one and the same thing; one of them, it may be said, expressing it as law, the other as command; one as justice, the other as will. I would indeed submit that, if we believe in God at all, it becomes impossible for us to sever these two ideas from one another.

The following propositions as they stand of course cannot pretend to the smallest authority; but they are meant to be, and I hope may be, conformable to the established doctrine of Scripture and the Church at large:

1. We are born into the world in a condition in which our nature has been depressed or distorted or impaired by sin; and we partake by inheritance this ingrained fault of our race. This fault is in Scripture referred to a per-

son and a period, which gives definiteness to the conception; but we are not here specially concerned with the form in which the doctrine has been declared.

2. This fault of nature has not abolished freedom of the will, but it has caused a bias toward the wrong.

3. The laws of our nature make its excellence recoverable by Divine discipline and self-denial, if the will be duly directed to the proper use of these instruments of recovery.

4. A Redeemer, whose coming was prophesied simultaneously with the fall, being a person no less than the Eternal Son of God, comes into the world, and at the cost of great suffering establishes in His own person a type, a matrix so to speak, for humanity raised to its absolute perfection.

5. He also promulgates a creed or scheme of highly influential truths, and founds therewith a system of institutions and means of grace, whereby men may be recast, as it were, in that matrix or mould which He has provided, and united one by one with His own perfect humanity. Under the exercising forces of life, their destiny is to grow more and more into His likeness. He works in us and by us; not figuratively but literally. Christ, if we answer to His grace, is, as St. Paul said, formed in us. By a discipline of life based on the constitutive principles of our being, He brings us nearer to Himself; that which we have first learned as lesson distills itself into habit and character; it becomes part of our composition, and gradually, through Christ, ever neutralizing and reversing our evil bias, renews our nature in His own image.

6. We have here laid down for us, as it would seem, the essentials of a moral redemption; of relief from evil as well as pain. Man is brought back from sin to righteousness by a holy training; that training is supplied by incorporation into the Christ who is God and man; and that Christ has been constituted, trained, and appointed to His office in this incorporation, through suffering. His suffering, without any merit of ours, and in spite of our guilt, is thus the means of our recovery and sanctification. And His suffering is

truly vicarious ; for if He had not thus suffered on our behalf, we must have suffered in our own helpless guilt.

7. This appears to be a system purely and absolutely ethical in its basis ; such vicarious suffering, thus viewed, implies no disparagement, even in the smallest particulars, to the justice and righteousness of God.

8. It is not by any innovation, so to speak, in His scheme of government, that the Almighty brings about this great and glorious result. What is here enacted on a gigantic scale in the kingdom of grace, only repeats a phenomenon with which we are perfectly familiar in the natural and social order of the world, where the good, at the expense of pain endured by them, procure benefits for the unworthy. It may indeed be said, and with truth, that the good men, of whom we speak are but partially good, whereas the Lord Christ is absolutely good. True ; yet the analogy is just, and it holds, even if we state no more than that the better suffer for the worse. The Christian Atonement is, indeed, transcendent in character, and cannot receive from ordinary sources any entirely adequate illustration, but yet the essence and root of this matter lies in the idea of good vicariously conveyed. And this is an operation appertaining to the whole order of human things, so that, besides being agreeable to justice and to love, it is also sustained by analogies lying outside the Christian system, and indeed the whole order of revelation.

9. The pretexts for impugning the Divine character in connection with the redemption of man are artificially constructed by detaching the vicarious efficacy of the sufferings of our Lord from moral consequences, wrought out in those who obtain the application of His redeeming power by incorporation into His Church or Body. Take away this unnatural severance, and the objections fall to the ground.

10. And now we come to the place of what is termed pardon in the Christian system. The word justification, which in itself means making righteous, has been employed in Scripture to signify the state of acceptance into which we are introduced by the pardon of our

sins. And it is strongly held by St. Paul that we are justified by faith (Rom. iii. 28, v. 1), not by works. Were we justified, admitted to pardon, by our works, we should be our own redeemers, not the redeemed of Christ. But there are further and unwarranted developments of these ideas, which bring us into the neighborhood of danger.

11. I have said that, when the vicarious sufferings of Christ are so regarded that we can appropriate their virtue, while disjoining them even for a moment from moral consequences in ourselves, we open the door to imputations on the righteousness of God. But the epoch of pardon for our sins marks the point at which that appropriation is effected ; and if pardon be, even for a moment, severed from a moral process of renovation, if these two are not made to stand in organic and vital connection with one another, that door is opened through which mischief will rush in. And thus pardon may be made to hold an illegitimate place in the Christian system ; as when it is said that the condition and means of pardon are simply to believe that we are pardoned ; the doctrine charged with extraordinary pertinacity and vigor by Bossuet upon Luther. But in Holy Scripture there is no opening of such a door ; no possibility of entrance for such an error.

12. Pardon, on the other hand, has both a legitimate and a most important place in the Christian scheme. What is that place ? and what is pardon itself ? Is it arbitrary, and disconnected from the renewing process ? or is it, on the other hand, based upon a thorough accord with the ethical and the practical ideas which form the heart of the scheme ? Is it like an amnesty proclaimed by some human, probably some revolutionary government without any guarantee or condition as to the motives it will set in action ; or is it the positive entry of the strong man into the house which he is to cleanse and to set in order, while he accompanies his entry with a proclamation of peace and joy founded upon the work which he is to achieve therein ?

I suppose we do not travel far from the line of accuracy if we allege that

pardon is what in the Pauline sense would be initial justification. Both of them are terms belonging to the forensic system. That epithet has great conveniences from the simplicity and force of the antithesis it signifies. I have pointed out that it is defective in point of precise accuracy, and it does not express the whole truth of the case. When a man is declared guilty in a court of justice, from which sphere the phrase is borrowed, the meaning is definite enough in this, that the man was to suffer a penalty definite in its nature, but implying nothing certain upon the question whether he has actually committed the fault to which it is annexed. If, conversely, he is declared to be not guilty, again the meaning is not that he is certainly known not to have committed the fault, but that he is not certainly known to have committed it, and that upon the assumption of his innocence he is to go scot free. It is to be observed that this forensic phraseology, and the responsibility of the comparison which some preachers have so vulgarized by treating the transaction as one across the counter, does not appear to belong to Holy Scripture. But as Holy Scripture speaks of pardon, and of that state of condemnation in which our sin abideth, and from which we are delivered by pardon, there is here a real resemblance to the "guilty and not guilty" of the court of justice in respect of punishment impending or not impending. But there is none of the uncertainty as to true guilt or innocence which marks our imperfect efforts to establish criminal retribution; for all things are naked to the eyes of Him with whom we have to do.

There is thus a limited or partial accommodation to the forensic idea, when use is made in theology of the word pardon, and of a justification which primarily signifies not righteousness but acquittal. Let us attempt to illustrate this accommodating use, by contrasting it with the case of physical disease under remedial treatment. Here the physician and the patient alike have to look only to the ailment and the remedy, operating upon one another. There is no such thing as an imputed cure. What the remedy

gains, the malady loses; and *vice versa*. There is no cure except an actual cure: no assurance of health of any kind until, and just in so far as, actual health is recovered.

The case is, however, different when we consider man as laboring under moral ailment, and as receiving the care of the Great Physician. Here, when the centre of his being is effectually reached, and the inmost spring of action, which had wrought for evil, now turns to goodness and to God as its source, the taint of former sin, the force of evil bias, is not at once, nor perhaps for a long and weary time, effectually removed. The man remains sinful except in his intention for the future. What is this intention required to be in order to bring it within the saving grace of the Gospel? Not merely a weak, not merely even a strong, remorse. Not a mere velleity of good, however that velleity be free from the taint of conscious insincerity at the moment. No, it must be the sovereign faculty of will truly (but whether permanently or not is a question only collateral to the present inquiry) turned to God, and actually and supremely operative upon the workings of the whole man; for if there be a reserve, if the heart will not part with some treasured corruption, if like the young man in the Gospel it will not separate from all that separates from Christ, the remedial process is intercepted, the avenging record is not blotted out, there is no pardon, no justification, no capable subject upon which the blessing can descend.

But if, on the other hand, the heart is right with God in that sense which so many pages of the Scripture establish and define for us by living instances, then there is pardon; there is that living seed of actual righteousness, which has only to grow, under the laws appointed for our nature, in order to complete the work. Pardon is properly a thing imputed. But, besides what is imputed, something is imparted to the sinner: but, in the first place, what? and, in the second place, why?

There is imparted to him relief from the penal inflictions due to sin. But what do we mean, in the employment of these words? We do not mean that

he is relieved from all the consequences of sin. Many of those consequences arrive from without, and an operation takes place in the way of cause and effect, just as independently of repentance, as if one has received a wound in a guilty foray, where sorrow for the occurrence does nothing to cure the hurt. Neither do we even mean that he is relieved from all the consequences of sin, except such as are external. For it may be too sadly true that the soul, like the souls of Guinevere and Lancelot, will have presented to it in the future the seductive influences of many a sweet temptation. Let us advance one step further. It is not meant that the penitent sinner will be relieved from all the painful consequences of sin. None of our actions end with the doing of them. Their consequences will ordinarily come back upon the doer in a multitude of forms. The evil habits will assert themselves, which the converted will and heart will at all hazards and to all extremities resist; and here it seems obvious that the amount of pain and bitterness growing up out of the old transgressions will be greater and more intense in proportion to the earnestness, courage, and simplicity of aim with which the soul's battle of life and death is carried on. What, then, is that vast residue of the consequences of sin from which the pardoned sinner is exempted by receiving his pardon?

The answer is, I suppose, to be found in the distinction justly drawn between corrective and vindictive justice, between the remedial and the simply penal consequences of sin. Those results of sin which have been enumerated above—the pain and shame of recollection, the struggle with the enemy—are in the nature of corrective or remedial results. They are not opposed to pardon, they are not restraints upon it. They are co-operators with pardon; auxiliaries which supply their contribution toward the accomplishment of the proper work of pardon. The one and the other are alike directed to and qualified for the abatement of spiritual disease. All these consequences of sin, and all the struggles with them, if bitter in their first inception, have an after-sweetness which effectually

soothes and reconciles, and engenders not only a contentment due to resignation and submission, but a kind of actual joy in salutary pain; supremely described by the genius, which has presented to us the "Dream of Gerontius."

Far different are the pains, strictly penal as to the offender, morally exemplary for others, which attach themselves to sin when it has been deliberately and obstinately cherished. These are the pains due to, and seemingly inseparable from, that Divine constitution of the universe under which guilt and misery are bound one to another, in its permanent arrangements, by a chain of iron.

We have seen, then, that the Atonement of Christ, so far from involving deviation from the established laws of Divine justice, has its foundations deeply laid in the moral order of the world, and is an all-powerful instrument for the promotion of righteousness. It may indeed be alleged that it is a provision obviously exceptional, and that according to ordinary laws every individual stands or falls in the main by his own well or ill doing, and not by that of another. Nor can this be denied; it being indeed evident that the entire case of the human inhabitants of this planet has been made in most important respects exceptional through the introduction of sin into the world. Hence it is that, as we are assured by the Apostle,* we are ordained to be a spectacle for men and angels. In other words, it would seem that this world does not exist for itself alone, but is, in some manner which we cannot yet unless most vaguely conceive, to serve a most important purpose of example, warning, or otherwise, on behalf of other portions of God's intelligent creation. But the exceptionality, so to call it, of the Christian dispensation is not an argument against its being true. On the contrary, it is a substantive argument in favor of the Gospel, if it be manifest that the remedy is one adapted to, and so far accounted for by, the disease: that it tends to repair the rent which has been made by disobedience in the fair order of the world, to restore that harmony

* 1 Cor. iv. 9.

of original creation which, as we are told, made the sons of God shout for joy.

In truth, it seems difficult to account for the blindness which fails to perceive the profundity of wisdom which underlies the simplicity of the Gospel. The philosophy of the Incarnation is, indeed, a great and indestructible philosophy. It was said that Socrates plucked wisdom down from Heaven. The Incarnation brought righteousness out of the region of cold abstractions, clothed it in flesh and blood, opened for it the shortest and the broadest way to all our sympathies, gave it the firmest command over the springs of human action, by incorporating it in a person, and making it, as has been beautifully said, liable to love.

Included in this great scheme, the doctrine of free pardon is not a passport for sin, nor a derogation from the moral order which carefully adapts reward and retribution to desert, but stands in the closest harmony with the component laws of our moral nature.

According to St. Matthew,* our Saviour made use of these words: "Whether is it easier to say, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' or to say, 'Arise and walk;'" and then, in order that His auditory might perceive that He was invested with power to forgive sins, "He said to the sick of the palsy, 'Arise and walk;'" and the impotent creature, thus endowed with strength, arose and walked accordingly. An absolute change was effected, as if by magic, in the physical power of the man. And we understand that when his sins were thus forgiven him, a corresponding moral change was operated in his soul. Was there here an *opus operatum*, which by means independent of his free will made the man thereafter morally a different man from what he had been before? Or did not the absolving act of our Lord imply and correspond with a movement belonging to and residing in the interior of the man himself?

There are modes of presenting the doctrine of pardon according to which it effects an absolution, such that, when it has been obtained, we have

only to enjoy it, and suffer it to work out its results, every other requisite of spiritual progress following spontaneously. But if this be a right conception of it, the task of harmonizing such a theory with the ordinary laws which govern our moral nature becomes far from an easy one.

Pardon, as between man and man, implies a change of intimate relations, but not necessarily a change of inward disposition; for the dispensers of human pardons have no certain insight into the heart, and cannot tell whether the receiver of the absolution is worthy or unworthy to receive it. If, however, he be worthy, then the grant of a pardon is truly operative in producing a change of disposition. The child, sorry for its offence, and receiving pardon from the parent, is sensible at once that he is relieved of a weight which oppressed and retarded him. He becomes conscious that there has been removed out of his way an obstacle, which made it harder for him to do right and avoid doing wrong. There was a clog tied about his neck, which impaired his power to move. Confidence now replaces misgiving, and cheerfulness despondency. The effect of pardon in the Christian system affords a beautiful illustration of the expression of the Psalmist,* who assures us that his feet are made like hart's feet to run in the way of righteousness. And the graver the fault may have been, the greater is the relief enjoyed. So that, as between God and man, pardon is a real power, helpful to the great end of sanctification. In one point of view, it is an anticipation of that freedom from the effect of past sin on the habit of the mind which may only be fully attained in the future. But it is, at the same time, a seal or stamp, verifying the renunciation of sin, and imparting vigor to the motives by which it is prospectively to be resisted. Without doubt, it is vital to bear in mind that pardon is in its essence a recognition of a change which has already taken place, as well as an instrument for producing further change. Even Divine pardon is in this sense essentially declaratory. Unless the will have been rectified,

* St. Matt. ix. 5.

* Psalm xviii. 33.

there can be no effective pardon. "David said unto Nathan, 'I have sinned against the Lord.' And Nathan said unto David, 'The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die.'"^{*} But if pardon were disjoined from the condition of a converted will, then, indeed, it would be a license for transgression, instead of a powerful means for its avoidance.

In conclusion.

It is not difficult to perceive that works and proceedings such as those of Mrs. Besant may be useful to religion, not by virtue of what they intend, but by virtue of the controlling Providence which shapes their direction and effect, in total independence of the aims of their authors. Of the four propositions of Mrs. Besant, one, standing second in order, deals with the problem presented to us by the existence of evil in the world created and ruled by an all-powerful as well as all-holy God. This problem appertains to theism at large, and not to the special dispensation of the Gospel. The other three, touching upon the eternity of future punishment, the inspiration of Holy Scripture, and the atonement of Christ, lead us upon ground properly Christian. I suppose it cannot be denied that upon each and all of these doctrines rash things have been said, with the intention of defending them, but with a great lack of wisdom in the choice of means for making that defence effectual. The enemy, prowling round the fortress, may be of the highest utility in awakening the care and vigilance of those to whom its safety is entrusted. In making use, however, of this illustration, we have to recollect that this care and vigilance are to be employed not only against the foe outside the walls, but against ourselves. The heat of controversy, the intermittent negligence of the human understanding in the performance of its work, and the aptitude of selfish passions to clothe themselves in the garb of zeal for religion, are among the causes which may require the exercise of careful and constant criticism over the forms of language in which Christian doctrine has to be inculcated,

and the application of a corrective and pruning process to retrench excesses unwittingly committed by believers; as well as to supply those voids in the assertion of doctrine which result from the wasting, sapping, and gnawing operation of actual heresy. The promise of perpetuity and immortality to the Church, against which the gates of hell are not to prevail, is a promise to the Church at large, and not to its individual members, or even to its particular sections. It will surely not be denied by any person of candid mind that these possibilities of excess through the narrowness and temerity of unbalanced zeal are more than merely abstract possibilities. They have been painfully illustrated in practice. We have been told at times of the indiscriminating grace of God, which saves or consigns to damnation according to mere choice or pleasure, and irrespectively of anything in the persons whose destinies are to be so controlled; so that of two persons, exactly alike in point of service or offence, one is to be rescued and the other lost. The meaning of this would be that the sovereign pleasure of God did not move upon lines parallel to those of the moral law. Let those, who are so inclined, be responsible for the consequences of such a doctrine. That the apprehension of it is not unreal, may be readily perceived by those who will refer to the Lambeth Articles of 1595, passed by Whitgift and certain of the Elizabethan Bishops, but never incorporated in the authoritative documents of the English Church. As against them and all such utterances we rear the standard of Scripture: "Are not my ways equal? are not your ways unequal?"^{*} And we welcome aid, from Mrs. Besant or any one else, which recalls us from rashness to vigilance and care. Again, and in closer proximity to the present subject, we have seen that even now representations are sometimes made which seem to treat the Atonement of Christ not as a guarantee, but rather as a substitute for holiness. For if sin, which is undoubtedly a debt, be nothing but a debt, if it be so detached from the person of the debtor that when it

^{*} 2 Sam. xii. 13.

^{*} Ezekiel xviii. 25.

is paid it matters not by whom, that then the debtor can no more be challenged, and remains as he was before in all things except that a burden has been discharged from his shoulders, then again the moral laws are in danger. For those laws will not for a moment tolerate that grace and favor be disjoined from reformation, justification from repentance and conversion of the heart.

Such are the openings for error, which are due to the shortcomings of individuals, or of factions in the Church. It is needless to write upon the deeper question, whether the Christian Church at large is wholly exempt from the possibility of going astray in matters not vital to the Christian faith; whether the promise of perpetual life is equivalent to a promise of perpetual and perfect health. It can hardly be said that this question is disposed of by the terms of the promise itself, for life does not of itself exclude languor and disease. Another parallel may be drawn, which is perhaps not wholly fanciful. The Christian Church has the promise and the note of sanctity, no less than of truth. And yet this

promise of an indestructible holiness and striving after the image of God does not exclude vast masses of sin from her precincts. Why should imperfections in belief be less compatible with the human conditions of the Christian dispensation than imperfections in practice, provided they are subject to the same limiting provision—this namely, that they do not touch the central seat of life, do not destroy, though they may impair, the action of the Church in the fulfilment of its office? We know that the tares are mingled with the wheat, and how can we be certain that those tares may not signify perverted thought as well as corrupted action? But I desist from this strain of observation, and bring these remarks to a close with the suggestion that, according to the established doctrine of Holy Scripture and of the Christian Church, the great Sacrifice of Calvary does not undermine or enfeeble, but illuminates and sustains, the moral law; and that the third proposition of Mrs. Besant, with which alone we are here concerned, is naught. —*Nineteenth Century.*

SPIRIT AND MATTER.

BY EMMA MARIE CAILLARD.

ON page 312 of his Introduction to Professor Max Müller's translation of the "Critique of Pure Reason," Professor Noiré makes the following remark: "Leibnitz believed himself to have been the first to solve the *eternal opposition* between mind and matter." Even those who have but a slight acquaintance with philosophy can hardly fail to be struck with the persistent manner in which they are confronted with this "eternal opposition." In much of the ancient philosophy it takes the form of regarding matter as the root of all evil, and the human body as a mere degrading prison-house to the soul whose tenement it is, thus broadening and deepening to the utmost extent the division conceived to exist between them.

"The Platonic dualism," says Professor Noiré, "served to accentuate the chasm be-

tween the world of ideas and the world of phenomena, a difficulty which presents the real crux of modern philosophy. Plato's plan was to allow the phenomena to become absorbed in the ideas while the material world was banished to the realms of non-existence. But this is evading not solving the difficulty, for in all that Plato himself predicates of matter we recognize qualities that only belong to something which has a real existence. That matter opposes itself to the formative power of spirit; that it is that wherein the Maker of the world reproduces the ideas as a mechanic works upon his material; that it is not merely an impediment to knowledge by its mutability and diffusion in space; but that it actually sets itself, as a bad ungodly principle, in direct antagonism to the creative cosmic forces—these are too grave accusations to be directed against what does not exist." *

Matter was at an equal discount with the mediæval philosophers. They regarded it as contemptible and evil, fail-

* Introduction to Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," p. 52.

ing to see how high a value their Christian faith should have taught them to place on it. The dualism of Descartes, who may be regarded as the true father of modern philosophy, did not indeed deny *reality* to matter, but caused him to draw the line of demarcation between it and spirit as sharply as any of his predecessors, for he regarded the external world as ruled by mechanical principles only, looking upon animals as automata, and reserving to man alone the possession of mind. The connection between the spiritual and the material in human nature, Descartes regarded as purely arbitrary, and sustained by a direct act of volition on the part of the Creator, repeated each time that the bodily powers of man were called into action by his soul—in fact, the only way out of the difficulty raised by a belief in the independent existence of mind and matter, was to postulate a continuous series of miracles, and this Descartes accordingly did.

The form which dualism has taken in the present day is perhaps best represented by Mr. Herbert Spencer, who tells us that we can reduce the whole universe to mind, or the whole universe to matter, but that either reduction is unsatisfactory, because it excludes the other, which, despite the exigencies of theory, reasserts itself in practice, yet can never arrive at any rational mode of reconciliation with the antagonistic view. The Spencerian philosophy represents, however, only one school of thought, and that not the highest. Kant and his successors have shown us a more excellent way, and have pointed to the true solution of the problem by directing us to the conclusion that Nature, or the material universe, is not the antithesis but the expression of spirit, while science, in her turn, and despite her supposed materialistic tendency, has been aiding to bring about "this ultimate synthesis in which Man and Nature are regarded as the manifestation of one spiritual principle,"* by demonstrating with ever increasing clearness the indissoluble union of the two, yet acknowledging by the mouth

of some of her most honored representatives that there is an element in both which is not comprehensible through the laws of matter.*

We may observe, however, that there is nothing antagonistic to the "laws of matter" in the existence of such an element; simply the latter cannot be accounted for by the former, that is all, and is either consciously or unconsciously assumed because the laws of matter could not otherwise be satisfactorily enunciated. In the domain of physics proper—i.e., in the science of inorganic matter—Force is the inexplicable element. It cannot be explained by any law of matter, but is presupposed in all. "The *ne plus ultra* of explanation to the physicist," Dr. Lodge tells us, "is contained in the term mechanical,"† but the whole science of mechanics is based upon the conception of force, of which the same authority says on another occasion: "By what means is force exerted, and what definitely is force or stress? . . . I venture to say there is something here not provided for in the orthodox scheme of physics."‡ In the domain of biology, life itself is the inexplicable element. The science which bears so proud a name, is the science of the conditions and processes of life, but of that which manifests itself under those conditions and in those processes it is unable to offer even a tentative explanation; and if this is true of the lower life of vegetable and animal, how far more strikingly true does it appear when we rise to the self-conscious life

* In this connection it may be interesting to refer to a discussion in the Biological Section of the British Association in 1893, in which (according to the *Times*' report) Professor Cleland said that there were things which were not to be accounted for [in biology] upon chemical or physiological principles, and suggested that it was not an incredible hypothesis that the existence of an element unknown to the laws of matter should have to be admitted. Professor Allen, of Birmingham, remarked during the same discussion that it appeared to him that, in addition to the matters which the physicist ordinarily accepted, there must be some other principle of Nature, and that was the principle which determined and maintained the relationship between matter and energy.

† "Letter to Nature," vol. xlviii. p. 564.

‡ Address to the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association, 1891.

* "Essays on Literature and Philosophy," Professor E. Caird, p. 581.

of man. Holding by the "eternal opposition between mind and matter," both are incomprehensible to us. In biology we are without so much as a working hypothesis of the nature of life; in anthropology we are thrown back upon "cosmic forces" to explain the psychical development of man,* yet are told that when that psychical development has reached a certain stage (the ethical) its salvation depends on "combating the cosmic process."† If such results as these be consequent upon regarding mind and matter as eternally opposed, it is surely time that we should endeavor to look upon them in some other light. A theory which does not even permit of a coherent statement of facts is self-condemned, and this is the case with the theory of the opposition or antithesis between mind and matter, which may be regarded as simply an erroneous manner of formulating the true fact that there exist in Nature two distinct elements, and that we cannot resolve them the one into the other, but must endeavor to ascertain the terms of their relationship. What we may conceive that relationship to be has been already briefly indicated in the present paper—viz., that matter is the expression or "necessary manifestation" of mind or spirit, and was adverted to more at length in articles published in this Review in December 1893 and May 1894.

It has appeared to the writer, however, that a truer and more adequate conception of this subject might be attained by means of an analogy, at once close and extraordinarily suggestive—that of thought and language. The student of philosophy will here be reminded of the idealism of Berkeley, or rather of the not very accurate interpretation put upon it by later philosophers and historians, according to whom Berkeley regarded the being of matter as dependent upon its presence in thought, so that to be perceived and

to be were one and the same thing. This, equally with "Plato's plan," before referred to (see p. 422), would "banish the material world to the realms of non-existence." No such drastic measure is suggested in the present paper. Matter is a real thing, just as language is a real thing; but we could not have had language without thought, and in the same manner it is contended that we could not have had matter without spirit, or the "immanent Reason" of which it is the expression. At the same time, just as it is an inadequate representation of the relationship of thought to language to say that the former is the *cause* of the latter, so it is also inadequate to make causality the link between matter and that which reveals itself through matter. Language is the mode in which thought takes shape, its way of becoming known to itself, and therefore language is evidently dependent on thought for its existence, but their relationship is a far more intimate one than that of cause and effect. We cannot conceive ourselves putting, with regard to thought and language, Hume's question, by what right reason can assert that there is anything in the world possessed of such a nature that when it is posited, something quite different must also be posited. Language is not "quite different" to thought; it is thought, thought expressed. We cannot "account for" thought by the laws of language, simply because thought unconsciously makes those laws by way of attaining to a clearer recognition of itself. In the same way we cannot "account for" mind by the laws of matter, because those laws are in reality the principles according to which human intelligence apprehends the material universe. In them mind recognizes itself in the external world.

It will be sufficient for the purpose of the present analogy if we confine ourselves to human thought and human language, without, however, by any means intending to imply thereby that there is no other kind of thought, and no other way of expressing it. As has been already pointed out, it is immediately obvious that language could never have come into existence without thought. Noise and meaningless

* See Presidential Address of Dr. Munro, F.R.S.E., to the Anthropological Section of the British Association in 1893.

† "Let us understand once for all that the ethical progress of society depends not on imitating the cosmic process, still less in running away from it, but in combating it."—Huxley; "Evolution and Ethics," p. 34.

sounds we might have had, but "articulate sound is always an utterance, a bringing out of something that is within, a manifestation or revelation of something that wants to manifest and reveal itself." * In whatever manner language first arose, whether we regard its primitive elements as having taken their origin in imitative sounds, or in any other way, it never could have arisen at all except as an utterance of thought which was constrained to find some expression for itself. So far all will be agreed, but what is certainly less apparent on the surface, and what escaped the observation of philosophers until comparatively recent times, is the effect that finding articulate expression must have had on thought itself. A familiar experience may give us some insight into this. We all understand what it means to have vague and unformed notions on some subject of study or experience. "I know what I mean, but I cannot explain it," is a common expression. Those who have been at the pains to test its true significance, however, will have undoubtedly come to the conclusion that they do not know what they mean until they can explain it. When, after much labor and difficulty, perhaps, they at last manage to express in spoken or written words the thought which they "could not explain," with what vividness and reality does its meaning at once stand out and expand itself before them, so that very soon the language in which they embodied it seems poor and inadequate, and they are compelled to seek for worthier and ampler expression. In the very act of uttering itself, the thought outgrows its utterance, and labors to find another yet more true and complete. Some such process as this assisted at the formation not of languages only, but of *language*, of that articulate speech without which it may well be doubted whether human reason as we know it could ever have existed. "Without reason no speech, without speech no reason," † says Professor Max Müller; and Dr. Romanes, who by no means concurs in all the conclusions reached by Müller, and who is

certainly not inclined to magnify the effect on man of any exclusively human attribute, gives it as his opinion "that it is not improbable in the absence of articulation, the human race would not have made much psychological advance upon the anthropoid apes." * Thought and language, then, developed together, acting and re-acting upon one another, language becoming ever more full and complex, as the thought to which it gave expression rose by its aid, and through differentiating processes into higher and higher generalization, till from the simple and primitive ideas of savage man which can be rendered almost as well by gesture as by words, we arrive at such abstract conceptions as are to be found in the treatises of Kant, of which Dr. Romanes truly says it would be impossible to render a single page by means of wordless signs alone. †

Now the study of a language may be regarded under two aspects. We may pursue it with reference to the thought which it embodies, endeavoring to arrive at as accurate an understanding of the words used as possible, in order that we may fully enter into the meaning they are intended to convey. This may be said to be the method of the literary or classical scholar. On the other hand, we may desire to fix our minds not on any thoughts contained in the language, but on the language itself, which we may "treat as a mere corpse, not caring whether it ever had any life or meaning, but simply trying to find out what it is made of, what are the impressions made upon our ear, and how they can be classified." ‡ This is the method pursued through at least half his work by the philologist, and by its means all the knowledge possessed of language as divorced from thought, of the resemblances, relationships, community of origin between different languages, has been acquired. Most surely then this method is not to be despised; it may indeed, if rightly handled and applied, become one of the most powerful safeguards against "the mischief which begins when lan-

* "The Science of Language," vol. ii. p. 44, Max Müller.

† *Ibid.*, p. 69.

* "Mental Evolution in Man," p. 15.

† *Ibid.*, p. 147.

‡ "The Science of Language," vol. ii. p. 580.

guage forgets itself, and makes us mistake the word for the thing, the quality for the substance, the Nomen for the Numen." * The only precaution requisite is to remember that though we are purposely confining our attention to the "body of language" only, it nevertheless has a "soul" also, viz., the thought which it expresses, and of which our study of the body is but finally intended to give us a clearer understanding.

Now the method of the philologist with regard to language is the method of the scientist as such with regard to Nature. His object is to investigate, to verify, to record, to classify the facts of animate and inanimate matter, "not caring whether they have any life or meaning" beyond matter. His business is with the body of Nature, which he finds more convenient to "treat as a corpse," that he may analyze and dissect it at his leisure. And no fault can be found with him for so doing any more than with the philologist for treating language in a like manner, so long as this treatment is regarded as provisional and partial, the clearing out of ground preparatory to laying deeper foundations, and raising a worthier superstructure. It must be remarked, however, that in this preparatory, though most important and necessary work, it cannot be expected that any solutions of the profounder problems presented by Nature will be attained, any more than the mere reduction of language to its elements will by itself enable the philologist to understand the abstract propositions which that language contains.† With this proviso, we have every right, both in the study of language and in the study of any branch of natural science, to "claim the liberty of treating sepa-

ately what in the nature of things cannot be separated," * only we must not expect to arrive at a true understanding of these divided elements until they are again reunited. This appears to be recognized in the study of language, analysis being only regarded as the road to a more complete and comprehensive synthesis; but in the study of Nature it is too often not recognized, and therefore the two halves of that study, the spiritual and the material, are respectively taken for the whole by the students whose attention is exclusively directed to the one or the other, and both are rendered incomprehensible. No doubt the reason why the science of language does not fall a victim to this treatment, is because articulate sounds are perceived to "have no independent reality," to "exist nowhere apart from meaning," from which "it follows that this so-called body of language could never have been taken up anywhere by itself, and added to our conceptions from without." † In other words, language is so evidently embodied thought, that its absolutely separate existence is not even conceivable. Now it must be remembered that something of this kind is allowed—nay, insisted upon with regard to Nature even by the philosophy of the unknowable, for the knowable is therein distinctly regarded as a method or mode of the unknowable, absolutely dependent upon it, and as having no existence apart from it. The knowable is therefore most unquestionably thought of as "an articulate utterance," only it is one whose meaning we can never attain to, one which transcends human intelligence. The existence of two elements in Nature is more than admitted, for their relationship to one another is even to some extent defined. The knowable is regarded as the manifestation of the unknowable; but it is a hieroglyphic to which we can never find the key, an utterance not of something which wants to reveal but to obscure itself. If this be the case, however, the most insoluble problem of the universe is why the futility of utterance should ever have

* "The Science of Language," vol. ii. p. 580.

† "The outward form is the key to the inward fact which it embodies; we can get at the original force and meaning of grammatical expressions and derivative words only by interrogating the phonetic utterances by which they are expressed. The science of phonology is the entrance to the science of language, but we must not forget that it is but the outer vestibule, not the inner shrine itself."—"Introduction to the Science of Language" (Sayce), vol. i. p. 60.

* "The Science of Language," vol. ii. p. 95.

† *Ibid.*, p. 74.

come to pass at all, and especially why there should exist intelligences which desire to interpret it. A revelation which cannot reveal is a sorry expression to adopt as our ultimate formula of the universe, and we may well turn with relief to the more reasonable theory which regards it as the necessary manifestation of that which through it we may learn to know, so long as here also we bear in mind "the mischief that arises when language forgets itself and makes us mistake the word for the thing, the quality for the substance, the Nomen for the Numen;" for, if the universe be an "articulate utterance of something which wants to reveal itself," then that something holds to it the relationship which thought holds to language, and by the study of the expression we may come to understand something, at any rate, of what is expressed. Before proceeding further, however, it will be well to give a moment's consideration to the question whether we have any right thus to regard matter as the manifestation of spirit, instead of resting in the agnostic formula of the manifestation of the unknowable by the knowable. Without a moment's hesitation we may say that we have such a right, and that it lies in the existence of our own self-conscious nature. Fifty years ago, though the right was ours, we could not prove it. Before Darwin and Spencer and Huxley and Wallace, and others whose names will readily occur to the reader, had shown us as they have now shown us the meaning and scope of "evolution," man was held to be a thing apart from the universe, a microcosm within the macrocosm, an inhabitant, not a part of the natural order. Consequently it would not have been possible then to argue, that because man is possessed of a self-conscious spiritual life, a nature in which the principle of unity transcends every difference, even the ultimate difference of subject and object, in which knowing and known are combined, therefore that spiritual life, that principle of unity, must be implicit in the universe. There were no data to justify such a conclusion, but now we possess them in abundance, and may assert, without fear of contradiction, that if in man "the element not

to be accounted for by the laws of matter" be a spiritual element, then there must be such an element in all Nature, a "something wanting to reveal itself," and struggling continually into more perfect expression. That the self-conscious life of man is not accounted for by the laws of matter, is acknowledged by all the most thorough-going evolutionists of the day, whether agnostics or not.

"Can the oscillations of a molecule," says Herbert Spencer, "be represented in consciousness by side with a nervous shock, and the two be recognized as one? No effort enables us to assimilate them. That a unit of feeling has nothing in common with a unit of motion, becomes more than ever manifest when we bring the two into juxtaposition. . . . Here, indeed, we arrive at the barrier which needs to be perpetually pointed out, alike to those who seek materialistic explanations of mental phenomena and to those who are alarmed lest such explanations may be found. The last class prove by their fear, almost as much as the first prove by their hope, that they believe Mind may possibly be interpreted in terms of Matter: whereas many, whom they vituperate as materialists, are profoundly convinced that there is not the remotest possibility of so interpreting them."*

Dr. Tyndall has repeatedly emphasized the impossibility of attempting through physical theories any explanation of consciousness:

"Granted that a definite thought and a definite molecular action in the brain occur simultaneously, we do not possess the intellectual organ, nor apparently any rudiment of the organ, which would enable us to pass by a process of reasoning from the one to the other. They appear together, but we do not know why. Were our minds and senses so expanded, strengthened, and illuminated as to enable us to see and feel the very molecules of the brain; were we capable of following all their motions, all their groupings, all their electric discharges, if such there be; and were we intimately acquainted with the corresponding states of thought and feeling, we should be as far as ever from the solution of the problem, 'How are these physical processes connected with the facts of consciousness?' . . . In affirming that the growth of the body is mechanical, and that thought, as exercised by us, has its correlative in the physics of the brain, I think the position of the materialist is stated, so far as that position is a tenable one. . . . I do not think he is entitled to say that his molecular motions and groupings explain everything. In reality they explain nothing. The utmost he can affirm is the association of two classes of phenom-

* "Principles of Psychology," vol. i. §§ 62, 63, p. 158.

ena, of whose real bond of union he is in absolute ignorance."*

The words in which Professor Le Conte expresses the same thought are no stronger—it would be difficult to make them so—than those just quoted from Dr. Tyndall :

"Suppose we exposed the brain of a living man in a state of intense activity. Suppose, further, that our senses were absolutely perfect, so that we could see every change, of whatever sort, taking place in the brain-substance. What would we see? Obviously nothing but molecular changes, physical and chemical; for to the outside observer there is absolutely nothing else there to see. But the subject sees nothing of all this. His experiences are of a different order—viz., consciousness, thought, emotions, etc. Viewed from the outside, there is, there can be, nothing but motions; viewed from the inside, nothing but thought. From the one side, only physical phenomena; from the other side, only psychical phenomena. Is it not plain that, from the very nature of the case, it must ever be so? Certain vibrations of brain-molecules, certain oxidations with the formation of carbonic acid, water, and urea on the one side; and on the other there appear sensations, consciousness, thoughts, desires, volitions. There are, as it were, two sheets of blotting-paper pasted together. The one is the brain, the other the mind. Certain ink-scratches, or blotches, utterly meaningless on the one, soak through and appear on the other as intelligible writings, but how we know not and can never hope to guess."†

* "Fragments of Science," vol. i. pp. 86, 87.

† "Evolution and its Relation to Religious Thought," p. 291.

‡ Certainly not to guess; but it is hardly wise to limit in so uncompromising a manner the ultimate possibilities of research and discovery. Witness the very different anticipation to which expression has been recently given by one of our most eminent physicists: "We hope some day to know so much of these internal motions, and of these structures [of molecules] that we may be able to discover the structure in the brain that betokens memory, and the motions underlying great thoughts, goodness, love. We may then hope to form some dim scientific judgment of the thoughts underlying creation. We may be able to tell what thoughts underlie the motions of a solar system or the development of a race."—See *Science Progress* for March 1891: "Physical Science and its Connections," by G. F. Fitzgerald, F.R.S. It need hardly be pointed out that such discoveries as these, should they ever be realized, would deal a more decisive death blow to "materialism" than even the inexplicability of consciousness by any laws of matter at present known to us.

Examples of this unqualified accord among authorities not by any means in complete agreement on other points, might be multiplied almost at will; but enough have been given to prove that such an accord exists, and that the self-conscious life of man is unquestionably regarded as an element not accounted for by the laws of matter. It is to this self-conscious life—i.e., to the consciousness of existence possessed by the thinking subject—that the term *spiritual* is applied, and there cannot be any doubt that in man his physical or material organism expresses the life of spirit thus understood. It is in the body that the self which feels, thinks, and knows, differentiates itself from the external world, and becomes conscious of its own existence and of the inadequacy of the body to explain that existence; and it is in the body accordingly that the spiritual life is manifested. But is it in the body of man alone? Not if psychical phenomena are to attest the life of spirit; for in so far as any animal, however low in the biological scale, exhibits truly psychical phenomena, and even the protozoa appear to do so in a rudimentary manner,* we are driven back to elementary spiritual life to account for them; consciousness, even if it be mere sentience, is not explicable by the laws of matter. But the question immediately presents itself, Are we to stop here? "No, for the lowest animals and lowest plants merge into each other so completely that no one can draw the line between them with certainty." Neither can we place the boundary line between organic and inorganic matter; for here we still encounter force, and what is the difference between the force which acts on animate and the force which acts on inanimate matter? Though the results are so different, how are we to distinguish between that which causes the molecular groupings in a crystal, in a protoplasmic cell, and in the human brain? In each case the material changes are brought about by changes of motion; in the last case, these material changes are accompa-

* See Romanes' "Animal Intelligence," chap. i.

nied by thought and self-consciousness. Are we not, then, forced to infer that if in the only place where "we know what motion in itself is—i.e., in our own brains we *know* nothing but thought"—then wherever motion appears, thought, the evidence of spiritual life, is implicitly present also? We therefore arrive at the conclusion that spiritual life is universal, and that to human intelligence it is universally manifested through matter; only that as we descend in the scale from man to animal, from animal to plant, from plant to crystal, we observe it diminish in power, activity, and intensity, until when we reach the inorganic stage of matter we find as enormous a difference in the spiritual life as in its material expression.

And here we are at once brought back to the analogy of thought and language. The almost immeasurable distance between the first crude articulations of primitive man as we may suppose them to have existed, and the abstract and highly elaborated language of science and philosophy is comparable only with that which divides the thought expressed in the one case from that expressed in the other. There is a parallel to this in the vast chain of being which separates the life of inorganic matter from the life of man. Marvellous as are the unerring molecular motions by which a crystal is built up, what are their complexity and intricacy compared to those of the molecular motions going on from moment to moment in the brain of a thinking, willing man? And it is in proportion to the increase in complexity and intricacy of motion that the increase in fulness and intensity of life is made apparent. But neither in the case of thought and language, nor of spirit and matter is this greater fulness and intensity attained without struggle.†

* Lecture on "Electro-Magnetic Radiation," at the Royal Institution, March 1891, by Professor G. F. Fitzgerald, F.R.S.

† "The number of abstracts possessed by a language is a good gauge of its development. It is difficult for us to realize the mental struggles and the ages of previous preparation required for the discovery of those ideas which now seem to us so familiar. The day on which, according to the ancient legend, Pythagoras struck out the idea of the world,

Language bears the marks of the various and often conflicting agencies which have been at work during its formation; by slow and painful steps it has attained its comparatively advanced development; yet, even now, how imperfect do we often feel it to be, how cumbersome, how apparently detrimental to the very thought which yet without it could not pass into the stage of conscious existence, to which the lack of the power of expression would be death, and the development of the material universe is in like manner marked by a continual struggle.

The "story of the heavens," so far as it can be read or surmised by man, and the story of the earth are alike in this respect; they do not—from the human standpoint, at any rate—exhibit a picture of calm and peaceful progress, but of development which, however entirely controlled by law, is nevertheless the outcome of what appear to be conflicting and opposing forces, or, more accurately, forces which keep one another in check, to which full play is not allowed. And if this be apparent even in inorganic evolution, it becomes far more strikingly evident when we pass on to organic. The struggle for life among plants and animals, and the consequent suffering to the latter, the still worse form of this same struggle in the human race, and the terrible incubus of moral evil, imply at the least (and it is not intended to deny that they imply much more) a difficult and even agonizing endeavor on the part of that "which wants to reveal itself" to attain adequate utterance. In man alone is articulation reached, and in him how imperfectly! Yet it is reached;

and named it *κόσμος*, summed up all the labors of Eastern philosophy and Greek thought, before which the law and order of the universe at last lay revealed. It is to Anaxagoras, to Heraklitus, to Xenophanes that we owe those ideas of mind, of motion, of existence which form the groundwork of modern science. Nay, our own generation has witnessed the creation of more than one great abstract idea, henceforth to be the common property of man kind through the word by which it is expressed. To have won for the race a single idea like that of *Natural Selection* is a higher glory than the conquests of a Cæsar."—"Introduction to the Science of Language" (Sayce), p. 102.

the mystery of the universe has found expression at last, and just as all possibilities opened out to thought when it found its way to articulate speech, so all possibilities open out to the life of spirit which has become conscious of itself, for at the same moment it becomes also conscious of God. That there are many different stages in this consciousness, both of self and of God, that it has been, and too often is still, vague, contradictory, even unrecognizable, is but what we must expect in the present stage of development; for though the spiritual life has begun to find articulate expression, that expression is as yet hardly more than the imperfect speech of childhood. Even now, however, the advance made since articulation was attained may give us good ground of hope for the future. Possibilities are not actualities, but they are a necessary antecedent to actualities. Without the first crude sense of a power in and about him which yet is not his, man could have made no advance toward the faith which our age perceives, however dimly, to be the only faith adequate to its need, the faith that "in our efforts to realize the good of humanity, we are not merely straining after an ideal beyond us which may or may not be realized, but are animated by a principle which, within us and without us, is necessarily realizing itself, because it is the ultimate principle by which all things are and are known." * A very different conclusion this to the one reached by an eminent expounder of agnostic thought that, "since the cosmic process has no sort of relation to moral ends," the "ethical progress of society consists in combating it," † an outlook which may well strike terror into the heart of the boldest, and raise into more distinct consciousness the need of "that absolute certitude of religion that man can work effectually because all the universe is working with him, or in other words because God is working in him," ‡ which, since it is the

indication of a capacity,* is the prophecy of its own fulfilment. Yet, if this be so; if the "principle which within us and without us is necessarily realizing itself," be divine, what does the contradiction of evil mean? Supposing even—and this is a large supposition, too large to be conceded—that it could be adequately accounted for by that struggle for expression which has been compared to the struggle of thought for utterance, why should such a struggle be? That the whole of Nature points to its existence, that man emphasizes and witnesses to its reality throughout his entire history, individual and collective, these are facts which none can gainsay, and they are facts which no one who attempts to investigate the relationship between man and that Power by which he came into being, can venture to ignore. The considerations brought forward in the present paper, are, as the writer firmly believes, capable of throwing light not to be despised on these awful and momentous questions; but for the moment they must be left on one side. They are not included in that aspect of the analogy between thought and language and spirit and matter which has formed the subject of this paper. All that has been now advanced is that just as thought is essentially self-manifesting, so the life of spirit is essentially self-manifesting, and that as language is the utterance of the one, so matter is the utterance of the other. And from this standpoint, even while recognizing the deep and far-reaching significance of that tremendous problem which has yet to be faced, there is hope—almost boundless hope,—in the vista opened before us.

"Words, we are told, are the fortresses of thought. They enable us to make every intellectual conquest the basis of operations for others still beyond. Moreover, thought and language act and react upon one another; so that . . . the growth of thought and language is coral-like. Each shell is the product of life, but becomes in turn the support of new life. In the same manner, each word is the product of thought, but becomes in turn a new support for the growth of thought." †

* Caird: "Essays on Literature and Philosophy," p. 531.

† Huxley: "Evolution and Ethics," p. 34.

‡ "Essays on Literature and Philosophy," p. 531.

* See Essay on "The Divine Response to Human Capacity," in the April number of this Review.

† Romanes: "Mental Evolution in Man,"

Applying these metaphors to the relationship between spirit and matter, may we not say as we survey the rise in the scale of being through inorganic to organic, and finally to superorganic life : Material forms are the fortresses

of spirit, whose every conquest is thus made the basis of operations for others still beyond ; and again, each material form is the product of spirit, but becomes in turn a new support for spiritual growth?—*Contemporary Review*.

A JOURNEY TO THE SACRED MOUNTAIN OF SIAO-OUTAI-SHAN, IN CHINA.

BY A. HENRY SAVAGE-LANDOR.

Two days' journey in a Chinese cart took me to Pekin.

To any one who does not know what a Chinese cart is like, this may sound very pleasant ; but those who are familiar with the drawbacks of travelling in a conveyance devoid of springs on a road that is no road, would, I am sure, not envy my experience.

Sensible people, as a rule, go to the capital of the Chinese empire by boat up the river, and then by canal ; and others prefer to ride the distance, some eighty miles, if I remember right, on horseback ; but those who are still more sensible are the ones that do not go there at all.

Either way the journey is dull and uninteresting. The highway between the port and the capital is across a sandy flat country with little vegetation, few villages, and still fewer towns ; and the monotony of the journey is only relieved by the large number of beggars and cripples who line the way, especially near villages, and exhibit all sorts of horrid complaints, from leprosy and elephantiasis, down to commonplace blindness, and missing of various limbs of general usage in every-day life. The larger places one passes on the road coming from Tientsin are Peitsang, Yang-tsun, Nan-tsai-tsun, Ho-shi-wu, and Tung-chow. The highway follows the river course in a general direction of N.-W. as far as here, then turns sharply to the West, until Pekin is reached ; and travellers by boat also leave the Peiho River at this latter place to enter the Tung-hui-ho.

I shall not rest at length on this first part of my journey, nor shall I enter into a long description of Pekin, for many people have done so before : in

fact, for a city of immense size like the Chinese capital, there is, as far as monuments go, indeed but little to interest the general observer, with the exception of the huge wall which surrounds the town, with its enormous and tumbling-down gateways, the old observatory with its wonderful instruments, and the Imperial palace.

I cannot go far wrong in saying that Pekin is the dustiest and dirtiest city I have ever been in, yet it is strange that it should be the home of, with no exception, the most wonderful and deeply interesting people in the world. What a pity they are not a little cleaner !

I stayed in Pekin some time making preparations for a journey still further in the interior. As a rule, when I travel alone, in so-called uncivilized countries, I never burden myself much with baggage, provisions, medicaments, etc., preferring to live like the natives themselves ; but this time I made an exception, partly as I was to be accompanied the greater part of the way by two Frenchmen, and partly owing to my not having quite recovered of the rough life I had had the year before among the hairy aborigines of the Hokkaido. Carrying one's money is also a thing to consider in a country like China, where the currency is mainly "cash," a small coin made of an alloy of copper and tin, and of which there are about from a thousand to two thousand to one of our half-crowns, and the coins are perforated in the middle, so as to be strung together with cords of plaited straw. Two muleteers were the only attendants I had, and men and baggage were carried on mules' backs, most of the journey being through the mountainous district of

the Petchili and Shansi Provinces. Two donkeys were also taken to carry the lighter packages.

On the 19th of May, 1891, at six o'clock in the morning, I left Peking, moving almost due west, and travelling mostly on barren stretches of flat country, arrived at the village of Palichuan, a quaint little place, enclosed by a high wall. As you enter the gate the temple of Tapei-tsu is on your right, and as you go along a remarkable tower stares you in the face; then, as you leave the village, one cannot but admire the West gate, a most marvellous bit of mason's workmanship.

It was only when Yantia-chuan was reached that undulations in the ground began, extending especially toward the south. Our lunch that day was a memorable one. Toward noon we put up at a little, dirty (for there are no clean ones in China) wayside inn, and one of the muleteers, who, by the way, said he was a Christian, and also a good cook, was entrusted with the necessary preparations for a frugal repast. Fresh meat was purchased at the Frenchmen's request, and the Christian's cooking abilities were put to a test. He turned out a very good lunch, with the exception that he cooked things in vaseline instead of butter, and used Eno's Fruit Salt when he was to use common salt,—which two fatal mistakes nearly led him to be murdered by my two companions from the other side of the Channel.

"Comment!" said one of the Frenchmen as he shook him by the pigtail, "tu es un cuisinier Chrétien, et tu ne sais pas distinguer de la vaseline de beurre?"

"Ils sont épatants, ces Chinois!" retorted the other, all the while forgetting that how was the poor beggar to know, as he had probably never seen either one or the other?

We set out again after lunch, and soon came to the first hills and terraces. On a separate mound stood the pretty little temple of Che-ching-shan. Further on, along the Hunho River, more generally called Yun-ting-ho, I noticed some curious Mahomedan inscriptions engraved on stone, and as we were going on toward Men-ton-Ko the way still rose. At the latter vil-

lage a fascinating little open theatre, built on the bank of the river, was a delightful spot for playgoers, I should imagine, for it combined all the advantages of listening to a good play with the delight of being in the open air, besides the panorama to gaze upon during the *entr'actes*, which was thrown into the bargain.

The incline was getting steeper and steeper; we passed several other smaller villages here and there on the banks of the stream, joined at long intervals by solid and ancient bridges in masonry, and finally the road became so tortuous and winding like a snake up the hillside that we had to dismount and walk up, dragging our tired animals after us until we reached the pass on the summit. The view from the top quite repaid us for the trouble we had to get there. To the south the chain of mountains of Miao-fung-shan was resplendent in all its beauty, with its peaks lighted by the last warm rays of the dying sun; and, in the far distance, toward the south-west, the blue Pohowashan made a lovely background to that beautiful picture of mountain scenery.

Nearly at eight in the evening we arrived at Lieunshuan, where the French Roman Catholic missionaries have established a small apothecary shop for the use of the Catholics in the village. As a privilege we were allowed to sleep in the shop.

Near this village there were, I was told, valuable coal beds, but I did not go to visit them.

We proceeded early the next morning down a very slippery road, paved with round pebbles, and we had the greatest difficulty in keeping our mules and ourselves standing on our legs. The people we came across were very polite to us and took quite a fatherly interest in my scheme; they gave me friendly advice as to which was the best way, the best inns to put up at, and they inquired most tenderly after my relations and my friends, and the relations of my companions, and finally asked ten thousand other questions to my muleteers as to our respective ages, nationality, and I do not know what else!

"Your wife," said an old man to

me, "must be very sorry that you are so far away from her, and going through the dangers of travelling in these distant provinces."

"I have not got a wife," said I.

"So young," said he, in great astonishment, "and you have not a wife?"

"No; in my country we do not marry when we are so young; we marry when we are older."

"Oh! that is a mistake," said gravely the old man. "It is a great mistake; a man should marry when he is young and strong."

As we were thus entertained by native wayfarers going in our direction and by their curious theories, we sped along and went through the Tai-hanling Pass (3,020 feet above sea-level); and late in the afternoon we reached the summit of the mountain, where in a small shed, or temple, quite a valuable library of sacred books can be found, some of which appeared to me to be very ancient. There are also two tablets to Kaushi and Tankuang, and a curious small gateway on the very summit of the mountain. The descent on the other side was less interesting, excepting that it afforded some pretty bits of scenery. Then following the valley we finally reached San-lien, a clean little village, 1,000 feet above sea-level. The inhabitants of this village are nearly all Roman Catholics, and, with the aid and advice of French missionaries from Peking, they have built themselves a neat and fine church, in which they have mass and evening prayers every day, with accompaniment of an harmonium, somewhat played upon *à la Chinoise*, but still wonderful considering that the whole service is carried on by Chinese of the very poorest classes.

Here again, however, I could not help remarking, though I admired them much for what they had done, that these converts lacked the repose and stolid, and at the same time gentle, manner of their pig-tailed heathen brethren. They seemed to me unsteady, and at times ill-natured. They had given us the best room they had at first, but during the night, for what reason I was never able to discover, we were roused up and bundled into a

dinky room, where we had to spend the remainder of the night.

Following the stream, in which I took a most delicious bath, to the great astonishment and disgust of the unclean Chinamen who happened to pass by, we halted after another long day's journey at Tu-thia-chuang.

The inn at this place was somewhat better than the usual accommodation one gets in the smaller towns in the interior of the Celestial (only to Celestials) Empire. Crowds of people assembled as we arrived just before sunset, and among others I spotted a fine head of an old Buddhist priest. After a long confabulation and a few strings of cash, which passed from my pockets into his hands, I was able to induce him to sit for his picture, and I dashed off a sketch in oils before he had time to change his mind. Unfortunately, the large crowd that had gathered round, especially the women folks, seemed to scold him and talk angrily at him for his silliness in sitting, owing to the strange notion that prevails in China and, in fact, nearly all over the East, that if an image is reproduced a soul has to be given to it, and that the person portrayed has to be the supplier of it at his own expense. The venerable old Buddhist priest, who was nursing his "cash" on his lap while being immortalized on a wooden panel, and had a curious twinkle in his eye, as if he knew better, resisted bravely for some time and sat like a statue, but finally had to give in.

"You will die," cried an old woman at him, "I saw your soul coming out of you and go into the picture. I did really, I saw it with my own eyes!"

"So did I," cried a hundred other voices in a chorus.

By the time the priest had got up, they had half convinced him that at least half his soul had really gone out of him; but had the soul gone or not, he would go and take the cash for safe keeping to his home first, and complain and ask for the restitution of his lost property afterward. He was a sensible man. So was I, and knowing what was coming, the moment he had gone I went into the room and packed the sketch safely, then took another clean panel and smeared it with the scrap-

ings of my palette to show him instead, in case he would come back and wish the picture destroyed.

Twenty minutes had not elapsed when he was back again, of course without the "cash," holding his stomach and complaining of internal agonies.

"I am going to die," he cried the moment he saw me, "you have taken away half my soul!"

"Certainly I have," said I sternly. "You did not expect me to give you all that 'cash' for less than half your soul? Did you?"

"Oh, no! but I wish it back, as I feel so bad now without it."

"All right," said I, "I shall go in the room and destroy the image I did of you; will you then be satisfied?"

"Yes."

Here the other panel, smeared with palette scrapings, was produced after making pretence at destroying it with a knife, and never in my life have I seen an expression of relief to equal that of the priest. He had not felt half his soul so much going out of him, but he certainly had felt it coming back again. He could swear by it. He was now perfectly well again!

This wonderful cure gave us all a very busy evening. All the villagers who had complaints of any sort came to us to be restored to health. A leper who had lost all his fingers, wished me to make them grow again; and a pitiful case of a poor child, only a few months old, was brought up, whose mother, while busy stirring boiling water in a big caldron, had dropped the child in by mistake. He was so badly scalded that I am afraid, though I tried to relieve his pain by smearing him all over with the vaseline which had been saved in the cooking, the poor child cannot have lived more than a few hours.

We made an early start the next day, and by ten o'clock we passed Shan-lung-men. Going through the pass the scenery was magnificent. I was following the dried river-bed, and on both sides had high mountains until we came in sight of a portion of the Great Wall. There was a huge tower on one side of the river, and a long stretch of wall built on the steep slope of the mountain; on the other side

was the continuation of it. I was still moving in a westerly direction, and from where the tower was the ground rose in a very steep incline. Three hours of very stiff climbing for my animals, my companions, and myself, took us to the top of the mountain; and what a lovely view when we got there! Chain after chain of mountains of a pure cobalt blue on one side, the high Hsi-ling-shan peak and a fertile valley on the other. A long distance away in a southerly direction I could just discern, against the bright sky line, the Towers of Tung-an-tzu and another part of the Wall, while under me, in the fertile valley, I saw signs of agriculture and a large enclosure. On the nearest hills, land-marks in the shape of large crosses had been put up, to show that the ground belonged to a Christian sect, called the Trappists, and to designate the limits of their property. Descending was much quicker work than ascending, and as I drew nearer I found myself among plantations of apricot-trees that the silent fathers have grown in these almost uninhabited regions. The descent from the summit to the monastery occupied two hours.

The Trappists may consider themselves very lucky to have landed upon such a delightful spot for settling in and building their abode upon it. The valley, in the centre of which they are, is divided in two by a limpid stream, and high mountains surround it on all sides. As for their building, it is a solid and simple structure encircled by a high wall, which not only protects the penitent fathers from robber neighbors, but also from the raids of panthers and leopards, which are numerous in that part of the world.

As we went in my friends and I were most kindly received by the Father Superior, Father Maurus, a Frenchman, the only one in the convent who is allowed to speak. I believe that ten or more came out with him from France to settle there, but only four out of that number had survived, the others having succumbed to illness and hardships. Many Chinese and Mongols, however, have joined the Order, and it is partly owing to the manual help received by these Asiatics that they

have been able to build themselves the several houses, the church, the wall, and the porticoes all round the premises. Father Maurus spoke in terms of high praise of his Mongolian confrères, and, with the exception of their finding it a little difficult at first to keep perfectly silent from one end of the year to the other, he said that they were good, obedient, and willing. The Trappists are vegetarians, at least those out there were, and their life is cut out as simple as it could be as far as food and worldly habits go. They do nothing that is not a strict necessity of life, yet they make themselves a white wine, rather pleasant to the taste, out of vineyards they have imported and grown. On week-days they rise at 2 A.M. by the sound of the church bell, and on Sundays an hour earlier, but they are allowed an hour and a half's rest in the afternoon. Eight P.M. is their hour for retiring, and they are compelled to sleep in their clothes. Since their settling at Yang-tzia-ku several European customs have been discarded, as, for instance, the wearing of sandals, which are now replaced by Chinese shoes; also the growing of a pigtail is decidedly an adopted Chinese custom.

They have three meals a day, except on fasting days, and lunch is the largest meal they have, consisting of a bowl of soup and two small dishes of vegetables. At dinner they have less!

When they first went out they suffered much owing to the severe climate, their being completely ignorant of the Chinese language, and through the hostility shown to them by the neighboring villagers and by the Mandarin of the province. They were once accused of concealing fire-arms and ammunition, which were supposed to be awaiting the arrival of a large band of "white devils," who were then expected with these means to conquer a large portion of the "Emperor of Heaven's" dominions. The Mandarin, with a large escort of soldiers and followers, unexpectedly arrived at the monastery and searched every nook within its walls, and, on finding nothing but the kindest reception on the part of the Trappists, his suspicions were dispelled, and he has not troubled them ever since.

When I visited the monastery they had been there ten years, during which time they had only seen three Europeans. One of the chief features of the monastery was the cook. He was a Manchu, and had been wandering poverty-stricken all through Manchuria until, begging his way south, fate had brought him to the monastery, where the shelter he begged for was immediately granted to him. Their curious mode of living interested him, and he remained with them as a Novice for some years, until, through his perseverance and other good virtues he had displayed, he was elected a father. He seemed to be quite happy with his new creed and his cooking utensils. He had learnt Latin since he had been with the Trappists; and, to my great astonishment, breaking the vows he had sworn to obey, he began a conversation with me one day in that tongue, the subject, if I am not mistaken, being the quality and cooking of some fried potatoes and the bad success of the soup which he had just served me. It was comical to be talking of fried potatoes in the Latin tongue with a Manchu cook in a French Trappist convent in China! The Trappists possess eight hundred hectares of ground, and, though they do not make any converts, their object is apparently to serve as a good example to intending imitators, and to be the means of getting natives converted to the faith of Christ by showing them how to lead a lazy—I mean a saintly life.

The Trappists sleep each in a small cell, and I did the same during the time I stayed there, only in a separate part of the building. There was a wooden crucifix at the head of my bunk and a hard mattress, and that was all. My paint-box, as usual, answered the purpose of a pillow, and altogether I was really very comfortable.

Not many miles off were the famous towers of Tung-an-tzu, and I started one morning on my way there. Along the stream, on the banks, are the two villages of Shang-wan-tzu and Shia-wan-tzu, meaning the upper and lower windings of the river. Farther down we come to Hu-tzia-ku (translated: valley of the Hu family), on the left side of the river, and an altogether

Christian village. It is a pretty place, situated as it is on a high bank overlooking the stream. Its inhabitants are daggers drawn with the villagers of Shang-wan-tzu and Shia-wan-tzu, for neither of these have followed in the footsteps of their Christianized neighbors. In fact, several times they have shown themselves very hostile both toward them and the more distant Trappists. At Hu-tzia-ku, in the house of the village chief, who is the Catechist as well, one room had been turned into a small chapel, and had an altar with a few candles, a crucifix, and on each side of it a large colored chromo of French production, and illustrative, in extra warm colors, of what becomes in future life to the poor Chinamen who do not accept the Christian creed. The Catechist insisted on accompanying me to the towers, so off we started together. I left my animals at the small temple at the foot of the mountain, and I proceeded to climb to the summit, where the two towers were. The wall began from the first tower we reached, and went across valleys and mountains; at intervals there were other similar towers, with vaulted, but generally tumbling down roofs, the arches having given way and the ceiling fallen in. The outside walls were yet in excellent preservation. In all the towers I entered the walls were double, and access to the upper floor was obtained by going up a small staircase, similar to that of a ship and nearly perpendicular. The upper part of the tower was of bricks, but the lower part and the foundations were made of enormous blocks of granite kept well together by strong cement. Between stone and stone one could see numerous iron bullets jammed in. A tablet, with the number of the tower engraved on it, was placed over the door, and the windows were invariably of a semicircular shape. A wall, wide enough for several men to walk abreast, from one tower to another, connected all these towers, and the height of that portion of the wall at Tung-an-tzu was not more than twenty-five feet. According to some Chinese authorities, this part of the Great Wall is supposed to be much older than that farther north at Chatao. That the wall is not

continuous can be ascertained here, as no traces can be seen between the tower and wall which I saw at Sia-long-men and this part. One explanation of the problem would be that these fragments of the wall have been built at different epochs, closing more particularly valleys where an invading army could get through. The theory that it was erected with the object of keeping tigers, leopards, and other wild beasts out of the country I am afraid is not a very plausible one, as nothing would be easier for any feline quadruped than to climb over the wall.

The villagers at Hu-tzia-ku were in every way most kind to me, and while staying at the monastery I paid them several visits. A few presents in the shape of needles and cotton-reels were much appreciated by the weaker sex, and a few small silver coins (Japanese) sent the men nearly crazy with delight. They did not even object to be sketched, which is saying a great deal for Celestials.

Bidding good-by to the Fathers, I proceeded toward Tzie-zia-pu-zu, on the right-hand side of the stream as one faces the towers of Tung-an-tzu, then turning north-west, I found myself in a narrow valley. Here and there a few mud villages were scattered about along a very picturesque road, winding among huge boulders and rocks on both sides, forming beautiful gorges at times. Caverns of large size and a curious hole pierced through by nature near the summit of a mountain made the scenery as I was going along more and more weird and quaint. At noon I reached the top of the Sheu-papan Pass, which translated means of "eighteen terraces." A small temple had been erected here as usual, with five gods and a tablet. Two of the gods were very appropriately the protectors of passes, and the entrance to the holy building looked toward the east. A few yards from it a wall had been built—as is frequently the case all over China—to prevent evil spirits from entering the temple.

The worshippers at, and the builders of these temples, if I was well informed, labor under the impression that evil spirits can only travel in a straight line, and that reaching a spot in a

roundabout manner is an impossibility to them, which must make it very inconvenient for them but convenient to others; so that, if you wish to have not only temples but your own house free from the visits of these objectionable callers, all you have to do is to erect a small wall a couple of yards in front of your front door, and they will go bang against it each time they attempt to make a bee line for your home. They must indeed be very honorable spirits, the evil ones in China, for if they cannot go straight for you they despise getting round you! The muleteers, many of whom travel on these roads, are about the only worshippers at these temples, and never did I see them passing one temple that they did not go in to pay their chin-chins to the gods.

South-east from the pass and a long way off I could still distinguish the towers and wall of Tung-an-tzu. The tablet at the temple was of the fifth moon of the fifteenth year of Tzia-tzin, or, in other words, of the present dynasty. Leaving the pack-mules to follow with the muleteers, I started down the mountain on foot, and I was much impressed by the marked change in the type of the inhabitants. They were of a pure Mongol type; they had larger eyes, a flatter nose, with wide nostrils, and were apparently not so intelligent. The dialect they spoke also was incomprehensible even to my muleteers. The valley grew wider as I went along, and late in the afternoon I arrived at Kan-tzia-chuan, the village of the Kan family.

Another village was gone through not very distant from this, after which the hills closed in again, the way being actually walled in between huge rocks perpendicular to the ground.

The village of Mao-mian-tzu takes its name from a perforated and curiously-shaped mountain in its vicinity, and later, toward six in the evening, after having crossed yet another small valley, and gone through another ravine and a narrow pass, we left the circle of mountains where the granite is replaced by yellow earth, and finally reached our halting-place, Sheu-men-tzu (the stone door), where we put up at the quaint little inn.

A Chinese inn is not a paradise of comfort, and less still a model of cleanliness or privacy. They are all more or less alike, though, of course, some are larger than others, but never cleaner.

The ones in towns have separate small rooms, like cabins with paper windows, and a raised portion of the room called "kan," covered with a rough mat, is what one sleeps on. A fire can be lighted in the winter under this "kan" to keep one warm. The smaller inns, as generally found in villages, have only one long room, with a "kan" running the length of the longer wall, or sometimes two "kans" at the two ends of the room, where men of all grades of society rest their weary bones for the night, either sleeping in their clothes or wrapped up in a blanket. I myself had constantly to sleep in a room with a dozen or even more other people, most of the other guests being generally muleteers, as the better classes in the interior of China are not much given to travelling. Each inn, as a rule, possesses a court-yard, or a large enclosure in which the mules and donkeys are kept at night. In most of them they only provide you with sleeping accommodation and tea, and you have to bring your own food, though by making a special arrangement food can always be obtained. There are several Chinese dishes that are not at all bad; for instance, the *laopings*, a cross between an omelette and a tart, were, to my taste, delicious. Great astonishment was caused at the latter village by my showing the crowd that had collected an indiarubber band, which with its expansive qualities produced a regular panic of terror among the villages.

How a "ribbon," as they called it, only a couple of inches long, could become a yard in length and *vice versa*, was an astounding mystery to them. They kept discussing about it all night long, and none of them came within a respectful distance of me, or touched any of my traps. They were sure that I was a "white devil."

I made a very early start, as I had a long day's journey before me, and at eight A.M. I had already passed To-cheng-pu and reached the plateau-like

stretch of yellow earth on the summit of the hills. About an hour later, in a storm of wind, I began descending toward an immense plain, like a desert, which lay stretched at my feet, while dozens of gigantic dust columns, making so many whirlwinds, were playing about, like huge ghosts, in a fantastic sort of slow dance. Now and then one suddenly disappeared only to see a new one rising from the ground in a cone-like shape, and revolving with incredible rapidity soon reached a great height. As I was crossing the plain I was nearly caught in one of these violent whirlwinds myself, as they travel so quickly and in such a very erratic fashion, that it is not an easy matter to get out of their way. The buzzing, as it passed near, was something awful, and the dust that it raised was blinding.

All along, though travelling through a plain, I was on a high land, and when at Tao-la-tsouei the altitude was over 4,000 feet. The wind grew in intensity during the afternoon, and, as it blew in my face, made the travelling very uncomfortable. At times it was all I could do to hold on to my saddle. A regular dust-storm, like the Simoon in the Sahara, passed over in the afternoon, and for some time my men and myself were at a loss as to where we were going. We lost the track in the blinding dust, and had some difficulty in finding it again.

Finally we reached Tkou-fu-pu, and soon after I was at the foot of the great sacred mountain of Siao-outai-shan. We did not put up at the village as there were no inns, but, mounting the slopes of the mountain, halted at the temple of Tie-lin-tsen at an altitude of over 4,350 feet. Accommodation for pilgrims is provided at this temple in the temple grounds, but it was no better than that of the commoner inns.

Not far from the temple a curious natural bridge of ice over a stream was quaint and pretty, and the huge Siao towering over my head, with large patches of snow and ice on its slopes, made me long for the next morning to ascend its highest peak. The next morning came, and at 5 A.M. I set out on the steep track, accompanied by a Mongol guide. As I was walking too

quickly for him he was soon left far behind, and I proceeded by myself, sure that I could find my way without him. Things went well until I had reached an altitude of over 9,000 feet, when the track I had followed seemed to branch off, and one branch went to the south-west, the other to the north-west, round one of the smaller peaks. I took the south-west one; it led me to a point where no human being could go any farther. Where I was the slope of the mountain was such that it required a steady foot not to be sliding down into a precipice; a little farther a long glacier extended from top to bottom of the mountain, so I left the track and attempted to climb the lower peak just above me, to see if from that point of vantage I could discover the right trail. It was easier said than done, especially as I was carrying a water-color paint-box and a block slung to a strap on my shoulders; still, after a good deal of hard work, and going upon my hands and knees, I managed to crawl up to the top. I was so hot, and the view was so lovely from up there, that I sat on a stone on the edge of the slope and opened my paint-box to take a sketch. As I was sorting out the brushes, unluckily the stone on which I was sitting gave way, and I started sliding down the almost perpendicular slope, and no effort on my part to stop my involuntary tobogganing was of any avail. I tried to clutch the ground with my nails, I seized every projecting stone in hopes of stopping my precipitous descent; but, *hélas!* at the speed I was going it was no easy matter to hold on to anything that I even managed to clutch.

There I had death staring me in the face, for another hundred yards would have brought me on the edge of the precipice, and over I would have gone, taking a fatal leap of several hundred feet. My hair stood on end as every second I was approaching the dreaded spot; and how well I remember the ghastly sound of my heavy paint-box which had preceded me in my disastrous descent. How well I remember the hollow sound of it banging from boulder to boulder, echoed and magnified a thousand times from one mountain to another. Then there was a

final bang from down far, far below; the echo weakly repeated it, and all was silence once more. Another half minute and the echo would have repeated a hollower sound still! I shut my eyes. . . .

A violent shock, which nearly tore my body in two, made me think that I had gone over; but no . . . as luck would have it I had suddenly stopped. I opened my eyes, but I did not dare move, for my position, though much improved, was far from being safe yet. I was now only about ten or fifteen yards from the edge, and in the most violent state of excitement, partly due to the bright look-out of the delayed leap and at the pleasant hope of saving my life altogether. I was half-unconscious when this happened, and it took me some minutes to realize how and where I was. I knew that I was hanging somewhere, but to what I was hanging, and from what, and how, I did not know, as I was hanging from my back. It was a state of suspense, but that was all!

As I slowly got my wits about me again, to my great horror I discovered that as yet my life was hanging to a hair like Damocles' sword. My coat and a strong leather strap which I had slung under my arm had just caught over a projecting stone, and that was what had stopped me from proceeding any farther toward certain death; but the slightest false movement on my part, as a jerk, might still place me in great danger. Slowly, as my back was slightly resting on the almost perpendicular slope, I tried to get a footing, and when this was done the great difficulty was to turn round. After several minutes of anxiety which seemed ages, also this feat was successfully accomplished, and there I stood half-lying with my body on the ground, and clutching the rock that had saved my life, until my commotion had entirely passed away, and I began to crawl up as I had done before, as best I could, cat-like fashion.

I reached the treacherous trail again, and followed it back to where it parted, and there I found the guide squatting on his heels and quietly smoking his pipe. He showed me the right track, and away I walked by myself

again as he was such a slow walker. I made him give me my oil-paint box, which he was carrying for me, and with it, following a comparatively easy but steep track, I first reached a sort of a small solidly-built shed, and then climbing up the steeper and fairly dangerous part of the track, finally reached the summit of the highest peak. I said "fairly dangerous," for the last few yards before one reaches the top of the pinnacle are not more than one foot wide, and on both sides is a precipice the end of which one can hardly see. In fact, the performance for those few yards was not unlike tight-rope walking, only at an altitude of about 12,000 feet.

The summit of the highest peak is nothing but a huge barren rock, and on the top, only about ten feet in diameter, the credulous pilgrims have erected a small wooden shrine, some three or four feet square and six feet high. The poor bronze images of Buddha inside it were stuffed with bits of paper, for which purpose a special hole is provided at the base of the image, and on which prayers were written, or else "wishes" that pilgrims were anxious to obtain.

At the elevation on which I stood on Siao-outai-shan, and fortunate enough to have hit on a lovely day, I commanded from there the grandest panorama it has ever been my good fortune to gaze upon. Mountain range after mountain range of huge mountains, blending from warm brownish tints into pure blue, encircled me on the south and south east side, and close at hand toward the north-east.

Mount Show-ho-ling, 6,582 feet above sea-level, looked a mere toy by the side of his gigantic neighbor.

I made a weak attempt at portraying this scene in oils, and another weaker still at a bird's-eye view of the endless stretch of flat land on the north and north-west side, with, to the naked eye, the hardly perceptible chain of the Huang-yen-shang mountain mass forming a high barrier on its northern border.

I re-descended a short way in order to visit the small temple on the side of a precipice, and to which one can only accede through a few planks suspended

over the precipice itself, and which, to all appearance, were neither solid nor safe. However, one does a good many foolish things for curiosity's sake that one would not do otherwise, and I did not like leaving that interesting spot without being able to say that I had seen all that there was to see. I, therefore, walked along the narrow and shaky planks, balancing myself as well as I could; but I must confess that when I had traversed the precipice from one end to another, and felt equal to Blondin for going across Niagara on a wire, my patience was rather put to a test when I discovered that the last plank of this primitive scaffolding had either fallen or been removed, and to reach the platform of the temple a jump of over a yard was necessary. This unexpected acrobatic feat, when you know that if by mistake you missed the platform or slipped you would have a drop of three or four hundred feet before you touched ground again, was rather beyond even my usual amount of foolishness; still, I could not resist the temptation, and I jumped. In the temple there was but little to see, with the exception of long rows of small images of Buddha, similar to the ones in the other shrine, and equally stuffed with "wishes" to be granted. They were the offers of pilgrims, and some were gilt, others of bronze color.

The jumping from the platform back on to the narrow plank was even a more risky performance than the reverse achievement, but with the precaution of taking my boots off so as not to slip, even this difficulty was surmounted, and to my heart's content I now made progressive strides toward descending the mountain. Both on the northern and southern slopes large patches of ice and snow covered the cavities and sheltered nooks of the lofty peak, but the parts more exposed to the sun were free of either.

No incidents nor accidents marked the descent, and late in the afternoon I was again at the temple at the foot of the mountain. The following morning, much before sunrise, one of the muleteers came to wake me up with the startling news that the bonzes or priests of the temple had just attempted to extort money from him, and that

he was commissioned to bring me the following message: "Either I paid the bonzes a sum equivalent of £12 for accommodation in the temple compound, or they would do away with me." "Tell them 'yes,'" was my answer, "but not till sunrise," and at the same time ordered the muleteer to have everything ready to start with the first rays of light.

There was certainly a great commotion in the temple compound, and as I noiselessly made a hole through my paper window, I could see the shaven bonzes running from one room into another and confabulating among themselves. I loaded the five chambers of my revolver, and kept ready for any emergency. At dawn things were ready to start, and the mules were laden under my supervision, while all the bonzes were standing in front of the main gate, probably to prevent my going through. One of them attempted to shut the gate, but I stopped him, and, setting one of the Frenchmen on guard of it with a rifle, I made mules, muleteers, and baggage leave the compound through the violent remonstrations of the bonzes, who had now become like so many wild beasts.

The usual money due to them for two nights' lodging, I think about thirty shillings, was paid to the chief bonze, and as he seemed to give way to his temper, I set my revolver under his nose, which suddenly changed him and the others into a most affectedly civil lot.

Thus we parted friends! We descended the hill-side, and as we were some way down I saw one of the young bonzes come out of the temple compound by a back way, and run toward the village of Tkou-fo-pu, probably to rise the natives against us. As I had thought, when, half an hour later, we entered the village, we were met by a very rowdy crowd, and subjected to all sorts of insults, stones even being fired at us, but we managed to pull through all right, and, retracing our steps whence we had come, arrived at Sheu-men-tzu that same night. From this point I decided to return to Peking by a different route, journeying northeast instead of south-east. We were thirteen hours on our saddles between Sheu-men-tzu and the next halting-

place, Fan-chan-pu, but nothing happened of very great interest. We went through a curious gorge past Ouang-kia-yao, lined all along with willow-trees, but neither Tasie-yao, nor Mieh-tchan, or T'ie-na, appeared to be villages of any great importance. Kiemtsuen had the advantage of being of a much larger size.

The marshes of Chang-Chui-mo, which we passed on our left, were picturesque with their huge willows growing along their borders. Then came in sight the village rejoicing in the name of Chia-chouei-mo, and last, but not least, the town of Fan-shan-pu. We spent the night at this place.

Still traversing the country from south-west to north east, and in a pouring rain, we visited the villages of Sikou-ying, Hao-kwei-ying, and Sang-yein. Here the women, dressed in their best clothes, stood watching us on the doorsteps, which would have been quite a pretty sight, with their multi-color jupons and trousers, had the effect not been partly spoiled by the horrible deformity of their feet squeezed into microscopic shoes. I possess a pair of these shoes as worn by a mandarin's wife, and the length of them is only three inches. Toward noon we reached Ya lo-wan, on the banks of the Hung-ho River, a miserable village on a minuscule hill of yellow earth. The river had to be waded. A Chinaman—a beggar, I thought—volunteered to take animals and men safely across for a sum of money, for he said there were large holes in the river-bed, in which our animals would have lost their footing had we crossed by ourselves. I would not employ him, as I hate to be imposed upon by humbugs; and knowing the little way which these gentlemen have of digging large holes on purpose in the river-bed while dry in summer, so as to extort money from timid travellers, I proceeded to "sell" him. I guided my mules not right across the water, for the holes are generally dug where most unaware people are likely to cross, but a few yards farther up, therefore landing every one safely on the other side, with the exception of one donkey, who, in strict similarity with all the evil spirits of China, insisted on going on

his own account in a straight line in front of his nose, with the result, that when he reached the middle of the stream, he fell into one of the holes, and with the weight of the load he was carrying, disappeared. Only the point of his ears could be seen wagging out of the water. The holeman, if I may call him so, who had eagerly been watching for this, ran in the water to his rescue and saved his life, for which act I duly rewarded him.

The next halt we made at Hounai-lai-shien, a fairly large town, 1,653 feet above sea-level, and intersected by the highway from Pekin to Kalgan, and thence to Siberia. A fine stone bridge is to be found just out of one of the gates. Three hours' journey brought us to Yu-ling-pu, and another hour to Paol-chan. Here we came to numerous towers similar to those described of the wall at Tung-an-tzu, but no signs of a wall could be discerned, which joined these towers, though I am of opinion that in all probability even these square structures were in olden days connected by an earthen wall or possibly even a light stone wall. Many of these towers bear the appearance of having been used for fire-signaling. Not far from these we got to the great wall at Cha-tao, where walls and towers are of much larger dimensions than at any other place I have seen in China.

Cha-tao (1,470 feet above sea-level) is situated on the small semicircle described by the Great Wall between this and Cha-san-ku, therefore making the wall double between the two points, and forming a kind of a huge semicircular enclosed castle. The Great Wall of China, considering the centuries it has been up, must have been wonderfully well built, for, as yet, it is in marvellous repair, with the exception of the roofs in the towers that have fallen through.

At this place the wall is enormously wide and imposing as it winds up the barren slopes of the nearer hills. The gate at Tziun-kuan was built in the third moon of the first year of Tzintai, but a more beautiful one is that at Kin-youn-kuan, with its magnificent stone carvings both under the archway and outside.

Here I saw a strange sight. A number of fat pigs that passed on the road were clad in neat little socks, so that their feet should not get sore in walking long distances.

Following the highway, still passing thousands of camels carrying tea to Siberia, with the monotonous sound of their dingling bells, we came upon the Pass of Nankao; and from here, leaving the highway and swinging sharply to the north-east, we directed our steps to Che-san-ling, where we visited the Ming tombs. The one of Yun-loh attracted mostly my admiration, and the tumulus of Chang-suen, a simple but stately structure in masonry and red lacquer, with a double roof similar to a pagoda. The stone gateway, surmounted by two animals, was also as graceful as it was simple. I must confess that so much had I heard about the avenue of the gigantic stone animals and figures, that I was much disappointed when I saw them. They did not appear to me to be gigantic at all; on the contrary, they seemed to me very small, and some of the animals, like the elephant and the camel, were, I am sure, smaller than life-size.

We made our last halt for the night at Chang-ping-tehu. In the morning, as we left the town, we saw a number

of bodies of men who had died of starvation, and from the stench they had apparently been left there some time. Two or three were half-buried under a pile of large stones. We crossed over the bridge on to Chat-ouen, a very festive place, where, though early in the morning, a diabolical representation, with accompaniment of excruciating music, was taking place in a large out-of-door theatre, and the houses were decorated with paper flowers and lanterns.

As we were going along the river-course it was amusing to watch the skilful way in which, with a small hand-net, the natives capture a tiny kind of fish, said to be excellent to eat.

Drawing nearer the Chinese capital the habitations increased in number, as well as the villages and towns. The dusty roadway was thronged with people, camels, horses, mules; and donkeys, and now and then a palanquin conveyed a high official to or from the East great centre. Coolies, with their huge pointed round hats, were running with heavy loads to and fro, and everything was life and business.

At sunset we entered Pekin by the north gate, thus ending my enjoyable outing to the great Siao-outai-shan.—*Fortnightly Review.*

WHAT EVOLUTION TEACHES US. I

BY LAWRENCE IRWELL

If any person devoted his attention to the correction of popular errors, there is little probability that he would have any spare moments for any other occupation. Indeed, his time for eating and sleeping would be materially reduced, assuming that he made a serious effort to correct a limited number of popular fallacies every day. In this connection, I may say that I have recently encountered a man of mature age, who supposed that the science of economics was the practice of frugality; another gentleman, a book-keeper in a large wholesale house, pointed out to me that the depreciation of silver was quite unimportant, because the

American silver dollar always possessed the same purchasing power; and a young lady, of no mean intellectual capacity, inquired in my presence if the Jews' reason for abstaining from the eating of pork was dislike of the taste of the flesh of the pig. These are three typical examples of the common mistakes which have come under my personal observation within the past few months.

Upon scientific questions, the great mass of the so-called "educated" classes has the haziest ideas. We have most of us heard of the bookseller whose knowledge of Mr. Herbert Spencer and his writings was so small that

he asked that gentleman to give him the sole right of publishing *The Faery Queen*; and many of us have some old lady friend who always takes care to keep a large piece of sulphur in her dog's drinking-water!

The popular belief concerning Evolution is that a person named Darwin wrote a book with the object of proving that men were the descendants of monkeys. Mr. John B. Martin, of Martins' Bank, London, relates an anecdote concerning a customer of the bank, who insisted upon removing his account, because he had observed that one of the partners in the bank had attended Darwin's funeral. Most assuredly this person must have supposed that Darwin had injured the human race by the shocking discovery that men and monkeys were such near relatives!

To-day everybody talks about evolution as if it were something which had been suddenly and recently discovered. Like electricity, the bacilli of consumption and typhoid fever, woman's rights, or the tariff question, it appears to have attracted the attention of the whole world from Mr. Gladstone to "Professor" Garner, the latter gentleman having, according to a newspaper report, kindly condescended to explain that he did not agree with Darwin that man's predecessors were monkeys.

Everybody believes that he knows all about evolution, and many people discuss it in much the same way as they do the merits of books which they have not read, or the fighting capacity of Corbett and Jackson. Everybody is aware in a sort of unconscious way that the whole theory was invented by the late Mr. Darwin, and systematized by Mr. Spencer, the prevalent impression being that we are all descended from men with tails, who were the final offspring—a sort of *édition de luxe*—of the gorilla or the chimpanzee.

Practically every part of this programme is a delusion; Mr. Darwin no more invented evolution than Mr. Edison invented electricity. We are no more descended from men with tails than we are descended from the Manx cat, which has no tail; and our relationship to the gorilla is not nearer than a fiftieth cousinship, and is far more remote than that existing between

the cat and the tiger. Scientists are not making daily efforts to discover the "missing link," because such links as are missing are not of paramount importance.

It is tolerably safe to say that whatever is evolutionary in the popular mind is a burlesque upon the evolutionist's true opinions. So far as the masses are concerned, they first heard of evolution when Darwin's *Origin of Species* was published in 1859. That book consists of a theory as to the causes which have led to the distinctions of kind between animals and between plants. It tells us nothing about origin of the first life in a crude form, and it takes for granted the origin and existence of the sun, the earth, the stars, the sea, the land, the mountains, and the valleys. The book deals with the various types of species and with nothing else; its full title is "The Origin of Species by means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favored Races in the Struggle for Life." Those critics who assert that the book tells us nothing about the origin of species have not only omitted to read the work, but have failed to understand its title.

Charles Darwin was born in 1809, and before his time evolution—not under that name, it is true—had become a recognized force in science. Kant, who lived from 1724 to 1804, and Laplace (1749–1827) had worked out the development of suns and earths from white-hot star clouds; Lyell (1797–1875) had worked out the evolution of the earth's surface to its present condition; and Lamarck (1744–1829) had worked out the descent of plants and animals from a common ancestor by gradual modification. And—probably most important of all—Spencer, during Darwin's lifetime, began to work out the growth of mind from its most simple beginnings to the highest development of human thought. But the *oi πολλοι* cared nothing for all this; the principles of evolution had never been put into any one book which was obtainable at every public library. In the absence of this "every man his own evolutionist," the world at large recognized in the so-called "Darwinian theory" a belief that men were only

monkeys who had lost their tails, either by sitting upon them or by eating them when they were hungry, and the learned Mr. Darwin had invented and patented the whole process.

The philosophies of the ancients were all of them founded upon very limited observation; they were merely speculative fancy pictures largely evolved from the author's own consciousness. Modern philosophy, however, is of an entirely different character; it has been founded upon scientific observation and investigation, the evidence having been as carefully weighed, and as impartially as it is in a court of justice. Mere surmise and assumption form no part of the stock-in-trade of the scientists of the evolutionary school.

The philosophy of the nineteenth century began to take shape and form in the last century in the separate conceptions of Kant, Laplace, Lamarck, and Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802). These men must be regarded as the true founders of modern evolution; Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer are the leaders who led the chosen few to the promised land which had already been dimly described in the distance. Judging from the comparatively small sale of these two scientists' works, one would suppose that the number of the chosen people has been small—very small. "For many are called, but few are chosen," even when anybody may become one of the chosen by using his own brains.

Kant and Laplace came first, as astronomy comes first in logical order. Planets and stars must necessarily precede in development plants or animals; it is not possible to grow onions, or to "raise hogs," until you have solid earth upon which to plant the one and to build a sty for the other.

The universe, according to the theory of evolution, began as a single vast ocean of matter of gigantic tenuity, spread all over space, and differing little within itself when looked at side by side with its final historical outcome. As this statement may appear perplexing, I quote Mr. Spencer's formula of evolution, viz.: "An integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the mat-

ter passes from an indefinite incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent homogeneity, and during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation." This definition, while perfectly lucid and full of meaning, must be pondered over to be properly apprehended, and with such readers as are not of the chosen few, a liberal use of the *Century Dictionary* is desirable, probably essential.

In the beginning this world—and all other worlds—existed as a vast nebula of enormous extent and inconceivable thinness. The matter composing it was of such excessive gasiness that millions of miles of it might have been compressed into one of the little glass bottles into which the Messrs. Carter put their little liver pills. Slowly settling around common centres, the gas gradually collected into suns and stars, whose light and heat are, in all probability, due to the clashing of their component atoms as they gravitate continually toward the centre of the mass. In a burning candle the impact of the oxygen atoms in the air against the carbon and hydrogen atoms in the melted tallow produces the light and causes the heat of the flame; in the same way, in nebula the impact of the various gravitating atoms, one against the other, produces the light and heat by whose aid we are enabled to see those distant bodies.

The matter, or rather the gas, which composes our sun was once spread out to the furthest orbit of the outermost planet—that is, to the planet Neptune, unless, of course, there are other planets of whose existence we are at present ignorant. From the orbit of Neptune, or some other planet outside it, this inconceivably thin mass began to converge, growing denser and denser and smaller as it gradually approached its existing dimensions. As it condensed, revolving upon its axis, the solar mist left behind it at intervals, portions of cloud-like matter cast off from its equator; these masses of gas, undergoing a similar evolution upon their own account, have, with great slowness, hardened into Jupiter, Saturn, the Earth, and the other planets. Meanwhile, the main central mass, always retreating as it left these masses

behind, formed eventually the sun itself, the chief luminary of our system of worlds.

It must be understood, however, that this simple nebular theory is now partially disputed upon astronomical as well as mathematical grounds; but it will not fail in its object if it conveys to the popular mind the idea that the whole universe was not turned out completed, like a suit of ready-made clothes, but was due to the slow working of natural laws, in consequence of which each heavenly body has assumed its present place, weight, and motion.

This conception of gradual development thus applied to the component bodies of the universe by Kant and Laplace, was equally applied by Lyell and his school to the one particular planet upon which we live. If the world began by being a white hot mass of gas in an extreme state of external excitement, boiling with the heat of its emotions, it gradually cooled with age—for growing old is growing cold, as all animals eventually discover. As it passed from the volcanic age, a solid crust began to form upon the cooling surface; and the watery vapor which had at first floated as steam around the heated mass, condensed in time into a wide ocean over the hardened shell. By degrees this ocean moved into two or three main bodies which sank into hollows of the viscid crust, the precursors of the great seas of to-day. Wrinklins of the crust, caused by the cooling and contracting process, gave rise to mountain ranges, and eventually the condition of the earth as we see it was reached, through the action of natural laws during millions of years. Changes are still taking place, and will continue to take place, although they occur far too slowly to be apparent to pigmies like ourselves, whose lives are always limited to a hundred and fifty years.

Eventually seas and lands, continents and islands, rivers and mountains were wrought out of the crust thus gradually fashioned by internal or external agencies. The evaporations from the oceans gave rise to clouds; the water falling upon the mountain tops cut out the valleys and river basins—and so the everlasting process went on. Geology has shown us that the world is as it is

not in consequence of any sudden creative act, but by virtue of the slow continuous action of the laws of nature which are still operative.

Evolution in geology naturally leads to evolution in the science of life. If the world itself grew, did not the animals and plants which inhabit it? The first man to hint at the truth was Buffon (1707-1788), a French Count who lived in the days of Louis Quinze. But he did not venture to assert that he thought that all animals and plants were evolved one from the other with slight modifications, because, had he done so, the Sorbonne would have silenced him for his wickedness by imprisonment—probably for life.

Erasmus Darwin was the most far-sighted man of his time; he saw that Buffon was hinting at something new, and he worked out Buffon's ideas to their logical conclusion. Life, according to Erasmus Darwin, began in minute marine forms, which gradually acquired fresh powers and larger bodies, so as imperceptibly to transform themselves into different creatures. While it is certain that since the earth has been in its present chemical condition, life has never been produced by dead matter, yet there is every reason to believe that when this globe was in a different chemical condition low forms of life—whether you call them animal or vegetable is merely a matter of a name—were so produced.

I ask pardon for this digression.

Erasmus Darwin, the grandfather of Charles of that ilk, noticed that man takes rabbits, dogs, and other animals and alters them, almost to his own ideas. From "great danes" and deerhounds the extinct old Irish wolfhound has been manufactured or evolved; from "dorkings" "black Spanish" have been produced; and the wild rabbit has been the basis from which "lop-ears" and many other varieties of rabbits have been bred. If man, with his limited powers, limited intellect, and limited length of life, can make these transformations at his own sweet will, why cannot Nature, with time to the power n —infinity—at her disposal, have produced all the varieties of vertebrate animals from one common ancestor, and all life from the most rudi-

mentary beginnings? It should be added that most geological authorities are now agreed that life first appeared upon this planet, not less than twenty million, and not more than four hundred million, years ago. Erasmus Darwin, however, did not live long enough to know of the calculations by which this conclusion has been arrived at.

Darwin grandpère was a bold man. In his day scientific investigators were regarded as persons who were in league with the devil. Yet although he practised medicine in the cathedral city of Lichfield, he makes no mention of having lost any patients, or having incurred the displeasure of the Church dignitaries by his outspoken views upon scientific questions. Outspoken he certainly was, for he asserted that quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, monkeys, and men were all divergent descendants of a single original form, and that "one and the same kind of living filament is and has been the cause of organic life."

All this was laughed at, as might have been expected. Reformers are always regarded as fit subjects for ridicule. I am, indeed, experiencing it myself at the present time, when I assert that I can show that the brain is not dormant during sleep.

The people of the eighteenth century said that Mr. Darwin was an amiable yet eccentric gentleman. His poems—especially the one about poor Eliza—were nearly perfect, but his scientific theories were far too ludicrous to be worthy of any serious attention. Beautiful as his poetry was, his prose was not to be taken seriously—even in homœopathic doses. *Nous avons changé tout cela*. Poor Eliza, being of the class of the unfit in a poetical sense, has not survived, and the much-abused zoölogical theories have become the foundation of all accepted modern science.

In the early part of the present century Lamarck avowed his conviction that all animals were really descended from one, or a very few, common ancestors. He believed that the evidence conclusively showed that organisms were as much the result of natural laws, not of miraculous interpositions, as suns and worlds, and all the other natural phenomena around us. He

saw that what the naturalists call a species differs from what they call a variety only in the fact that it is a little more distinctly marked—just a little less like its nearest neighbors elsewhere; he recognized the gradation of forms which causes one species to merge into another, and he observed the analogy between the modifications in various animals, birds, and plants, brought about by nature and those induced by the hand of man. He was an evolutionist in every sense of the term, although he failed to notice the point of paramount importance to which the fame of his grandson is due. The theory of Natural Selection, the cardinal point in Charles Darwin's *Origin of Species*, played no part in Erasmus Darwin's writings. This fact, perhaps, demands further elucidation. The grandfather Darwin attributed the monkey's apposable thumb to the continual grasping of boughs of trees by many generations of monkeys; he likewise believed that the long neck of the giraffe was caused by the incessant stretching of the necks of innumerable generations of giraffes in search of the leaves of the trees upon which they feed. Darwin grandson, however, added the theory, which he, in company with Spencer, Wallace, Huxley, and others, have proved to be a verity—of the survival of the fittest. By this addition Charles Darwin has some claim to be regarded as one of the founders of modern evolution, yet he must share this claim with Mr. Spencer and Mr. Wallace, to whose work I shall subsequently refer.

All plants and animals, said the younger Darwin, vary perpetually and indefinitely, and all the varieties so produced are not equally adapted to the circumstances of the species. When the variation is not suited to its surroundings it tends to die out, because every point of disadvantage works against each individual in the struggle for life. If, upon the other hand, the variation is of a satisfactory character with regard to external conditions, it tends to persist, because every point of advantage tells in favor of each individual specimen of the variation in the continual battle for life.

Before Charles Darwin's time some

scientists were evolutionists; after Darwin, all men of science became so immediately, and the rest of the world, except the ministers of religion, is rapidly following their leadership; and it was the addition of the theory of natural selection to the conception of evolution which converted so many scientists to "the Darwinian theory."

To briefly sum up: as applied to life, the evolutionary idea is that plants and animals have all a natural origin from a single primitive living creature, which was itself the result of the influence of light and heat upon the chemical constituents of some part of the earth, probably the bed of an ocean after the water had left it. Beginning with that single primitive form, life, both animal and vegetable, has never ceased to increase and to develop, gradually changing its character from the original shape, size, and general construction, to an unlike, or heterogeneous, form, until eventually the present immense variety of beasts, birds, men of different races and colors, fish, insects, as well as trees and plants, have been brought into existence. Evolution has been incessant and never-ending, from gas to planet, from early form of sea-inhabitant to cat and dog. This is the great truth of evolution, and, as a matter of fact, no scientist of to-day with any reputation to sustain disputes the accuracy of it.

But evolution does not stop here. Psychology, a part of the science of physiology—for if it is not, it cannot be a science at all—has its evolutionary aspect. If the bodies of animals are evolved, their minds must also be evolved. The exposition of this part of evolution has been accomplished by the scientist whom I must describe as the modern Aristotle, and in so doing I am by no means sure that I am paying Mr. Spencer any compliment. Widely different as the two philosophers are, the one having lived 384 years before Christ, the other living in the nineteenth century, there can be no serious doubt that the work of the one is, from whatever point of view it may be judged, quite equal to the work of the other.

Mr. Spencer was born in 1820; his first important book (*Social Statics*)

was published in 1850. It was not, however, until ten years later that he announced the issue of *A System of Synthetic Philosophy*, beginning with the first principles of all knowledge, and tracing the law of evolution as realized in life, intellect, morality, etc. But prior to this, between January 1852 and May 1854, Mr. Spencer had given to the world a great, though brief, essay, *The Development Hypothesis*. To this essay I wish to draw special attention, because the most cursory perusal of it will, in my opinion, convince the reader that Mr. Spencer had knowledge of the process of natural selection at least five years before Mr. Darwin's *Origin of Species* appeared in print. The simple title, *The Development Hypothesis*, might not by itself prove anything, except, what everybody ought to know, that it is impossible to investigate any complex question without the use of hypotheses; but the excerpt which I set out in full amply justifies the assertion I have made above:

"Should the believers in special creations consider it unfair to call upon them to describe how special creations take place, I reply that this is far less than they demand from the supporters of the Development Hypothesis. They are merely asked to point out a conceivable mode. On the other hand, they ask, not for a conceivable mode, but for the actual mode. They do not say, show us how this may take place; but they say, show us how this does take place. So far from its being unreasonable to put the above question, it would be reasonable to ask not only for a possible mode for a special creation, but for an ascertained mode, seeing that this is no greater a demand than they make upon their opponents.

"And here we may perceive how much more defensible the new doctrine is than the old one. Even could the supporters of the Development Hypothesis merely show that the origination of species by the process of modification is conceivable, they would be in a better position than their opponents. But they can do much more than this. They can show that the process of modification has effected, and is effecting, decided changes in all organisms subject to modifying influences. Though, from the impossibility of getting at a sufficiency of facts, they are unable to trace the many phases through which any existing species has passed in arriving at its present form, or to identify the influences which caused the successive modifications; yet, they can show that any existing species—whether animal or vegetable—when placed under conditions different from its previous ones, im-

mediately begins to undergo certain changes of structure fitting it for the new conditions. They can show that in successive generations these changes continue, until ultimately the new conditions become the natural ones. They can show that in cultivated plants, in domesticated animals, and in the several races of men, such alterations have taken place. They can show that the degrees of difference so produced are often, as in dogs, greater than those on which distinctions of species are in other cases founded. They can show that it is a matter of dispute whether some of those modified forms are varieties or separate species. They can show, too, that the changes daily taking place in ourselves—the facility that attends long practice, and the loss of aptitude that begins when practice ceases—the strengthening of passions habitually gratified, and the weakening of those habitually curbed; the development of every faculty, bodily, moral, or intellectual, according to the use made of it, are all explicable on this same principle. And thus they can show that throughout all organic nature there is at work a modifying influence of the kind they assign as the cause of these specific differences: an influence which, to all appearance, would produce in the millions of years, and under the great varieties of condition which geological records imply, any amount of change.

“Which, then, is the most rational hypothesis?—that of special creations which has neither a fact to support it nor is even definitely conceivable, or that of modification, which is not only definitely conceivable, but is countenanced by the habits of every existing organization?”*

In 1858 Mr. Alfred Russel Wallace, the distinguished scientist and explorer, sent to Mr. Darwin from the Malay Archipelago a memoir for presentation to the Linnean Society. Upon reading the manuscript, Mr. Darwin found, much to his surprise, that it contained the main principle of his own theory on Natural Selection. He communicated the facts to Sir Charles Lyell and Sir Joseph Hooker, who persuaded him to read to the Linnean Society a paper of his own in company with that of Mr. Wallace. This was done on July 1 of the above-named year.

Thus Mr. Darwin and Mr. Wallace made the discovery of the law of the Survival of the Fittest at almost the same time; at which period the supposition that such a condition existed in nature first dawned upon the minds of these scientists, is not a matter of

any importance. Let it be remembered, however, that the publication of Herbert Spencer's *Development Hypothesis* preceded the announcement of Darwin's and Wallace's investigations by seven years.

It will naturally be asked why the theories of the pre-Charles Darwinian philosophers had failed to gain any general acceptance among naturalists and zoologists. The answer to this is that no explanation had been given as to how modification from one species to another could take place “so as to acquire the perfection of structure and co-adaptation which justly excites our admiration,” such hypotheses as habit, the will of the organism itself, and many others, having failed to survive careful scientific scrutiny. The opposition of Cuvier (1769–1832), the great anatomist, who was opposed to the theory that animals were connected by common descent, may also have exercised some influence against the theory of evolution.

To return to Mr. Spencer's work. That scientist has demonstrated how the intellect of man is slowly evolved from the most crude forms of sense and sensibility; how the emotions and the reasoning power gradually come into existence; and how the action of surrounding circumstances on the organic structure produces a system of nerves, first of moderate complexity, afterward increasing in intricacy by gradual steps, until at last the brain of such men as Homer, Socrates, Cicero, Shakespeare, Mill, Gladstone—if one may select such very different types of great minds—is produced. The tissues by gradual development have become a means of communication between one part of the human system and another, the sense organs having been first formed on the outside of the body, where it comes most into contact with external influences. Continual use and habit, through many generations, has created these organs into the instruments of taste and feeling and smell. Pigment spots, sensitive to light, or its absence, have grown by very moderate degrees until the eyes of the mammals have been evolved. Quivering nerve fibres with a tendency to respond to signals of sound have become so harmonized

* *Spencer's Essays: Scientific, Political, Speculative*. Vol. i. London, 1868. Pp. 378–380. This Essay appeared in *The Leader* between January 1852 and May 1854.

that the human hearing organ has been brought into being. Simultaneously certain portions of the brain have grown up in a corresponding manner, so that the colored picture impressed upon the eye by some external scene is carried from the retina of that organ through the fibres of the optic nerve to the required position in the brain.

The process I have attempted to describe has been incessantly at work, the great cause of all the changes that have taken place having been the influence of the external conditions of the outer world; and the result is seen to-day in the intellect and the will of civilized man. Mind began as a knowledge of touch by some primitive form of life; it has now extended as far as a systematic and logical realization of the entire cosmos upon the part of a profound scientist.

The evolution of man, apart from other animals, demands notice. For our information upon this side of the subject we are chiefly indebted to Mr. Edward Tylor and Sir John Lubbock. After the growth of solar systems, continents, animals, plants and men's minds had been worked out, the next step evolved the elucidation of the gradual development of nations, languages, habits, religions and customs, etc. Man, a savage, differing at first very little from his ape-like ancestors, slowly freed himself from his brute characteristics as a primary step; then he learned, by the slowest degrees, the use of fire, the method of manufacturing implements out of stone, this being the commencement of the art of making earthenware vessels. As to speech, man began by simple movements of the body or the limbs, followed by sounds, which afterward proceeded parallel with the development of the organs of hearing. He tamed for his own benefit the various animals with which he came in contact—the dog, horse and others; he cleared the forest and grew maize and other plants. After the lapse of time—probably many centuries—he dug the ground deep enough to find ore, the next step being the knowledge of the use of the various metals.

After the abandonment of the cave as a place of residence, he built the hut, the house, at last the palace of a

Vanderbilt; he used leaves, skins, feathers as clothes prior to the days of woven wool or fibre. During this period the family was evolved, at first communal, eventually monogamous; tribes and nations were also formed, kings were chosen, customs became laws, and the great empires of Egypt and Assyria were established. Man's picture-writing then grew into hieroglyphics, the final outcome being the alphabetical symbols as we know them. He made a canoe—its evolution is the *Paris* or *Majestic*; he used a sling and stone with which to destroy his enemies—its evolution is the Krupp 120-ton gun. And while all this is disputed by those few non-scientific persons who believe that man was created in much the same form as he appears to-day, yet the evolution of the Italian and French languages from Latin is universally acknowledged, even by the ministers of religion—the chief opponents of science and scientific investigation.

The establishment of one general system of philosophy for the entire universe is due to Herbert Spencer. The facts, and the scientific proof of them, having been collected by innumerable writers, it remained for Mr. Spencer to accomplish the synthetical portion of this great work.

The names of a few pre-Darwinian and post-Darwinian philosophers are appended; it is a *very incomplete* list. The classification of these writers is also very imperfect, in consequence of lack of space; it is only intended to serve as a general idea of each writer's speciality.

Count Buffon (George Lewis), 1707-1768—biologist and naturalist.

Kant (Immanuel), 1724-1804—writer, chiefly upon ethics.

Hutton (James), 1726-1797—geologist.

Darwin (Erasmus), 1731-1802—naturalist.

Wolff (Caspar F.), 1733-1794—founder of modern embryology.

Herschel (Sir William), 1738-1822—astronomer.

Herder (Johann G.), 1744-1803—writer upon human development in connection with man's physical environment.

Lamarck (John B.), 1744-1829—naturalist.

Laplace (Pierre S.), 1749-1827—mathematician and astronomer.
 Goethe (Johann), 1749-1832—botanist and geologist.
 Sprengel (Kurt), 1766-1833—botanist.
 Hegel (George W.), 1770-1831—writer upon ethics and psychology.
 Von Bach (Leopold), 1774-1853—geologist and geographer.
 Schelling (Friedrich), 1775-1854—wrote upon philosophy of revelation.
 Oken (Lorenz), 1779-1851—naturalist.
 Schopenhauer (Arthur), 1788-1860—wrote upon ethics and psychology.
 Carus (Karl G.), 1789-1869—physiologist and psychologist.
 Herschel (Sir John), 1792-1871—astronomer.
 Von Baer (Carl E.), 1792-1876—naturalist.
 Lyell (Sir Charles), 1797-1879—geologist.
 Scheiden (Matthias), 1804-1881—wrote chiefly upon vegetable histology.
 Darwin (Charles), 1809-1882—naturalist.
 Lewis (George Henry), 1817-1878—psychologist.
 Bates (William H.), 1825-1887—explorer and naturalist.
 Bagshot (Walter), 1826-1877—physicist.
 Clifford (W. K.), 1845-1879—metaphysician.

The following names are so well known, even to the uninitiated, that it seems superfluous to mention them; they are all names of recent scientific writers of eminence. The title of at least one work of each author is given, in order to stimulate a desire for further information:

Alexander Bain: *The Emotion and the Will; The Relation of Mind to Body.*

Archibald Geikie: *A Text Book of Geology; The Story of a Boulder.*
 James Geikie: *The Great Ice Age in its Relation to the Antiquity of Man, Prehistoric Europe.*
 R. E. von Hartmann: *Truth and Error in Darwinism.*
 Ernest Haeckel: *The History of Creation.*
 (Sir) Joseph Hooker: *The Genera Plantarum; The Flora of the British Isles.*
 T. H. Huxley: *Man's Place in Nature; An Introduction to the Classification of Animals.*
 (Sir) John Lubbock: *Prehistoric Times as Illustrated by the Customs of Modern Savages; The Origin of Civilization.*
 Henry Maudsley: *The Psychology and Pathology of the Mind.*
 St. George Mivart: *The Genesis of Species, Man and Apes.*
 Theodule Ribot: *On Heredity, Recent English Psychology.*
 George J. Romanes: *Scientific Evidence of Organic Evolution, Mental Evolution in Animals.* (This eminent scientist died suddenly on May 23 last, at the early age of forty-six. It is unnecessary to say that his loss to the scientific world is very serious, and greatly to be deplored.)
 James Sully: *Sensation and Intuition; Outlines of Psychology.*
 Herbert Spencer: *First Principles of a System of Philosophy; Principles of Biology.*
 Edward B. Tylor: *Researches into the Early History of Mankind; An Introduction to the Study of Man and Civilization.*
 A. R. Wallace: *The Malay Archipelago; The Action of Natural Selection on Man.*—*Westminster Review.*

"THAT DAMNABLE COUNTRY."

BY ALFRED AUSTIN.

SUCH was the description—"this damnable country"—given of Ireland, now many generations ago, by an English statesman to his superiors in London concerning the land he had been sent awhile to administer; and the

same phrase, or the same sentiment in different words, has been re-echoed hundreds of times since, by politicians and non-politicians on each side of the Channel, respecting the island "lying a-loose," as Campion the historian in

the reign of Elizabeth has it, "on the west ocean." That damnable country! Far be it from me to add the very smallest stone to the colossal cairn of controversy that has recently been raised over the Irish Question. I went to Ireland—I am ashamed to say, for the first time—this spring, and I returned from it with the feeling that it is anything rather than damnable. Indeed, I sometimes find myself almost wishing that the intervening seasons would pass, that it might again be May, and I might anew be gathering thrift amid the landward-flying foam of Loop Head, listening to the misselthrushes shrilling in the gardens of Tourin or the woods of Dromana, watching the smiles and tears of fair, fitful Killarney, losing myself in the gorse-covered clefts of matchless Glengarriff, or dazzled and almost blinded by the boundless bluebell woods of Abbey Leix. I do not willingly allow that Ireland is lovelier still than England, but it is. One has said with Æneas, only too often, when Spring came round, *Italiam petimus?* Yet are not Bantry Bay and Clon-Mac-Nois as beautiful, and as hallowed by the past, even as the Gulf of Spezia and the cyclopean walls of Sora? But then I went to Ireland, not in the pursuit of angry polemics, to which I feel I can add nothing new, but in search of natural beauty and human kindness. Nowhere have I ever met with more of either.

First impressions are a sort of premonitory experience; and as the sun sank lower in a cloudless sky over a surgeless sea, I could not gaze on the tender sinuities of the Wicklow Mountains, or turn to the Hill of Howth, Ireland's Eye, and the more distant Lambay Island, without a sense of rising gladness that I was at last to set foot on a land that greets one with so fair and feminine a face.

The most indulgent imagination could hardly cast a halo over the unloveliness of Dublin; and not even the most gracious and agreeable hospitality could make regret prevail over anticipation as I turned my face westward. But the gorse, the pastures, and the streams of Kildare would have made me forget the most attractive of cities,

though I was well aware I was passing through perhaps the least beautiful part of Ireland. A couple of mornings later I was driving on an outside car, balanced on the other side by a congenial companion, toward Athlone, where we were to take train for the coast of Clare. The driver assured us that he could easily traverse the distance in an hour and twenty minutes, so I gave him an hour and forty. I had quite forgotten, in the exhilaration of a new experience, that accuracy is not a Celtic gift, and that time is computed long or short, according as it is thought you wish it to be the one or the other. Moreover, the Irish mile is a fine source of confusion when distances are computed. In one county a mile means a statute mile, in another it means an Irish mile; and though you may recollect that it takes fourteen of the first to make eleven of the second, it does not at all follow that your local conductor will do so. My companion, who knew something of the road, suddenly asked me from under her umbrella (for it was raining in the most approved Irish manner) what time it was, and on getting her answer, she rejoined we had still three miles to cover, and only eighteen minutes to do it in. The wish to oblige, and native hopefulness of temperament, made the driver exclaim, "Oh, we'll do it!" and straightway he imparted to his horse an alertness of which I should not have thought it capable. Watch in hand, I saw us trot through the streets of Athlone at a rattling pace, and we had both made up our minds that the train was caught. But again that curious vagueness of mind and happy-go-lucky indiscipline of character came into play; and though we really were just in time, he drove past the entrance to the station, and did not discover his mistake till too late. It then turned out that he had never been to Athlone before, and had not the faintest notion where the station was. I have observed that most travellers in such circumstance fume, fret, and objugate. We laughed consummately, though we were well aware that Athlone is scarcely a place in which to spend several hours pleasantly, and that now, instead of arriving at Kilkee

at half-past three, we could not get there till after nine. Perhaps our good-humor was due in some measure to the fact that, some three miles away, was a house where we knew we could consume the inevitable interval agreeably enough; and we were soon making for it. But Irish hospitality does not understand the mere "looking-in-on-us" which satisfies so many English people; and we were bidden, indeed irresistibly commanded, to pass the night with the hosts we had thus surprised. We were amply repaid, in more ways than one, for our equanimity; for the next day was as fine as the previous one had been morose, and so we started on our wanderings in search of striking scenery, in sunshine instead of in storm.

I am told Kilkee is "a fashionable watering-place." Happily watering-places and fashion mean something different on the west coast of Ireland from what they signify on the south coast of Britain, or one need scarcely have bent one's steps toward Kilkee even in order to see Loop Head and the Cliffs of Moher. Even at the height of its season, for I suppose it has one, Kilkee must be what those who resort to Eastbourne or Bournemouth would call a very dull little place. You can get out of any part of it in two or three minutes, to find yourself on the undenized cliffs that form the westernmost barrier between this Realm and the Atlantic. If there were any strangers in the place in the early days of May save ourselves, I did not observe them. We were the sole occupants of a large, old-fashioned, and quite comfortable enough inn, which the local taste for high-sounding words would probably wish one to call a hotel. It takes its name from Moore's Bay on which it stands. You observe by various little indications that the standard of comfort, convenience, and refinement is lower by a few inches than in England; but why should it not be? I pity the people who travel through the world with their own weights and measures, their own hard-and-fast rule of how things should look, and how they should be done. If you have to sit with the door open because, should you not do so, the

smoke and dust of the turf fire would be blown all over the house, is that such a hardship to folks who have got nothing to do but to be pleasant and enjoy themselves? If the green Atlantic water, the blackly towering cliffs, the vast expanse of rising and rolling emerald down, the soft insinuating air, and the sense of freedom and "away-ness," do not compensate you for the lack of hot water in your sleeping chamber and for a certain friendly irregularity in the service, go not to Clare or Galway, but follow your own trite footsteps to Brighton, Nice, or Cannes. We for our part thought Kilkee, its lean chickens, its imperfect soda-bread, and its lack of vegetables (all, of course, save the national potato) absolutely delightful. How the winds must blow and bellow sometimes, and the waves rear and plunge and toss their iron-gray manes along and over that crenelated coast! The word "over" is no figure of speech, for there are times when the foam is flung, by waves indignant at the first check they have met with for two thousand miles, high over the foreheads of the loftiest crags and far inland on to the stunted grass of the gray-green downs. There is a peculiar pleasure in watching how gentle the strong can be, how strong the gentle; and when we got to Kilkee, there seemed at first almost a caressing touch in the dimpling green water, as though it had the soothing stroke of a soft and velvety hand. But as we pushed on to the bolder bluffs and toward the open sea, even on that comparatively windless May sundown, the waves, when challenged or interfered with, waxed black and angry, swirled round and round in great sinuous troughs and coils, and then rushed and raced with imperative fury through the jagged channels made for them by the millions of domineering breakers that had for centuries preceded them, and forced a way somehow, somewhere, through the granite barriers. We stood hushed by the splendor and sonorous terror of it, and like Xenophon's Ten Thousand, I cried out at length, *Θάλασσα! Θάλασσα!* as though I had never seen the Sea before. Neither the Yorkshire nor the Devonshire cliffs can show anything comparable in stern

beauty and magnificence with the west coast of Ireland. Their billows are baby billows, mere cradles rather, swaying and swinging for a child's or a lover's lullaby, when paragoned with these monsters of the real deep, these booming behemoths, never fixed nor crystallized, and therefore never extinct,—charging squadrons of ocean-horses, coming on ten thousand strong, glittering and gleaming in all the panoply of serried onset, and then broken and lost in the foam and spume of their own champing and churning. Turn the headland, which mayhap now fronts leeward, and all those warlike waves seem like dolphins at peace and play. Their very backs subside, and you see nothing but indescribably green water, green of a green you have never seen before, pearly, pellucid, the mirror, not of eternity, but of whatever tender mood of the moment. Look round! look wide! look far! your eye will meet nothing but the lonely and uncompromising gaze of Nature. This it is that gives one the sense of "away-ness" of which I spoke. Is it not the duke in "Measure for Measure" who says—

"For I have ever loved the life removed"?

Here indeed he might have got it, far more effectually than in any cloister that was ever reared. England nowhere now gives one quite this sensation. Should you get beyond the smoke of the locomotive, you will with difficulty evade the shadow of the tourist. But even by this all-penetrating person some of the most beautiful parts of Ireland are forgotten and spared.

A road that for the most part follows the wavering coast-line was made from Kilkee to Loop Head in the dark days of the still remembered Famine, and the driver of our car told me he had helped to make it. He was communicative enough in answer to questions put to him; but in his case, as in many another later on, I observed little of that loquacious gayety, and still less of the spontaneous humor, which we are educated to expect from Irish companionship. Of course, my experience was limited and imperfect; but I found myself once remarking, no doubt with a touch of extravagance, that it must

be a very dull Englishman who finds Irish people particularly lively. Doubtless they are more amiable in the social sense; but I cannot put aside the impression that sadness is the deepest note in the Irish character. They remind one of what Madame de Staël said of herself, "*Je suis triste, mais gai.*" Under provocation or stimulus they become both loquacious and merry; nor need the provocation be very forcible. But they readily fall back again into the minor key, and much of their wit springs from their sensibility to the tearfulness of things. "You can talk them into anything," said one of themselves to me; and I think it is still more true that they can talk themselves into anything—for the moment at least. They are sad, but not serious. Indeed their want of what an Englishman means by seriousness is very noticeable; and they shift "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," with astonishing mobility. It is the profound sadness of their character which makes them so sociable, since in companionship, and most of all in voluble talk, they for a time escape from it. A person of high seriousness requires no one to help him to be gravely cheerful, and his spirits are never depressed by solitude. It is in society, rather than in solitude, that he is conscious of being, or at least of seeming, morose. The gayety of a sad person is always demonstrative, exuberant, almost noisy; for he wants others to see how tremendously happy he has suddenly become. Again removed from "wine and women, mirth and laughter," he relapses into the passive gloom natural to one who is conscious of a mystery which is too congenial to him for him to try or to want to solve it. The Irishman sees into his native mist, but not through it. He is best understood when you watch him abiding within the influence of brown, barren bog, of unapproachable peaks, and of the wail of homeless waves. Though otherwise but little akin to the island of the lotos eaters, Ireland is withal a land where it seems always afternoon. In their normal movements the Irish are much quieter than the English. I am speaking, of course, of peasants, not of politicians, nor yet of folk hudd-

dled so closely together in streets that they irritate each other all day long. The very children in Ireland do not shout as English children do. Both young and old stand, or sit, or gaze, well content to do so: being alive—I might almost say, waiting for life to come to an end—seeming occupation enough for them. Ebullitions and explosions of gayety, of course, they have; and these are so volcanic, that they perforce attract much attention. But I think people fail to observe that, like to volcanoes generally, their normal condition is one of quietude. They have irregular impulses, but they have no settled purpose. How can they have, in a world they do not profess or care to understand?

"Their soul proud Science never taught to
stray
Far as the solar walk or Milky Way."

They know their own cabin, their own patch of "lazy" potatoes, their own boat and fishing-nets, their eternal dependence on the forces of Nature, their eternal feud with people who they think do nothing for them, yet claim a share in the fruit of their labors; the imperfectly understood theories of a pastor who, perhaps, is himself imperfectly instructed in the dogmas he affirms, and that there is something called Ireland whose lot they believe is, and has immemorially been, as hard as their own. Truth to tell, in ordinary moments, and when some one does not come and "talk them into" indignation, they bear its supposed wrongs very patiently, just as they patiently bear their own. When not stimulated by professional agitators they ask little, they expect little, from life. They are not *indociles pauperiem pati*. Indeed poverty seems natural, and even congenial, to them. Life is not to them, as to Englishmen or Scotsmen, a business to conduct, to extend, to render profitable. It is a dream, a little bit of passing consciousness on a rather hard pillow, the hard part of it being the occasional necessity for work, which spoils the tenderness and continuity of the dream. A little way before you get to Loop Head, there is a series of seaward-jutting rocks of low elevation, which have been christened *The*

Bridges, for the waves have burrowed under them, so that they stand arched in mid-air. At the extreme point we saw a young fellow in knee-breeches, blue woollen stockings, short jacket, and Mercury hat—the only human thing visible, save ourselves, whether seaward or landward—gazing apparently at the waves. "I wonder what he comes here for," said my companion.

"Ask him," I said, and she did so. "I've coom to see the toombling," he said.

The "toombling" was the plunging and shattering of the breakers, and looking at them was occupation enough for this letterless lad. A potential poet, some one perhaps will say? But no. A poet, to be of much account, must understand, must find or put a meaning in, inanimate things; and this boy, typical of his race, was asking no questions, much less finding harmonious answers to them. He was only gazing at the "toombling" he could not control, any more than he and his can control the wilful seasons, the fiat that brought them here, that will take them away, and that deals so austere with them in the interval.

Such, at least, was the explanation I offered of his being there, and the cause of it. Perhaps we found reason, in some degree, to modify our conclusion a few minutes later; for, seeking to return to the point where we had left our car, we passed through a gap in a loose stone-wall, and saw sitting under it, just to the right of us, a bare-headed, bare-legged peasant girl of, I dare say, some eighteen years of age, just as unoccupied as the youngster we had left pondering at the waves, but looking by no means so unhappy. On her face was

"The bloom of young desire, and purple light of love,"

and her eyes seemed to sparkle with amorous mischief. Possibly she was the cause of his having gone, in vexation of spirit, to look on the "toombling," and so make himself yet more miserable, like many another tantalized swain before him, by communicating his ephemeral sorrow to the permanent indifference of Nature.

Within three miles of Loop Head,

we were told, no flower will grow save the pink sea-thrift; and I can well believe it. It is a sort of Hinterland to the ocean, within whose influence it lies; and, though the sea has not actually annexed it, it permits no law save that of its own blustering barrenness to rule there. The Coast-Guard Station represents the indomitable audacity and imperious usurpation of man; but at Loop Head, though he can build walls, and take and record observations, he can do no more. He can grow nothing for his own sustenance; and on many a wild winter night, if he ventures out-of-doors, he has to crawl on hands and knees under the protection of the walls of the small herbless enclosure, lest he should be blown and battered against the barriers of his own raising. From the light-house one gets a commanding view of the estuary of the Shannon. Looking southward, one descries, if dimly, Kerry Head, Brandon Mount, and the hills of Dingle promontory, with the summits of Macgillicuddy's Reeks darkly behind them. Northward lie the mountains of Connemara, and the islands of Aran well out to sea. A little way below the Coast-Guard Station, there is what you may call either a little island or a huge rock, separated from the mainland by a narrow but terrific chasm. An enterprising engineer thought a few years ago he would like to throw a bridge across it, and he persevered in his task for about half the distance. He then wearied either of the labor or the cost, and the intended communication thus stops short mid-way over the profound black gap and the tormented waters. Last year, however, a derrick was pushed across, and a small party landed for the day, leaving behind them a couple of goats. One we could still descry calmly grazing, but the other has either died or been blown out to sea. On the dark narrow ledge on each side of the rocky chasm, all the way down innumerable puffins were congregated, as restless in their flight, and as melancholy in their cry, as the waters over which they skim, or into which they fitfully dive and awhile disappear.

It takes some time to get beyond the impression of such a scene, even though

one may have left it, visually, behind; and I could still hear those pairing sea-birds, and still see the sweeping, swirling coils of strandless water running in and out of the black honeycombed abysses, until the bay and village of Carrigaholt, and the hamlets of Cross and Kilbaha, obliterated the reminiscence by stimulating the senses to receive fresh sights and sounds. I was greatly surprised at finding so many National Schools in so wild and poorly populated a district as that between Loop Head and Kilkee; and I noticed that, almost in every instance, an older, meaner, and thatched building had been superseded by a new, larger, and more commodious one of stone and slate.

In the afternoon of the following day we crossed the Shannon from Kilrush to Tarbert, and had occasion to note how a river, nobler and more inviting in its proportions than any English stream, be it Thames, or Severn, or Mersey, showed neither sail nor funnel, and is practically neglected by the commerce of the world. The modern rhetorician, primed with statistics, and animated by conventional convictions, might doubtless produce—and, for anything I know of, may frequently have produced—a striking effect on the platform by dwelling on this conspicuous fact, and out of it manufacturing another Irish grievance. But I think I can perceive that, in presence of the many painful phenomena and perplexing problems that owe their origin to high-pressure enterprise and material development, it is gradually becoming pardonable to hint that Civilization, as properly understood, is not necessarily identical with huge cities, countless factories, and interminable goods-trains. I am aware that the English ideal of life is, or has been till quite recently, that every man, woman, and child should get as much work out of himself as he possibly can, and should in turn get as much out of the machines that he produces. In a word, according to their view, existence was given us in order that we may be perpetually active, and by our activity go on increasing what is called the wealth of the world. Of course, as it is only fair to add, there underlies this theory

the further doctrine or belief that, by the operation thus described, Man will best expand his intellect and most surely improve his morals.

An examination of the soundness of this view, to be of any value, would require no little time and demand no little space; and this is not the moment for it in any case. But one cannot travel in Ireland without perceiving that this so-many-horse-power and perpetual catching-of-trains theory of life is not one that is accepted by the Irish people; and I do not think it ever will be. Their religion, their traditions, their chief occupations, their temperament, all of which I suppose are closely allied, are opposed to it. The saying, "Take it aisy; and if you can't take it aisy, take it as aisy as you can," doubtless represents *their* theory of life; and, for my part, if it were a question either of dialectics or of morals, I would sooner have to defend that view of existence than the so-many-horse-power one. So far from a wise man getting all he can out of himself in one direction, he will, it seems to me, rigidly and carefully abstain from doing so in the interests of that catholic and harmonious development which requires that he should get a little out of himself in every direction. One would not like to assert that the bulk of the Irish people are "harmoniously developed." But neither, if I may be permitted to say so, are the English, or the Scotch people; and as, in reality, all three probably err by lobsided activity or lobsided inactivity, it still remains to be seen whether too much perpetual-catching-of-trains, or too much taking-it-aisy, is, on the whole, the wiser course, and the less insane interpretation of the purport and uses of life. I fear I am not an impartial judge; for, when I continually hear the Irish upbraided with sitting on gates or walls and doing nothing, I remember that some of us in England likewise sit on gates and walls and do nothing, and are greatly addicted to that pastime. But whether taking-it-aisy, or forever trying to beat the record, be the best use to make of life, certain it is that the English, speaking generally, hold the one theory, and the Irish, speaking generally, hold the

other, and manifest little or no intention of abandoning it. Unfortunately, Englishmen are not satisfied with being allowed to hold their own view of life. For the life of us we cannot help trying to force it on the acceptance of other people; and if they prove recalcitrant, we at once regard them as inferior, because they are different from ourselves. Our religion, our manners, our morals, our way of conducting business, our pace, our goal, are ours, and therefore must be the best. No doubt it is this masterful narrowness that makes us an imperial and a conquering race. But should we not do well to interpret *parcere subjectis* as including some consideration for the conceptions of life and duty entertained by the peoples we have annexed? Failing to do so, we find ourselves baffled all the same. There is a feminine power of passive resistance in the Celtic race which all our masculine Saxon imperiousness has not overcome. The Virgilian *curis acuens mortalia corda* applies but imperfectly to the majority of the Irish people, who quietly refuse to be prodded and sharpened into exertion beyond a certain point, let heaven send them what cares and difficulties it may. No doubt, an agricultural people always take life more easily than a manufacturing people. One cannot well live habitually in the presence and within the influence of Nature without imbibing and finally imitating something of her deliberation and serene patience. Man may increase the pace of his machine-made wheels and pistons, but he cannot compel or induce Nature to go any faster. Neither, beyond a certain point which is soon reached, can he force her to be more wealth-producing, as the most recent results of high farming plainly show. The bulk of the Irish people are bred on and wedded to the soil, the air, the seasons, the weather, mist, hail, sunshine, and snow; and familiarity and co-operation with these help to deepen that pious Christian fatalism which is innate in their temperament. Therefore they work in moderation, and with long rests between whiles,—rest, perhaps, not absolutely needed by the physical frame, but akin to that passiveness which Wordsworth

somewhere calls wise. Compare an ordinary English or Scotch with an ordinary Irish railway station, and the contrast is most striking. In the latter there is a total absence of fuss, bustle, expedition, and of a desire to get the trains off as summarily as possible. Even the railway porters are of opinion that there is plenty of time between this and the Day of Judgment in which to get life's rather unimportant business done, after a fashion.

After leaving Kilkee, I was so anxious to get to Killarney, and to get there quickly, in order that we might enjoy the sharp and sudden contrast between the barren grandeur of Clare and the leafy loveliness of Kerry, that, had it not been for the foregoing reflections, prompted by the splendid but sailless Shannon, I might perhaps have been impatient at the railway dispensation which forbade us to get farther that night than Tralee. But abiding by the true traveller's motto—

"Levius fit patientiâ
Quidquid corrigere est nefas,"

—I am sure Horace learned that little bit of wisdom, not in Rome, but at his Sabine farm—we congratulated ourselves on the easy-goingness which permitted us to have tea and a couple of hours at Listowel, to saunter toward sundown by the banks of the salmon-haunted Feale, and to gaze at what is left upon its banks of the last stronghold that held out against Elizabeth in the Desmond insurrection.

Spring never arrayed herself in beauty more captivately child-like than on the mid-May morning when we arrived at Killarney. She had been weeping, half in play, half for petulance; but now she had put all her tears away, or had glorified what was left of them with radiating sunshine. Was it April? Was it May? Was it June? It seemed all three. But indeed every month keeps reminiscences of the one that precedes, and cherishes anticipations of the one that is to follow it.

"Fresh emeralds jewelled the bare brown
mould,
And the blond sallow tasseled itself with
gold;
The hive of the broom brimmed with hon-
eyed dew,
And Springtime swarmed in the gorse anew."

There is no such gorse in wealthy Britain as enriches the vernal season in Ireland. I had come to that conclusion from what I had seen in King's County, in West Meath, and in Clare itself; but they in turn seemed poor in this opulent flower compared with the golden growth all about Mahony's Point and many another open space near Killarney Lake. Yet, at the same time, here was

"June blushing under her hawthorn veil,"

For Ireland is the land of the white as well as of the black thorn. But indeed of what wild flower that grows, of what green tree that burgeons, of what shrub that blossoms, are not the shores and woods and lanes and meadows of Killarney the home? Such varied and vigorous vegetation I have seen no otherwhere; and when one has said that, one has gone far toward awarding the prize for natural beauty. But vegetation, at once robust and graceful, is but the fringe and decoration of the loveliness of that enchanting district. The tender grace of wood and water is set in a framework of hills, now stern, now ineffably gentle, now dimpling with smiles, now frowning and rugged with impending storm, now muffled and mysterious with mist, only to gaze out on you again with clear and candid sunshine. Here the trout leaps, there the eagle soars, and there beyond the wild deer dash through the arbutus coverts, through which they have come to the margin of the lake to drink, and, scared by your footstep or your oar, are away back to crosiered bracken or heather-covered moorland. But the first, the final, the deepest and most enduring impression of Killarney is that of beauty unspeakably tender, which puts on at times a garb of grandeur and a look of awe only in order to heighten, by passing contrast, the sense of soft insinuating loveliness. How the missel-thrushes sing, as well they may! How the streams and runnels gurgle and leap and laugh! For the sound of journeying water is never out of your ears, the feeling of the moist, the fresh, the vernal, never out of your heart. My companion agreed with me that there is nothing in England or Scotland as

beautiful as Killarney, meaning by Killarney its lakes, its streams, its hills, its vegetation; and if mountain, wood, and water, harmoniously blent, constitute the most perfect and adequate loveliness that Nature presents, it surely must be owned that it has, all the world over, no superior. I suppose there is a time when tourists pass through Killarney. Happily it had not commenced when we were there. But I gathered that they come for but a brief season; and a well-known resident and landowner, to whom we were indebted for much that added to the inevitable enjoyment of our visit, told me that he had in vain tried to provide himself with a few neighbors, by maintaining and even furnishing some most attractive and charmingly placed dwellings on his estate. It is so far away, so remote from London. And then—it is Ireland.

To portray scenery by language is not possible, often as the feat has been attempted in our time. The utmost one can do is to convey an impression of beauty, or grandeur, or picturesqueness; and one could but use familiar epithets and adjectives to but little purpose, were one to attempt to depict in words what one saw on Long Island, at Muckross Abbey, at Torc Waterfall, in the Lower Lake, the Upper Lake, the Long Range, or what one gazed out on at Glenna Cottage, where we found tea and Irish slim-cakes provided for us in a sitting-room silently eloquent of the taste and refinement of its absent mistress. Equally futile would it be to try to describe the eight hours' drive from Killarney to Glengarriff by Kenmare Bay. I can only say to everybody, "Do not die without taking it." As for Glengarriff, I scarcely know how any one who goes there ever leaves it. For my part, I have been there ever since. It is a haven of absolute beauty and perfect rest.

I came to the conclusion at last that the reason why, though Ireland is more beautiful still than Britain, it is less travelled in and less talked about, is that it has never produced a great poet, a great painter, or even a great novelist.—I mean one who has sung or depicted the beauties of Ireland so as to excite general enthusiasm about them.

Carent vate sacro. The crowd have not been bewitched into going to Ireland; and indeed, if they went, the crowd would never discover loveliness for themselves, or at least never apprehend its relation to other loveliness. I hope I shall not give offence to a race I greatly admire, if I say that Irishmen do not seem to love Ireland as Englishmen love England, or Scotchmen Scotland. If Tom Moore had only loved Ireland as a poet should love his native land, he might have brought its extraordinary charm home to the world, and made its beauty universally known. I am sure the Vale of Cashmere is not lovelier than Innisfallen and all that surrounds it; but for want of intimate affection he wrote of both in precisely the same strain and style, insensible to local color, local form, local character, and in each case satisfying himself and asking us to be satisfied with vague dulcet adjectives and melodious generalities. But in truth I doubt whether the Irish are a poetical people, in the higher sense. They have plenty of fancy, but little or no imagination; and it is imagination that gives to thought, feeling, and sentiment about a country a local habitation and a name. The Irish are both too inaccurate and too sad to produce poetry of the impressive and influencing sort. The groundwork of the highest imagination is close attention to and clear apprehension of the fact, which imagination may then, if it chooses, glorify and transfigure as it will. To the typical Irishman of whom I am speaking, the fact, the precise fact, seems unimportant. He never looks at it, he never grasps it; therefore he exaggerates or curtails,—the statement he makes to you, and indeed the one he makes to himself, being either in excess or in diminution of the reality. I am aware that, according to the habitual conception of many persons, perhaps of most, exaggeration and imagination are one and the same thing, or at any rate closely akin. There could not be a more complete error. Not only are they not akin, they are utterly alien to each other. Fancy exaggerates or invents. Imagination perceives and transfigures.

Equally common is the belief, more

especially in days when pessimism is a creed with some and a fashion with others, that poetry and sadness are not only closely but inseparably related; and up to a certain point, and within a certain range of poetry, but necessarily a lower and a narrower one, that is true. Much beautiful lyrical and elegiac verse do we owe to sadness; but it is unequal to the task of inspiring and sustaining the loftier flights of the poetic imagination. The Athenians were not sad. The Italians are not sad. The Germans are not sad. The English are not sad. They are serious, which is a totally different thing; and, as I have ventured to assert, the Irish character, though sad, is noticeably wanting in seriousness. Be it observed too, in passing, that serious people are accurate—I mean, of course, as far as human infirmity will permit. But as regards poetry and sadness, did not Euripides long ago say, in "The Suppliants," that it is well the poet should produce songs with joy; and did he not ask how, if the poet have it not, he can communicate delight to others? The joy here spoken of is not a violent or spasmodic joy, which is own brother to sadness, but a serene and temperate joy, such as Tennyson had in his mind when he wrote concerning the poet—

"He saw through life and death, through
good and ill,
He saw through his own soul."

I was again struck by the superiority of Irish scenery to its reputation, when, passing round from west to south, I found myself on the Blackwater. What Englishman has not seen Warwick Castle, and to whom are its romantic position and imposing aspect not household talk? How many Englishmen have seen, or even heard of, Lismore? To my surprise and shame, I suddenly discovered that Lismore—concerning which, I will be bound to say, most persons, if interrogated, would reply, "Lismore? Lismore? It belongs to the Duke of Devonshire, does it not?"—is much more beautiful than Warwick, and almost as picturesque. It was my good fortune to spend several days in a most charming and hospitable house, whose spacious grounds slope

gradually down to the Blackwater, where that noble stream is a quarter of a mile broad; passing on one side the ruined Castle of Tourin, and on the other the woods of Dromana, through which I galloped—as only Irish horses will gallop over rough and uneven ground—for the better part of two hours, without coming to the end of them. What strikes one in Ireland is the abundance of everything, the "lots to spare," what Irish people call "lash-ins." Flower-garden, kitchen-garden, pleasure garden alike, are invariably much larger in Ireland in proportion to the size of the domain than in England. An Irish acre is about the very least anybody apparently has ever troubled himself, to enclose for vegetables and fruit; and frequently this handsome allowance is exceeded where, from the domestic conditions, you would have thought it considerably in excess of the needs of the family. This superfluous and prodigal assignment of space frequently leads to a good deal of untidiness; but Irish people seem to prefer waste places and neglected corners to prim parsimoniousness. But it must not be supposed that all establishments in Ireland are untidy and uncared-for. I saw several gardens, not only near Dublin,—like Lady Ardlau's beautiful one of St. Ann's at Clontarf,—but in the most remote and rustic parts of Ireland, that would hold their own against the best-kept ones in England. In the grounds of the house on the Blackwater to which I have alluded, I found the most effective spring-garden I ever saw,—the Irish climate being peculiarly favorable to spring and early summer gardening, where man seconds with any pains the bounty and geniality of Nature. One must go to the most favored spots in the south of Devonshire to meet, in England, with such flowering-shrubs, such rhododendrons, such out-door azaleas as abound all over the west, the south, and even the east of Ireland. At the same time, with Irish gardens and gardening, as with most other Irish things, "taking-it-aisy" is the general law. The result is far from being always disastrous, where neglect and unkemptness have not been carried too far. Many a fair and precious

flower is coddled and "titivated" out of existence in these trim and orderly days; and I shrewdly suspect that the greater part of the old-fashioned herbaceous plants which have recently come into favor with all of us, and which had died out in most parts of England, have been brought over from Irish gardens, where they have always flourished undisturbed and unsuperseded. I can say for myself that I am indebted to the sister island for several new, otherwise old, herbaceous flowers; for, as we all know, Irish people are never happier than when they are giving what they have got.

I wish this love of flowers, which educated folk in Ireland exhibit in so marked a manner, was felt by its peasantry. Could their whitewashed cottages but have little gardens in front of them, instead of what they call "the street," which consists of a dung-hill-tenanted bit of roughly-paved, and not always paved, ground that abuts on the road; could they be got to plant creepers against their walls, to cherish a climbing rose, to embower their porches in honeysuckle, Ireland would, as if by enchantment, be an utterly transformed country to travel in. But just as its people, in many respects so gifted, have little imagination, so have they little feeling for beauty. After leaving the country of the Blackwater, I found a warm welcome in Queen's County from one who is indeed a Lady Bountiful, and well known as such, and who is doing her utmost to get the peasantry to understand the charm and the refining influence of flowers, just as she has employed almost every known method for adding to the grace and dignity, as well as to the material comfort, of their lives. If she succeeds, as I fervently hope she may, she will indeed have been a benefactress to the people among whom she lives, and who, I could perceive, are not insensible to her large, catholic, and unostentatious interest in them. I had always imagined that Kent has no superior as a home for wild-flowers. But all that I know at home of floral woodland beauty fades into insignificance when compared with the miles on miles of bluebells, under secular timber of every

kind, through which she led me on the evening of my arrival. At last I saw Fairy Land, not with the mind's eye but with the bodily vision; and not for days did the color of that seemingly endless tract of wildwood hyacinths fade from the retina. Here again was another, and perhaps the most surprising, instance of the lavishness, the abundance of everything in Ireland, of which I have spoken, and the complete ignorance of Englishmen of what Ireland has to show them in the way of natural and cultivated beauty, which they are supposed, and not unjustly, to love so dearly.

No country is beautiful throughout, but I cannot agree with the opinion I have heard expressed so frequently that the centre of Ireland is ugly. For my part, I have yet to see an ugly country where it still remains country; and I cannot understand how any rural tract can be otherwise than enchanting to the eye that has ample color in the foreground and the middle distance, and boasts a mountain horizon. Alike in Queen's County, in King's County, and in Westmeath, the Slieve Bloom Mountains are rarely out of sight; and I observed more than once, in the light and shade of their ample folds, effects of color such as I had hitherto seen only in Italy. I spent a delightful morning, wandering tracklessly and aimlessly over a portion of the Bog of Allen, which strongly reminded me of the wetter portions of the Yorkshire moorlands familiar to my childhood. But apart altogether from the glamour of association, I saw in its color and its character, in its heather, its bog-cotton, its bilberry leaves and blossoms, an effective and unusual contrast to the golden gorse, to the patches of green oats, to accidental clumps of timber, and to the irregular barrier of purple hill-land in the immaterial distance. It was pleasant to pay a visit to a property in that part of Ireland, the owner of which was, for thirty years of his manhood, engaged in administering the affairs of many millions of her Majesty's subjects in India, and who, now that in the course of nature he has come into his inheritance, spends his days, his pension, and his savings in improving "the old home"

and developing his estate, instead of hanging about London Clubs and trying to extract diversion out of the hackneyed amusements of society. Will those who come after him do the same? Let us hope so; for what Ireland most wants is the presence, the love, and the encouragement of its own children. I found the majority of landowners with whom I talked in favor of the compulsory sale and purchase of holdings; and when I asked if they did not think this would finally deplete Ireland of its rural gentry, which would be a culminating curse to it, they one and all expressed the opinion that it would have no such effect, since the expropriated landlords would retain the house, the demesne, and what we call in England the home farm, and would live on excellent terms with the farmers and the peasantry, once the burning question of the tenure of land was extinguished.

It has frequently been said to me, when extolling the extraordinary beauty and natural charm of Ireland, "But what a climate! It rains incessantly." This assertion is one of the exaggerations incidental to ignorance or to very partial knowledge. Most persons of my acquaintance who live habitually in London abuse the English climate, which, I humbly venture to assert, is the best climate in the world. The climate is good, though the weather may sometimes be bad; just as in Italy and kindred countries, the weather is generally good, but the climate is usually the reverse of pleasant, being almost either excessively hot or excessively cold, or, thanks to conflict between sun and wind, both one and the other at the same time. I cannot well conceive of an agreeable climate without a certain amount of rain. Londoners, who do not like to have their hats injured or their boots dirtied, and to whom the beauty of Nature, as not being within sight, is a matter of complete indifference, consider the weather good when the pavements are clean and the sky cloudless. But that is a characteristically narrow view of the matter. It may be that Ireland has too much of a good thing in respect of rain. But there is a quality of mercy in Irish showers, which are, for the

most part, of the soft sort sent by southerly or westerly breezes. We had abundant sunshine at Killarney; but I remember greatly enjoying a tramp in the rain one wet morning up to Aghadoo and Fossa. I cannot understand why people abuse rain as they do. It is one of the most beautiful, as well as one of the most precious, of Nature's gifts. Watch it beginning to fall on the silvery water, making delicate fretwork of the dinted surface, which, as the rain comes faster, becomes a sheet of dancing diamonds. Then the watery spears slacken, and gradually cease to fall, and the lake resumes its silvery serenity as though nothing had happened. I say it rained that morning, and on into the early part of the afternoon; and what a goodly sight were the young children, the girls especially, making haste homeward from school, with bare legs and bare heads, save that some of the girls cowed the latter with their picturesque shawls, lest they should be caught in another shower! It might have rained all day, for anything I cared, after the comfort I had gleaned from the stockingless legs and unboned heads that went withal with comely garments and well-washed faces; and I came to the conclusion that Irish rain is warm as an Irish welcome, and soft as an Irish smile. But by three o'clock—in Ireland the children leave school, I observed, at that early hour—the clouds melted into thin air; and what Killarney then was for hour on hour, till the gloaming deepened into starlight, I shall never forget, but should vainly struggle to describe.

No eulogy of the attractions of Ireland would be complete that did not bear grateful testimony to the hospitality of its people, the example of which seems to be imitated even by those who go to live there only for a time. On first arriving at Dublin, anxious as I was to push on into the interior, I could not well reject the graceful welcome that kept me a willing prisoner for several days in a comely home, surrounded by a beautiful garden and exquisite grounds, not far from the Viceregal Lodge; and on reaching the Capital again on my way

homeward, it was difficult to get away from the hearty hospitality of the brilliant soldier, himself an Irishman, who had just published the first instalment of that important biography on which he has for years been working, amid a thousand distractions of public duty, private friendship, and social intercourse, with characteristic tenacity; and the popularity of which, added to the distinction its author has won as an active and successful soldier, justifies one in enrolling him among those *quibus deorum munere datum est*—the original, it will be remembered, only says, *aut—facere scribenda, et scribere legenda*.

My parting exhortation, therefore, naturally is—"Go to Ireland, and go often." It is a delightful country to travel in. Doubtless the Irish have their faults; I suppose we all have. Ireland never had, like England, like most of Scotland, like France, like Germany, like Spain, the advantage of Roman civilization and Roman discipline, by which their inhabitants are still influenced far more than they dream of. Ireland, no doubt, is a little undisciplined; for it has remained tribal and provincial, with the defects as with the virtues of a tribal and clanish race. But the only way to enjoy either countries or people is to take them as they are, and not, when you travel, to carry your own *imprimatur*

about with you. There is no true understanding without sympathy and love, and Ireland has not been loved enough by Englishmen, or by Irishmen either. The direst offence, however, against the duty they owe each other would be to sever or weaken the tie that subsists between them; and I cannot help thinking it might be insensibly but effectually strengthened, and rendered more acceptable to both, if Englishmen would but make themselves more familiar with the charm of Irish scenery and Irish character.

I have said the Irish seem to be somewhat deficient in a sense of beauty. Yet I noticed one gesture, one attitude, as common as the gorse itself, the gracefulness of which would be observed if one met with it even in Italy or Greece. As you drive along the rudest parts of Ireland, there will come to the open doorway of a ling-thatched hut a woman, bare-headed, bare-footed, very quiet and patient of mien, and she will raise her hand, and with it shade her eyes, while she gazes on you as you pass. Then she will return to the gloom of her narrow home. When I think of Ireland, now that I have visited it, I seem to see a solitary figure, that emerges at moments from a settled twilight of its own to gaze, but with shaded eyes, at the excessive glare and questionable march of English progress.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE EAST-END AND CRIME.

BY REV. A. OSBORNE JAY.

It is a ludicrous error to suppose that the East-end of London has any monopoly of crime or poverty. The south, the north, and even the west are honeycombed with what are termed dangerous quarters, and even the country can add its sad contingent of recruits for the great army of our social shame. But, on the other hand, the worst portions of the East-end—say, certain parts of Shoreditch, Spitalfields, and Whitechapel—can unfortunately boast an inherited curse of criminality, a certain prescriptive right of iniquity, which exceed the badness

of all the more modern "plague spots" of our city. Here, as, for example, in the Great Pearl Street area, vice walks erect and not ashamed; or, again, a neighborhood close by, "the condemned area" of the County Council, "the Old Nichol" of the habitués, this can show a shameless carelessness of even the mildest restraints, an open following of all that is basest and most mean, which has before now startled men who know their London well. "The gloom of this part," says Mr. James Greenwood, no mean authority, "has been time out of mind pitch-

black in comparison with the regions which are now included in the 'dark-est.'" "There can be no hell hereafter," say many of the inhabitants of this quarter; "we live in it already." "Nothing," dryly remarks the medical officer, speaking of this area, "can satisfactorily account for a death-rate four times that of the rest of London." Such testimony might be multiplied indefinitely, but is unnecessary. The present writer can vouch for the need, which all save the blind acknowledge, of some strong and drastic method of dealing with the congested crime and shame which surround us. He can speak from some personal knowledge, because he himself lives in Shoreditch, and is continually in touch with many whose misfortune it is to be "criminal"—for three years, indeed, sleeping in a small screened-off portion of a "free refuge," where he could hear all that went on, and therefore necessarily conversant with the peculiar perversions of thought and word which seem inseparable from the "criminal" temperament.

There is nothing perhaps more irritating to those who are in close contact with the sad needs of the submerged and semi-criminal than to hear the inadequate remedies proposed for the East-end by well-meaning philanthropists. The Church has failed, Canon Barnett tells us, because she has not taught men to go softly in all their ways—an idea about as practical among a half-starved, desperate population as would be the suggestion that the high art of Toynbee Hall can reform the thieves of Petticoat Lane. "We come," said the head of Oxford House, with his delightful optimism, at Keble, "as genuine East-enders, and we are not ashamed of being representative of that part of London"—as if, indeed, the well-fed, well-clad young gentlemen of a University settlement could ever truly represent the squalor and degradation which they so cheerfully ignore. Without being so uncharitable as to speak of Dives coming down to build an establishment in the East-end so that Lazarus may have a doorstep to lie on, we may certainly take it for granted that what we need is something more far-reaching than

the admirable but strictly limited efforts of educational and social reformers. What we want is not merely to elevate a few favored virtuous ones, but to strike boldly at the root of the evil, and see what can be done for the lowest and the worst. This constitutes what is called the Social Problem, a problem which men believe apparently to be insoluble.

And yet, after all, good is more potent than evil. What if the remedy we speak of as impossible lies all the time close to our hand? "The one requisite," it has been said, "for solving even difficult questions is not genius, it is merely knowledge of the subject." And therefore the present writer ventures to propound a cure which seems to promise much.

Its first ingredient is that we should begin to look facts in the face. We talk about "those dear East-enders" or those "poor devils of East-enders," but we seldom trouble to get accurate knowledge of their needs. Now it is an incontrovertible fact that the East-end, because it is what it is, must necessarily become the receiving-place for most of the socially worthless or submerged. And these, in this quarter, tend to multiply in an ever-increasing ratio. Riches can cover, nay undo, much of the evil of bad heredity; but here, in the East-end, amid poverty and shame, crime grows apace, and what the father and the mother were—drunken, besotted, semi-criminal—that and worse the children must perforce become. And so here we must always have an ever-enlarging circle of crime. Considering their surroundings, and their lack of opportunities, and judging them not by harsh conventional law, but only allowing for their inherited defects of will and taints of blood, one can truly wonder that they are as good as they are, but even then one must admit that they are, as a class, sufferers from our present confused ideas as to dealing with crime. In this matter we like to scratch at the top of the dust-heap; we are afraid to move the whole lest we should suffer inconvenience in the process. Now it is an undisputed fact that the major portion of the submerged and semi-criminal class are in

their present position through physical, mental, and moral peculiarities. To prove that the physical condition of this class is weak would be an easy task. For any short, severe struggle, at boxing or any other physical exercise, this class excel, but with any prolonged difficulty they are unable to cope. It has been well said of these unhappy ones that they possess animal but no nerve nutrition. They have no energy, and lack all staying power. Think of the misery involved to these unfortunates when they are thrown into the fierce whirlpool of the struggle for existence, wherein only the fittest can survive. It is perhaps better to steer clear of sentiment, or we may be accused of arguing falsely, and yet what a pathos could be found here in the daily martyrdom of countless obscure unfortunates !

Again, their natural gifts are small. Cunning not wisdom, sharpness not intelligence, are stamped even on their faces. "They look," said an observer once, "as though the first necessity of life was to know how to run." They claim to be "as wide as Broad Street," but they turn that peculiarity to no account whatever. One reason, no doubt, of their repeated failures is the high estimate they form of themselves. Duchesses in Mayfair have nice social distinctions and sources of legitimate social pride, but the women of an East-end lodging house have nicer and more curious shades of social distinction among themselves, and possess more conscious social pride of what they believe to be their own breeding and knowledge of affairs than all the aristocrats put together. It is seldom that a man or woman of the submerged class will admit anything to their own detriment. It is always "luck" which has been against them: they have never had a "fair chance." They are far too knowing to admit any weakness, bodily or mental; that would be, they think, "giving themselves away." I have heard men of this class gravely assert that Shakespeare was not so "very clever after all," and that Mr. Irving is not so good as some unknown East-end actor, "because he can't rant, that's his great fault!" These are not mere isolated eccentricities, but

fair examples of habitual methods of thought and speech. The truth of the matter is that, without the least question or doubt, the "submerged" or semi-criminal class have with them always as a distinguishing mark, and an unbearable incubus, an inherent weakness of body, temperament, mind, and disposition which we, who ought to know better, pretend to ignore and which they, who have to bear it, affect to hide out of sight by cheap cynicism of speech and reckless carelessness of behavior. There is, of course, a danger of imagining that every stupid evildoer who chooses to play the fool should be looked on as a martyr to heredity and environment; but that danger is less likely to be encountered in dealing with the criminal classes than it is in connection even with the sins and shortcomings of the rich. At present, kleptomania and evotomania and the like are terms which physicians invent for Dives but do not as yet think suitable for Lazarus. If we dismiss, then, as we legitimately may, this bogey of virtuous timidity, we can admit at starting that we have to deal with a class entirely different from others. The "submerged," the "semi-criminal," the "instinctive criminal," the "worst-class East-enders," call them what you like, enter life heavily handicapped; conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity, inheriting defects of blood and taints of will, surrounded by circumstances which might make even a saint shudder at his liability to fall, they seem, to the careful and sympathetic observer, to be passing before him almost like examples of the doomed. And all the time we pretend that all have equal chances and equal hopes. Who tells us this? Not the Bible with its agonies of difference, "Was not Esau Jacob's brother, saith the Lord, yet have I hated Esau and loved Jacob;" not the Church, with her strong denunciation of evil, coupled with her passionate prayer for "mercy upon all men;" not the high-priests of modern literature, such as Mr. Walter Besant, with his beautiful knowledge of the lowest, or Mr. Rudyard Kipling with his magically correct "Badalia Herodasfoot;" not, in a word, any whose opinion is worth asking; no, this wretched

fetich, this vile inhuman pretence, is part and parcel of our miserable 19th century society claptrap. That high-class women, as they are called, may entertain the actors of the town at Sunday lunches; that they may write with lying pens and read with satisfied hearts the accounts of themselves and their doings in Society newspapers; that, in a word, these and such like may suck the orange of satiety, and enjoy themselves as far as they are able, without real thought or care for the outcasts at our gates, we keep up this obviously false fiction. We keep up as well, it may be, the pretence of profitable, fashionable philanthropy; and this chiefly because we fear that men may lift the veil and look upon the real face of what calls itself the "upper class" life of our city. And yet, all the time, while we pretend to warrant the accuracy of our formula, we know its falsehood. All are not equal, nor have all equal chances. This is axiomatic, and has as its corollary the further necessary extension that we have at our very doors a large class whose instincts, lives, and crimes are almost a sealed book to us; we ought to be trying to study and improve them, instead of going on with what we have been trying hitherto, merely to repress and stamp them out. The proverbial blunderings of the bull in the china shop are something like our efforts to stamp out crime. We have with us a class whose instinct is to go wrong, and we simply punish them as far as we are able and know how. In other words, we trust to fear to do everything for us.

Now it is one of the most provoking traits of the criminal temperament not to be deterred by the principle of fear. Just as the hen feels when she sees her youngsters take to the water because they are really ducks, so do we shriek and scold when eight days or a month fail to stamp out the predatory instinct of the juvenile thief—they ought to frighten him, only they do not. This is due partly to the strong inclination he possesses for any kind of gambling. There is a risk in stealing—five to one, perhaps—but he prefers to take it rather than be swallowed up in the dull monotony of ordinary labor. And

there is, besides, also in our many reversions to original type a strong leaning to what in the upper or moneyed classes is called "dolce far niente," and in the lower or poor laziness—"to do nothing, sweet nothing, forever and ever." Well, it may be a poor ideal, yet it has served before now for an idea of heaven, and serves still for the submerged as a suitable aim for earth. Another potent incentive is the real obscurity which exists among the lowest class as to right and wrong. "My poor Bill," said a woman to me about her burly ruffian of a husband, "never did wrong, except every now and then taking a little from those that could afford to lose it." The same idea is to be found among those who make a practice of religion. "I am not afraid to die," said an old woman to me a short time ago; "I have walked seventy years, always perfectly upright."

We have here, then, a class who need careful, wise, judicious treatment. It is our shame and disgrace that they do not receive it. We house lost dogs, and provide homes of rest for tired horses, and study with scientific precision the diseases of pheasants; but for these, the lowest, the residuum, the pariahs, the unknown, what care or labor have we? They are made in God's image, they represent our Master on earth in a peculiar and especial form, they are our brothers and our sisters, and what are we doing for them? We provide churches for a select few of the best of them; we organize stray concerts, or amusements, or classes for those of them who will occasionally use them when they have no money to go elsewhere; every now and then we find some one—"so heroic and good of her, you know!"—who will actually exercise some personal influence over them by coming into close contact with them. But is this going to the root of the whole thing, and attempting lasting cure? Of course it is not.

Mr. Havelock Ellis, in his admirable book, "The Criminal," has set an excellent example to us of approaching the whole question from a reasonable point of view. Dr. S. A. K. Strahan is another writer to whom the world

should be indebted. Both of these gentlemen, and many besides, have proved to demonstration that we have to deal with a peculiar, distinct, and in some cases irresponsible criminal class. Our present method with such is to continually torment them with short sentences which do not even pretend to be really reformatory. At vast expense we keep up an army of officials to keep on bringing back to justice those whom previous punishments have in all probability only made worse. As things are arranged now, the prison is but the forcing-house wherein all the seeds of crime are kept alive and disseminated. Our method is costly, ineffective, and, indeed, actually harmful. Let us realize this, that to clap an instinctive criminal into a prison for a time, during which he will make other inmates worse and himself learn any fresh evil which he does not already know, is about as likely to cure him as it is to transform him into a fairy. It may punish and irritate and degrade him, and according to some it may make him fear to fall again, or at least to fear being found out in doing so. In this way prison may be a slight preventive, but then remember the vast army who continually come back to jail again. There are many who only know God's earth by the occasional visits they pay to it as they oscillate for brief periods from their prison life. For such as these—and they are many—our present penal system is but a grim, revengeful torture; for us, who have to pay its costly, ineffective operations, it is a mere farce and pretence of justice.

On the other hand, it may be said that it is easy to rail and find fault, but this is not all the careful enquirer will do. He will go on to propose some root-remedy; the one that seems most feasible is one not altogether new—that of Penal Settlements. Once admit (and what accurate observer dare deny?) that there are moral maniacs, and that it is no cure for them merely to punish them, and then we see at once that which seems a harsh method is in reality a kind, because a true and lasting, one. We shut up lunatics in asylums; why should we not deal with those who are naturally and morally

insane in the same way? A Penal Settlement could be made happier and more comfortable than many homes. It is true that the idea of consigning even hopeless instinctive criminals to imprisonment for life, as it would be called, might raise a fierce chorus of opposition at first; every reform, however reasonable, always does that; but even the most ignorant and self-complacent of our ruling classes might in time be taught that it is less cruel to cure, even by using the knife, than it is to let disease eat on into the very heart of our social system. As regards the submerged instinctive criminal class, even those who were made the subject of such an experiment would be happier inside the Penal Settlement walls than in all their previous hunted lives, and might by careful and judicious treatment be raised actually to a higher level. All this would need care, labor, and money; in what way could these be better applied?

What the East-end—and by that term I do not merely mean a certain portion of London, nor do I include in it here the vast army of respectable hardworking poor who inhabit a certain quarter of the Metropolis—what the East-end (that is, the semi-criminal or criminal class who happen to congregate chiefly there) wants is a cure which can really stop the disease. Education, philanthropy, religious effort, the law itself, are all failures here. Something new is wanted—something which can prevent the continual multiplication of the criminal class by reproduction. Take an ordinary case. A boy begins by a few days for pitch-and-toss, he next gets a month for petty theft, then, as he gets older, six months, and perhaps other sentences as well; each time he emerges he lives with his "girl." What chance have the children born of such a union? We do not let the insane go on propagating their species; why do we almost encourage these wretched ones to do so? I can imagine the incorrect, untrue answer. Because, it will be said, we wish to be kind and benevolent and Christian and generous—because we wish to give all a chance: the young man who has erred may be taught a lesson by this punishment; let him re-

turn to his home, and perhaps that may reform him. Such sentiments may do very well for West-end philanthropic committee meetings; they will not hold water when critically examined. These are the specious pretences of kindly spirit which work havoc among whole communities. It is easy for the professional philanthropists to say that they are actuated by good intentions; why do they, then, do harm to every one they come in contact with? Yes, the return to the home, and the lesson of past punishment—what ghastly mockeries all these phrases become viewed by the light of actual experience! In order to comfort ourselves with the cant of kindness, we go

on alternately tormenting and manufacturing the criminal class, and then imagine we can make everything right again with a Mansion House fund or a free concert, with a duchess to sing them "Linger Longer, Loo."

When little children are taught from earliest infancy all the intricacies of crime, and always surrounded by every incentive to evil, what wonder that they go wrong? It should excite our surprise, however, that we are all so backward in thinking out any real cure for this state of things, and that we are all so careless as to the true welfare of the lowest and probably most unhappy class of the community.—*The New Review.*



THE COUNTRY SUNDAY.

THERE is always a strange calm and peacefulness about the country Sunday—an air of quiet and rest. How far imagination carries me away I do not know, but on this Fifth Sunday after Lent the sun seems to shine a little more brightly than it does on weekdays; the animals seem to know it is Sunday, and one might think the birds knew it too, were they not just now so busy either building nests or hatching early clutches of eggs that they appear to have temporarily forgotten all about it. They will remember it again in the warm hazy Sundays of late summer and early autumn. Partridges surely know it well at that season, laying on a Sunday until you almost walk on to the top of the covey. And the outlying pheasants, which wander along the hedgerows in search of blackberries and acorns, really seem on Sunday morning as if they had forgotten all their cunning ways of running down one hedge and up another, and so on, at the first alarm, and so going right off the beat. I seem to notice this difference in their behavior; is it all merely fancy? It is certainly on Sunday, when I have no gun, that stray snipe get up out of the brook under my very nose. The farm horses know Sunday well enough; they are free to rest their feet on the cool grass the livelong day, free to roll on the

sward, to do nothing but munch, munch at the short turf from morning until night, and to look complacently at the carter in his Sunday clothes, taking his rest too. Carter likes to bend the steps of the afternoon stroll across by the farm he works on. He likes "the missus" to see how well "my harses" are looking. Our dogs know Sunday, perhaps by the sound of the bells. They trot about a little listlessly in the morning, and when the bells have done chiming watch the party walking down to the gate wistfully, almost sadly, without attempting to follow. Only an old bull-terrier never could be brought to see that his company is not at all times desirable. He comes over the wall and follows quietly, so that his presence is not detected until we are within the church porch. Nor would he be denied the church itself were he not carried all the way home and safely shut in the stables. But, as a rule, dogs know church-time perfectly, and their behavior in the afternoon, on our appearance in a tweed coat, is entirely different, exuberant joy taking the place of sad resignation.

To me this morning the whole air seems so full of Sunday that I fancy everything is affected by it. Is it merely imagination, or do the bees round the white allison and the wall-

fruit blossom *really* hum in a more subdued, a gentler key? And did that hibernated tortoise-shell butterfly, now fanning its wings on the warm kitchen-garden path, flit by in a more leisurely way than usual?

No one enjoys his day's rest more than the farm laborer. Well does he deserve it. He may not go about his work very quickly; no one who has ever given the matter a thought would expect him to do so; but it is hard, heavy labor all the same. The principal service at the village chapels seems to take place in the early afternoon, not in the morning; and this is not an unwise arrangement. A man wants to get up in a leisurely way on a Sunday morning, without the trouble of getting himself into Sunday clothes the first thing. After breakfast it is nice to walk up to the allotments, to look over our neighbors' crops and our own too, talk them over, and then bring down the vegetables the good wife wants for dinner. Then follows an inspection of pigs, and a chat, pipe in mouth, leaning over the pig-sty wall. The day laborer, who all the week must work from morning until evening to get enough to keep himself and his family upon, must not be judged in this respect by quite the same standard as those who have abundant leisure. After all, the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath; and although we may admire the genuine sense of duty and the thorough kind-heartedness which prompts the vicar's daughters to attend church three times and Sunday-school twice, and sends them to bed early thoroughly tired out with their manifold labors of love, Sunday to the laboring man is, as it should and must be, a day of sweet rest. After a leisurely, restful morning, it is time to go and "clean one's self;" to put on the Sunday coat, and so be ready by time the "pudding bell" rings out from the church. In many country places it is the custom to ring a bell when the congregation are out of church. The bakers will not open their ovens until this bell rings, and it is the signal for folks to go and fetch their dinners home. Soon after this they may be seen coming away from

the bakehouses with oblong tins, in which the joint has been baking over browning potatoes or a pudding. It is not an economical style of cooking, but the English are not born cooks, and many a laborer's wife can do little more than boil vegetables or fry a bit of meat "in the pan." It is not born in them, and few of them have any chance of learning. Still, the roast must be got ready for the oven, and the pudding must be made; the vegetables also have to be boiled, and the children have to be made ready for Sunday-school. So if it is inconvenient for the good man to go to church or chapel in the morning, it is well-nigh impossible for his wife. On weekdays the dinner-bell rings from the church tower at noon, which is still "dinner-time" in the country, and sounds over the fields to the ploughman on the fallow and the solitary hedge-cutter. But on Sunday it is generally half-past twelve before dinner-time comes. Then the village is very quiet for awhile.

Soon after this, on fine days, the folks begin to stroll out. Now comes the time for service. We are brushed up and tidy, and after a good dinner a man can lean back and easily support the weight of a discourse without the mind running away on any more pressing matters; and so home to an early cup of tea.

On Sunday afternoons in the warm weather, as well as in the morning before service time, the quite old men (who, having no pressing duties, and needing no extra rest, could go to morning service, and did so until recent years) used to sit on their doorsteps, or on the edge of the footpath where the path was raised, in their buff or gray smock-frocks, embroidered with white work round the neck and shoulders, and the real beaver hats, which always looked as if they had been brushed the wrong way. The old men sit out now sometimes, but not so much as they used to, or you may come upon one sunning himself against a warm south wall. But you see the smock frock no longer, and the beaver hat is gone. I sometimes see a smock in the fields, but as Sunday garments they have quite gone, and the red

cloaks of the old women seem to have followed them. They are both losses to the country Sunday, if only from an artistic point of view.

In the afternoon, after service, almost everybody goes for a walk. It is nicest to see a whole family—man, wife, and children—walking out. Hand in hand they stretch quite across the lane. Some one once remarked to me how slowly the country-folk walked on Sunday. They do; it is part of the Sunday calm. But of course they walk slowly, they have no reason to do otherwise; and although they may walk slower than ever on Sunday, their whole life-training precludes a quick pace. No one can walk with a quick step over a sticky fallow. As a boy the laborer walked slowly as he led the team at plough or in the wagon; as a man, come to holding a plough himself, he walks slowly. Hard, heavy work of all kinds must be done slowly. Cattle must be driven slowly, and the sheep, also, when they are moved from one part of the farm to another. So the good folk go along gently this afternoon. They do not go very far; often stop for a talk with a neighbor, or to lean over a gate and look at the crops. It is, happily, unnecessary for them to take a constitutional. I am glad they go slowly—the pace fits in with the air of Sunday. It is quite distracting when a trap from the town goes rattling through the village with a fast-trotting horse. The rapid motion and hurry seem so out of place to-day. When the family get out into the lanes or fields the children gather bunches of whatever particular hedge spoil is in season—primroses, cowslips, and “cow-cranes” in spring, dog-roses in June, and berries and nuts in autumn. Just lately they have been getting violets, which they carried in tightly-pinched bunches in their little hot hands. Very often the bunches do not get home. Perhaps they are dropped when hands have to be taken again at the entrance of the village; perhaps they are thrown away in favor of finer specimens or some more highly-prized flower. On Monday morning many flowers or berries are found scattered about the lanes and roadsides.

On Sunday the countryman has lei-

sure to admire his garden flowers, and just now he looks anxiously to see how the winter and the treacherous early spring has dealt with some favorite root, or if his tulip-bulbs are coming strong. It is not, of course, every cottager who has space for a flower-garden, but in their fondness for flowers they yield to few. Witness the window-plants which always flourish so, and look so well year after year, although they soon become sickly and unhealthy in a drawing-room and have to be sent to the hothouse to gather strength again. Nor must we expect a fine show of window-plants in every cottage any more than a garden redolent of clove-pinks, gilliflowers, southernwood, and sweetbriar—bright and gay with marigolds, sweet-williams, and damask roses, and many another beautiful old-fashioned flower. Given the space, it is hard to think of flowers when enough food is not always an assured thing. Perhaps we must look upon the flowers about the cottages as the outward and visible signs of the prosperity within, and the outcome of it. Perhaps their presence is one little reason for the existence of that prosperity. The flowers were the outward sign of the good qualities which helped the occupier to prosper. For surely the man must be a little better for his love of his flowers! Surely it must be good for him to tend something voluntarily which will bring him in no gain! And just as it is good for a man to grow flowers for the love of them, so it is good for him to wear them. It shows to some extent in his case not only an appreciation of the flowers, but a respect for himself as well. And the custom of wearing a flower in the coat “of a Sunday” is a common one in villages, especially in the unsophisticated ones, which “lie away wide” of the towns. But I am afraid the times when a marigold and a sprig of southernwood formed a favorite button-hole or “posy” are gone forever.

Not the least remarkable feature about the country Sunday is the hushed quietness, the stillness in the air. We should hardly imagine that the ordinary daily work going on in the fields could produce anything resembling that dull confused sound which fills

the air in busy places, and to those who live in them is chiefly remarkable when it temporarily ceases. But it does so, for how else can we account for that strange stillness we always notice on Sunday when there is no creaking of ploughs, or jingle of harrows, or crack of whip, or rattle of mowing and reaping machines? In the stillness of the Sunday mornings we hear sounds afar off. The bleat of early lambs, the cawing from the rookery down below us in the valley, the laughing cry of the woodpecker, and perhaps the rumble of a spring cart on the distant turnpike road. The sound of the chiming church bells, too, of some distant village comes over hill and valley, and strikes clearly on the ear when the wind "sets that way." The long distance it has travelled is sometimes surprising, and we say to ourselves, "Why, those must be — bells!" The bells sound so much more appropriately to the day when they are chimed than when they are rung. Ringing bells should only accompany strong gladness. They can ring out when a nation, a community, or a family rejoices. But even as they ring in joy, the element of sadness which is so strong in them will strike a note of sorrow here and there. Apart from these times the peal must always be too sad for a sunny country Sunday. The peculiarly quiet, soft, gentle sound of chiming bells is, on the other hand, wholly in keeping with the day and time, and the air of peace. Soft and sweet they sound; age, perhaps, has mellowed their tone. Calling to service the living dwellers in the village Sunday after Sunday, year after year, as they have called in time past the generations which now lie sleeping under the green mounds on each side of the graveyard path. How closely the bells were knit with the simple histories of the dead who lie there! They chimed on the Sunday of the christenings, they rang out at the weddings, and the "sounding" of the bells (one after another, so many strokes on each for man, woman, or child), told their erstwhile neighbors of the close of the life, and the passing of the spirit to its place.

On the south, west, and east sides of

the church, especially the south, the graves stand thick, but only lately, since the other parts became full, have mounds began to dot the cold, sunless, northern side. In many places we do not find any yard on the north side of the church, and where it does exist it has more often than not been laid to the old piece only in recent years. There was a strong feeling, if not a superstition, against lying on that shaded side of the church. For though they say, "Blessed are the dead that the rain rains upon," on the funeral day, yet they like their dead to lie where the sun can shine on their mounds; where flowers will grow kindly. Perhaps this last was partly the foundation for the dislike to the north side.

The various objects we meet with in our Sunday afternoon walks, and especially the field and hedgerow flora and the crops, impress on our minds the march of the year. And as some of the feasts of the Church are movable, so the feasts of the flowers vary a little in different years. Easter may be late or early, but the question of an early or a late spring naturally makes a greater difference to those who pass all their lives in country places. If Easter happens early and the spring is late, things seem to be entirely disordered, and quite out of tune as well as time. It always seems to me that there is a natural time of the year, a date in the calendar of nature, which is just suitable for this season of the Church year. Good Friday never seems to me quite natural unless I can go out and gather a good bunch of violets without much search. Nay, I like to be able to smell them as I walk down the side of the hedge; to be aware of their presence before I see them. It seems so unnatural when a cruel north-east wind blows all day, and snow-showers come whirling over the hills at intervals, as happens now more often than not with a very early Easter. On Palm Sunday the children always look out for tufts of willow blossom, which ought by that time to be covered with yellow anthers. So closely in the observant minds of the country people is the flowering of the willow connected with the season that the flower is commonly known as "Palm." I say the observant minds

of the country people. The latter were, before the spread of education, or rather of book-learning—that is a better name for the kind of education which has done the harm—keenly observant of nature, and knew their birds and plants in their rough and ready way as the present rising generation will never know them. But the children will hand down traditions, no doubt, of these things so far as they interest young children.

Almost the first sign of coming spring is the putting forth of yellow catkins by the hazel bushes, and the dark green leaves of the dog's mercury pushing up through the dead leaves on the ditch bank. We know then that if the season is kindly we shall soon scent a violet, and that the hedge buds will be swelling. Then weak bleating of young lambs is heard in the fields, and the rookery is in a perfect turmoil. Perhaps there is not a sweeter spring sound than the cawing of the rooks at their nesting trees, and it is a sound perfectly compatible with the Sunday calm; indeed, there is something very soothing about it. A little later in the year, and the meadows foreshadow the golden sheets they will be at the end of May. And now we have forgotten the "blackthorn winter," and are looking for the days when the tall hedgerows and old "staggy" thorn-bushes will be as though the snows of winter had come back to them. This is the season at which Whitsuntide should rightly fall—when there must be white flowers in the church, and outside, nature is decked out in white; white may, white cones of chestnut blossom, white lilac coming out. And then a Trinity of greens: the fresh, young green of the trees in fullest foliage, the yet unfaded, shining green of the hedges, and the full, rich color of the grass and the corn. The

scent of the "blowing" wheat, and the first field of meadow grass which is "down," mark the turn of nature's year, and the time is not far distant when the fields will be whitening to harvest. Far up on the opposite hill-side a patch of light color appears in the sunshine one morning; and for two or three Sundays following the light color broadens and increases, as on the upland arable lands the corn ripens. Sunday after Sunday passes; the fields are clearing and the berries redden on the hedges. Trinity Sundays are in double figures and will soon be in their teens. The gardens are gorgeous with dahlias, asters, marigolds, and the late crop of roses; the nectarines ripen on the wall. The smooth turf of the lawn is a deep rich green from the close growth of Dutch clover, and the tall, white anemones gleam in the twilight of the warm autumn evenings. The robins are singing in the calm, golden, hazy afternoons; yet the trees are still all untouched. But the decline is coming surely beneath this air of calm, ripe beauty. One Sunday we notice a yellow leaf on the chestnut; the next there is a large gold patch. Each week brings further signs of the fall, and we look now for the first sharp frost to fill the air with falling leaves and bring the acorns pattering down; to listen for the first chack, chack of the field-fares and the quip of the redwings as they fly out of hedgerows. Our calendar has run through; the year's labor is over, and soon the snowy covering will lightly cover its work. For nature now a sleep, not of death, but from which she will awake and renew the face of the earth. The calendars are together again, for the Church, too, has ended her year. But the advent of nature's spring is passed in quiet rest.—*Cornhill Magazine*

A TRIP TO BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA.

BY M. DE BLOWITZ.

ONE day during his trip in the Crimea with the great Catherine and her great favorite Potemkin, Joseph the Second wrote to his mother, Maria

Theresa of Austria, "We have done to-day a fine piece of work; the Empress has laid the foundation-stone of a new town, and I the last."

These words from the correspondence of the future ally of Catherine were recalled to me by M. Sabouroff, the ex-Russian Ambassador at Berlin, whom I met the other day on my way home from the excursion into Bosnia-Herzegovina which is the occasion of these pages.

M. de Kallay, the Austro-Hungarian Minister of Finance, upon whom the absolute direction of Bosnia-Herzegovina has fallen, has not built a city in a day. He has emulated no cyclopean work; but within only twelve years—scarcely a day in a nation's life—he has created an entire province, and restored to civilization a people which for centuries had been the prey of ignorance, fanaticism, and indeed almost of barbarism. This country, thus won back in so brief a period, he has endowed with all those vital organs of normal existence that are necessary to-day for any community which claims its share of life under the modern sun; he has opened up numberless routes, he has brought into being a regular administration, he has revived decaying or all but defunct national industries; he has established schools, hospitals, and churches; he has succeeded in introducing or fostering liberty of conscience, respect for the law and equality before the law, as well as the instinct of personal dignity and self-respect and the impulse to social individual well-being by contributing to the well-being of others; he has managed, in a word, to sow broadcast the good seed from which men are born, and almost to make Bosnia and Herzegovina to-day—but at all events in the very near future—a chosen corner of the planet, destined to become the model State of the Balkans.

Nowhere in the Balkan peninsula has such a transformation taken place, nowhere is the contrast between yesterday and to-day more immense and striking; and the only reproach which I feel inclined to make as to M. de Kallay's work is that it has been accomplished quite without any semblance of Parliamentary aid, and only by the will and intelligence of one man, seconded by the enthusiastic devotion which he has inspired. So true is this, that the more attentively his

work is studied, the more inevitably the observer is led, in spite of himself, to feel a kind of predilection for the almost autocratic activity which has presided at its realization, for it is a result which surely would not have been thus so quickly brought about by any collective action. In this case, however, the reassuring thought immediately arises that it is not the principle of autocracy, but the temperament and the qualities of the autocrat, that deserve praise and admiration, so that one may recognize without any sort of reservation the strikingly admirable character of the results obtained. I consider it no slight honor to be able to draw attention to the transformation which has thus taken place in Bosnia-Herzegovina, and to the conclusions which this great change suggests to the attentive observer. I do not wish to exaggerate the importance of my subject, but I believe in all sincerity that, considered from the point of view in which it appealed to me, it well deserves, not merely because of what has been already done, but also on account of what is likely to be done in the immediate future, to hold the attention and to excite the interest of the whole of Europe.

Indeed, by a peculiar coincidence, no one was likely to take a greater interest in Bosnian affairs than myself. Some time before the Berlin Congress one of my dearest friends, who was even then considerably advanced in years, had told me the story of a trip which he had taken on the right bank of the Sava in what was known as the military frontier (*die militär Grenze*), opposite Bosnia, and marking the left bank of the Sava. This military frontier was then a narrow strip of territory extending for several hundred kilometres along the boundary line of the provinces of the Balkan peninsula. Between Zagreb, the capital of Croatia, and Carlstadt, one of its most important towns near the military frontier, was a small stretch of territory called Turnopol, where the peasants faithful to Hungary, and all or with few exceptions nobles, willingly joined the frontier troops whenever—and it was frequent enough—a Croat rising had to be suppressed. My friend had run

throughout Croatia, traversed Turnopol, and entered the military frontier just at the close of one of these sanguinary incidents, which were always occurring on one or the other bank of the Sava. The Bosnians had crossed the Sava and pillaged and burnt the villages of the military frontier while the able-bodied men were in military service; the Graniczars, moreover, on their way home had crossed the Sava, captured a score of Bosnians, and impaling them, literally planted their corpses along the left bank of the Sava. When my friend, surprised at seeing this country thus closed to travellers, asked how he might visit it, he was told that "in the first place he must get a general permission, then two different escorts in two distinct *villajets*; for thus, by each keeping watch on the other, they would both protect him." The advice was no doubt a little ironic, but it was enough to dissuade my friend from his plan, revealing to him, as it did, the condition of Bosnia at that time, and that too at a period not so very remote.

This story was fresh in my memory when in 1878, now some sixteen years ago, I met at the Berlin Congress Mehemed Ali, the Turkish general and plenipotentiary of the Sultan. Mehemed Ali was of Mecklenburg origin. He was a pure German, and his name was Oberscheider, or something of the sort. He had begun life as a cabin-boy on a ship trading with Turkish ports. A pacha became interested in the child, made a Mussulman of him, and sent him to a military school, which he left to enter the army, where he rose to the general's grade and gained a reputation for military capacity and bravery.

"This Mehemed Ali," said Prince Bismarck to me, "must be a very amusing fellow; I should like to have a talk with him. But the Mecklenburg people would never pardon me if I paid any special attention to one of their fellow-citizens who has got on in a fashion which so shocks their hierarchic notions."

And indeed, if I may be permitted the digression, Mehemed Ali really was at times a "jolly good fellow." He liked a good dinner and good wine. His appetite was simply tremendous,

and when the servant appeared to fill his glass, he took it in both hands in order to hide its contents from his neighbors, and, raising both elbows at once, emptied it at a gulp. No one ever detected a drop of wine in his glass, and he thus saved appearances. When the meal was finished he suffered visibly from the heat, and the blood rushed to his head. He then cast about for some quiet corner where he might remove his red fez, under which he wore a sort of fine white cloth bonnet, and thus at ease he became joyous, good-humored, and communicative; at such moments he really was a very jolly companion.

"My master, my august master," he said to me one day, "has chosen as his plenipotentiaries the three men the most easily disowned in his empire. I am a German, Kara Theodori is Greek, and Sadoulak, whose great talent has mainly consisted in making himself quite forgotten, is here simply because he *was* here. Our mission is to unmake the Treaty of San Stefano, and to accept nothing whatever without asking for instructions. And Prince Bismarck always has the air of asking us what, after all, we are good for. Our instructions are so vague and floating that I sometimes ask myself whether it is I or Kara who is the chief plenipotentiary. The truth is the prince never lets us finish a sentence, apparently thinking we are only there to fill up. As for me, I knew perfectly well when I was sent here that I was already sacrificed. Whatever we do our disgrace is certain, we cannot help displeasing our Imperial master; but the very idea of coming to this congress as plenipotentiary amused me so much that I had not the courage to fly either from the honor or the danger. So, you see, I go everywhere, I accept all invitations, I take part in all pleasures; indeed, get the most possible out of the situation. For I know that I shall never have so good a time again. As for Kara, he speaks scarcely two words during the day; he wanders about the *salons* like a ghost, always with the air of a man weeping over the ruins of the Parthenon; and as to Sadoulak, I imagine he is more occupied with me than with the Treaty of San Stefano. More-

over, this congress is full of traps and mysteries. Every one here has come with an *arrière-pensée*, and the Treaty of Cyprus has given the last wrench to the knots of this imbroglio. I don't much admire the cleverness of the English in this matter; it has made their position here absolutely false. They appear to have deceived everybody, and that too for a treaty which will not bring them in very much. The treaty has been made, indeed, at our expense; yet it is still we who have been blamed, because it is looked upon as a singular idea that in the same breath in which we make our claims to recover our own territory we should voluntarily, and in concealing it, abandon a portion of it.

"Again I may be in the wrong, but I have said it quite frankly; I shall never understand why the Russians stopped at San Stefano, instead of entering Constantinople. They would not even have met there with any military resistance, and once masters of that capital, they might have treated with others in authority. They let themselves be frightened like children, and now they are going to leave the congress abandoning almost their entire booty. They have trodden on everybody's toes and put on nobody's slippers. This campaign and this congress have added neither to their military nor to their diplomatic glory; and to cap the climax, they will wound the Roumanians, who saved their cause at Plevna, by taking Bessarabia from them under a sentimental pretext. They got Prince Danilo here thinking to make him give up Herzegovina by abandoning Bosnia to Serbia, and then dominating both these countries by the antagonisms which were sure to arise between them. *Eh bien*, as to Bosnia and Serbia, it is Austria which will now have them, and it is once more with morsels of our flesh that Prince Bismarck is finally going to assuage the wounds which he dealt Austria twelve years ago.

"Finally, I don't understand Austria any more than I do Russia and England. I don't understand what she can make out of Bosnia and Herzegovina. They are two wild and savage lairs which she is thus introducing

into the already so extravagantly varied provinces of her empire. I am well acquainted with these two provinces. I have been *mudjir* of Sarajevo," and he told me the anecdote which I have already related elsewhere, of the peasant who came to Sarajevo with three horses loaded with oats, and sold the grain to the military authority, and who from *bakschish* to *bakschish* had oats, horses, and silver eaten up; indeed, finally having his clothing torn in tatters and being half killed because, when quite at the end of his resources, he dared to treat the men who had robbed him as thieves. "That," said Mehemed Ali, "that's the fine country which Andrassy dreams of conquering for his master's empire."

II.

Since 1882 Bosnia and Herzegovina had not shown, so to speak, a sign of life. While the other little Balkan States were constantly in commotion and a continuous cause of anxiety to Europe, the very word "Bosnia" seemed to have been blotted out from the memory of men. From time to time, when I recalled the story of my old friend or the anecdote of the peasant with his three horses, I said to myself that Mehemed Ali had been very clear-sighted, that Austria-Hungary had made a very bad bargain, but that it was prudently holding its peace as to the error it had committed. A great surprise, however, awaited me.

In the early days of last June I received a call from Mr. Redfern and M. Guttmann, two young and intelligent agents of the *Compagnie Internationale des Wagons Lits*. They told me that their company was planning an excursion to Bosnia-Herzegovina; that the Austro-Hungarian Administration of the two provinces, wishing to show what it had already accomplished for the little country whose destiny Europe had confided to its care, would do all in its power to render the trip a pleasant one, and they urged me to join the little caravan which was about to get under way. I accepted unhesitatingly. It was a charming way of spending my holidays, the more so that it offered me the opportunity

of satisfying a long-persistent curiosity. On the day after this visit I met Prince Roland Bonaparte, who informed me that he was to be one of the party, and that we were to travel together. That, again, was charming. The prince as a traveller is curious in the Greek sense of the word, attentive and penetrating; his observations are always to the point; and he is extremely affable, and, like all real travellers, the least exacting person in the world, putting up with everything as it comes. The thought of his companionship strengthened my desire to undertake the trip, and I made arrangements accordingly. The unexpectedly hot weather, however, which came on just at this moment obliged the prince, on his physician's advice, to go instead to Switzerland, and in the afternoon of the 9th of July the Orient Express started without him toward Bosnia.

I may mention here that my purpose in writing these pages is to make known the Bosnia of to-day, which remains for the immense majority of Europeans a *terra ignota*. I desire to reveal, in the course of this plain narrative of my trip, the changes which have taken place in a country which hardly fifteen years ago was as inaccessible as any corner of Central Africa. I am neither an explorer nor an intrepid traveller. The very fact that I can run through a country is of itself sufficient proof that it is easily accessible and a pleasant place in which to stay, and they whose only idea of real "travels" is a trip, say, about the Albert Nyanza, will do well not to go further in these pages. I have no intention, therefore, of telling any tales of exciting adventure or daring enterprise; on the contrary, I wish to show that to visit Bosnia to-day is the easiest and the most charming thing in the world, and that they who have become satiated with the Riviera, the Roman Campagna, the Rhine, the Champs Elysées, or the Scotch lakes, can, without quitting Europe, and without undergoing any pleasurable privations or extraordinary sufferings, visit a new country which every-day familiarity has not yet classed among those agreeable goals of excursion imposed upon the curiosity of schoolboy holiday-makers.

Let me relate, then, the pleasant stages of my trip as simply and unaffectedly as I may.

The train went directly from Paris to Vienna, where we were to rest for thirty-six hours. My readers know already that, save for the charming passage of the Geislingen, which we accomplished on the following morning, where the railway, returning on itself and skirting a fresh and verdant valley, mounts steadily to the summit of the high declivities, revealing a picturesque landscape full of surprises, there is no portion of the route more monotonous and less captivating than that which leads across the plains of Germany and Upper Austria to Vienna; and it is scarcely before reaching the very gates of the Austrian capital that the traveller's curiosity is aroused by the rich spreading panorama which is, as it were, the necessary foretaste of every capital in the world. As for me, abandoning for the moment my fellow-travellers, only to join them two days later, I hastened across Vienna to catch the train for Buda-Pest.

I must confess that no city in the world holds or interests me less than Vienna. There is none whose commonplace and every-day characteristics less excite my curiosity, nor any the study or observation of whose inhabitants is less sterile. It is, let me say, as a town, merely "one of a dozen." And every time that I return to it I am struck by the fact that the older it grows the more improvised is its appearance. The Viennese, however, whom one meets abroad—for I have not been permitted to judge them very much at home—are extremely gracious, amiable, good-humored, and well educated. This leads me to suppose they are equally charming in their own country, for it is scarcely likely that there are special brands of Viennese for foreign exportation, and an inferior product for home consumption. During the few hours that we passed at Vienna I took a good *droschky*, driven by a "cabby" of much sagacity, and showed my son, who was with me, the powdery Prater with its hot inelégance of aspect, the leading arteries of the capital, the cathedral, which is a little stiff in its lines and *dépaysée* amid so

fast-rushing a world, and the conventional Government buildings, which complete the impressions of this town, toward which converge reluctantly the multifarious and heterogeneous elements of the most complex empire in the world.

On the other hand, Buda-Pest has for me an invincible attraction, and when on the morrow—a warm, bright day—I was at last permitted to install myself in the shade high up on one of the balconies of the *Hôtel Hungaria* overlooking the Danube, I experienced one of the most agreeable sensations that I recall. Here the ample breadth of the stream diminishes the force of the current, and the Danube passes majestically under the two imposing bridges which hide its course where it bends far below beyond the town with the dimensions and the appearance of a stream opening out into the sea. In front frowns the ancient and lofty fortress of Buda, which formerly held Hungary abject and trembling under its cannon, and the Burg, formerly Imperial, where watched the implacable eye of the conqueror. Both fortress and Burg, however, are to disappear forever. A new royal *château* is going up near by, which will take the place of the old yellow barracks which serve now as dwelling for the King of Hungary in this capital, finally recovered from the age-long domination of Austria. Below, the life of the river is unceasing; and the whole warm, brilliant, animated picture is most enlivening. Buda-Pest! The very word names an idea which is big with the future. It is synonymous with restored liberty, unfolding now at each forward step; it is the future opening up before a growing people. Whole districts of the capital will one day be rebuilt and reappear under a fresh aspect; and this immense meeting-point between the East and the West adds daily to its power and its attractions. Never have I seen in any capital the signs and advertisements more strenuously insistent upon the use of the national tongue. All that I noted were in the Hungarian language, save one odd exception, the words *entreprise de pompes funèbres*, in good French, as if the word *funèbres* were not the least

French of the tongue spoken by the gayest of nations.

On the morrow of our arrival we lunched at *Sainte Marguerite's Island*, pearl of the Danube, nest of flowers, sweet odors, and cool air, whence and whither the white steamers go—a spot unequalled by any one of the public gardens of any of the great cities from the Vistula to the Spree.

Our fellow-travellers arrived at two o'clock, conducted by M. de Horowitz, Assistant-Director of Bosnian Affairs, who was to accompany us during our entire stay in Bosnia and Herzegovina. The sun fell hot upon the endless and monotonous plains, arid even in their oppressive fertility, over which we were soon passing between Buda-Pest and Bosna-Brod. Only now and then the appearance of an Hungarian peasant in a floating white dress that streaked the burning landscape as with a brilliant calcined line gave variation to the scene. But finally the evening came, with scarcely undiminished heat. Crossing the Danube by ferry, we were at last in Bosnia. It was with a veritable feeling of relief that we had quitted the burning and endless *pousta*, and the moon which lighted the strange picture of a loaded train upon a boat, reflecting its curious silhouette in the silvered waters, revealed also our first Bosnian peasants running along the river edge to assist at our crossing and arrival.

If, fifteen years hence, the future Governor of the Soudan invites some tourists to come and see what he has made of that country, and if toward midnight a railway guard cries, "Khar-toum! passengers change," such tourists, I imagine, will have pretty much the same impression as I when, toward midnight, suddenly startled from my dozing, I heard the cry, "Bosna-Brod! tout le monde descend!" The Austrian wagons were to go back to Vienna, and we were obliged to change into the Bosnian train. There was indeed, then, a railway across this wild and savage Bosnia!

Here M. de Horowitz took the lead. I have never seen any one act with a greater calmness or more constantly to the point. There is a great charm in the clever face of M. de Horowitz, As-

sistant-Director of Bosnian Affairs, the right arm of M. de Kallay, and the most perfect type of the functionary who is never surprised, never disturbed, never brought completely to a standstill, and never capable even of hesitation. Once a difficulty arises he looks it squarely and smilingly in the face, delighted at the thought of fighting the matter out, and sure of conquering. Of middle height, slim, with a slightly ironic expression, but an eye at once penetrating and sympathetic, he is willingly retiring when his intervention is not necessary, but always at his post when the right moment comes. His plain and voluntarily *négligé* dress in nowise distinguishes him from others, but when need be he can assert himself with an authority so natural that his figure stands out clearly and exactly in the place his position assigns him. A gesture, a glance, a brief remark, and matters which a moment before seemed all confusion are set right as if by enchantment. He has Bosnia at his finger-tips. He knows men and things there, and he places them unhesitatingly and exactly in the places allotted them. He is, moreover, a travelling companion who makes everything glide smoothly; without insistence, but readily, he reviews the work accomplished, without ever inserting a word which could lead one to suppose that he has had the slightest hand in it. Indeed, he hardly allows his subordinates to treat him as a superior, nor permits any one to praise him. But it is apparent that he takes a real pleasure in praising other people, and assigning to his chief, M. de Kallay, the merit of all that people approve around him. It is he who from this moment on until we quit Herzegovina will direct our steps and watch over the programme of the trip.

In each compartment were two great armchairs opposite each other, forming a bed, much as in a Pullman car, and there in this privacy my young companion slept profoundly until even long after sunrise. I, however, had not come to sleep. With the first streaks of dawn I had unmade, if I may so say, the bed, restored the armchair, and drawn back the curtains. I was not long unrewarded. The train

was moving with its dull and regular rumble across a landscape exquisitely fresh and gracious and seductive to look upon. Rounded slopes, covered with a thick and varied foliage, skirted on either side a long and winding valley. On our left the Bosna, reflecting the pale emerald of the hills still drowned in shadow, rushed turbulently on, raising foam-flakes as it dashed against rocks impotent to bar its passage; while along the stream on the left bank, separating hill and river, ran like a wide ribbon, glistening white under the first rays of the sun, a long silent road, upon which at rare intervals passed a sort of chariot drawn by two swift-stepping little Bosnian horses, excited by the morning air, and driven by a man in a red fez, who seemed now and then, with his quick, sharp cries, to be trying to urge his beasts to a race with the train, which outstripped them, whistling ironically across the valley. From time to time the view opened up effectively, the vale became a smiling valley, surrounded by an amphitheatre of pleasantly wooded mountains. Farmhouses and mills were scattered about the valley, across which still ran the high road and the river, while at the far extremity appeared some village, still fortified as in the times of Mussulman feudalism. White houses of a village huddled close together under the crenelated towers and the high walls of the fort, like a flock of sheep trembling beneath a cromlech.

At 7.30 we came to a halt at Zenika, the second or the third station in Bosnia. Close by the railway line, in the shade, a long table with a fresh white cloth wooed us by its gay and bounteous aspect to partake. The foaming beer in tall glasses, the Giesshubler in bottles fresh from the ice, as was shown by the moist, transparent beads on the outside of the bottles, the dishes of fish and meat already dressed, recalled the early morning repasts of England at which, without the annoyance of servants, the family assembles to fortify and refresh itself, perhaps a little austere, before the labors of the day. I had been awake for at least four hours; so that this first meal on Bosnian soil, there by the roadside, at the beginning of a splendid summer morning, and

after so radiant a journey ever since the dawn, chased every shadow from my mind. About the table, his eye on every point, watching the waiters and directing them with a word or a gesture, hovered with the greatest vivacity a quite round little man, all smiles and amiability, notwithstanding his pre-occupations. He wore a small soft gray felt hat, a little jacket, little trousers, and little gaiters enveloping a vigorous little leg. The face, as round as the rest of him, was scarcely shaded by a little black mustache; the complexion was high-colored; the eye, small, black and piercing, gleamed through silver-mounted spectacles; and his short, chubby arms were in as constant movement as a child's aerial telegraph. The voice, sharp and resonant, carried orders in all directions, and scarcely could M. de Horowitz manage to stop him long enough to present to us M. Pojeman, a sort of *intendant-général* or *officier de bouche* as the expression used to be, whose duty it is to inspect the eight hotels constructed by the State on Bosnian and Herzegovinian soil. This little person, so round, so indefatigable, so full of resource, and so inexhaustibly stocked with imagination, accompanied us as a joyous and beneficent providence throughout our stay, and I scarcely do my duty in fixing only in this connection, amid the acclamations of our grateful stomachs, the not-to-be appreciated silhouette of our friend Pojeman. Where this rare pearl was discovered, this man who has increased the resources of Bosnia, yet has never said, "That is impossible," I know not; but to have found him, to have understood his special aptitudes, and to have discovered the right field of activity for them, prove once more the remarkable talents as ferreter-out of men which is one of the forces as well as one of the great resources of M. de Kallay.

At 11.30 we entered the station at Sarajevo, in that ancient Bosna-Serai of which Mehemed Ali had been *moud-jir*, and of which he had traced for me so wild a picture, but over which he was no longer to smile; for shortly after the Berlin Congress he died in Albania, where he had been sent to put down a revolt. A bullet fired, no

one has ever known whence or by whom, put an end then and there to his imprudent criticism of the Turkish Administration.

III.

Conquest or progress, it is with blood that the book of humanity is written. The page consecrated to the taking over of Bosnia and Herzegovina is no exception; it, too, is stained with the inevitable sanguinary horrors, but nowhere is the trace more inexplicable. From Bosna-Brod to Metkovitch, from the Danube to the Narenta—from end to end, that is, of the conquered provinces—is only about eighteen hours of an indolent train. The two armies which in 1878 penetrated hither to take possession of this corner of the Balkans in virtue of the decision of the Berlin Congress started, the one under command of Feldzeugmeister Baron Joseph Philiporic of Bosna-Brod on the Danube; the other, under the orders of Lieutenant-Marshal Baron Jovanowitz, from Metkovitch on the Narenta, and it was after incessant combats, after heroic fighting for eighteen days on the part of both armies, that they succeeded in joining their forces at Sarajevo and captured with the greatest difficulty the fortress whose fall was the virtual end of the struggle and the sign of definitely entering into possession of the country. Both Turks and Orthodox had risen with the same enthusiasm, and the "Spanjols," the Spanish Jews who had fled from Spain during the terrors of the Inquisition of Philippe the Second, and who had settled in Bosnia in considerable numbers, also took up arms against the common foe. The Austrians say to-day that only the Mussulmans rose to fight *pro aris et focis*, in defence of their Prophet and their wives. The truth, however, is that Orthodox Bosnia also resisted, rose up against the unknown, and to drive back the soldier who was described as the soldier of the Pope; and in their turn the Jews swelled the ranks of the resisting army because they had found here in the shadow of the Crescent a safe and peaceful place of refuge, and because the armies whose chaplains spoke in the name of Rome recalled to them

the vague and remote but terrible past of the tortures endured by their ancestors. Against these convinced and voluntary combatants, flocking from the hamlets, appearing from behind each isolated cabin, massing for ambushade or guerilla warfare at a score of points in each defile, constant daily combats were inevitable. Sometimes desperate battles were necessary. It was a tale of ground slowly won, of dead and dying strewn by the rivers or among the hills, of the daring penetration of wild corners held in ambush. It was necessary always to give immediate battle, for a regular siege of the fortresses great and small, and of the feudal castles frowning on the hilltops, might have had the most disastrous consequences; and in the plain, even when all seemed quiet, death haunted the invaders' footsteps. The peasant who seemed to be working peaceably in his field, indifferent, or moved merely by a dull astonishment at the passage of the troops, once they had vanished from sight snatched up his gun hidden in a furrow, took shelter behind a wall or tree, and fired on the soldiers. It might really have been said that it was the Spagnols, knowing the modern story of their former fatherland, who taught the Bosnians how to defend the soil of their country against the foreign invader. But Bosnia and Herzegovina were too feeble to resist effectually the power of a great empire, and it is sufficient testimony to their heroism to repeat that eighteen days of the liveliest hostilities were necessary before the two Austro-Hungarian armies were able to lay hold as conquerors of these two corners of the earth, defended only by peasants and volunteers. Turkey, owing to the common action of Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Roumania, had withdrawn almost all its troops from the Balkans, and Bosnia was thus left without any regular troops to defend her. And to defend her against whom? Against whom was directed all this prolonged and violent resistance? Against Austria-Hungary, legally invested with possession, and in order to preserve her soil for Turkey, which had yielded up the two provinces after a feeble and merely nominal resistance. And this is the

odd—I may add the unheard-of—side of this struggle, absolutely without historic precedent. It was in the interest of a master who had abandoned them; to defend a soil which he had given up, to preserve for him a sovereignty which he had voluntarily let slip—for no one at Berlin dreamed of forcing Turkey's acquiescence, and before her absolute resistance, which would have plunged Europe into a terrible general war, the entire congress would have recoiled—that Bosnia and Herzegovina fought. This fact is stupefying.

But instinctively, blindly, Mussulman, Orthodox, and "Spagnol" Jew flung themselves in the path of the Austro-Hungarians, and I know not if the Franciscans—the only Catholic religious Order which then occupied convents, and which even to-day, with their large leathern girdle restraining their black robes, their rounded civilian's hat, their bushy beards and formidable brushed-up mustache, have a distinctly militant air—did not as well mix in the ranks of those who were fighting for a master who had abandoned them. The resistance, at all events, was terrible, for this people have always had the passion for arms. In the good old days the Bosnians, whether Turk or Orthodox, carried at their belts, in their saddle-girths, or across their shoulders, guns, pistols, and *yatagans*, always marvels of damascene work. It was the emigration to Bosnia of the Jews from Spain which brought thither the rudiments of this fine and delicate art, later on happily applied and developed as a refined industry in the better class of arms. It is the old story of the dissemination after the Edict of Nantes of the fine flower of French industry over the hospitable soil of certain European countries. Alas! these treasures have disappeared; only here and there an authentic specimen can be found saved from the sweeping application of the orders, given after the taking over of the country, to surrender all arms or to destroy them. Yet, before the victorious entry of the Austro-Hungarians, each Bosnian, each Herzegovinian was a walking arsenal, and if these beautiful weapons did not carry very far, they were sufficiently effec-

tive in the petty ambushade warfare proper to the land.

To-day weapons and ambushades are things of the romantic past. The spectacle now offered is not less unique than that of its resistance to the invader. Twelve years have sufficed under M. de Kallay's administration not only to remove all traces of the wild, inhospitable, inaccessible Bosnia of which I have been speaking, but indeed and especially to banish even the memory of those dark days of strenuous battle, and to wipe away from the hearts of both invader and invaded all traces of the hate which then animated them. Up to 1882, from the time of the Austrian entry into the country, what is known to-day in Bosnia as the pre-Kallaic era, the administration had been disastrous, and the memory of it rather a humiliation for the Austro-Hungarian Empire. It is useless to recall this page of history. It lasted nearly four years, and was a period of routine, careless indifference, or ignorance, which ended in 1882 in an insurrection and asks nothing better than to be forgotten. In that year, however, the superior administration of the two provinces passed into the hands of the Minister of Finance of the Austro-Hungarian Empire; who was then, and who is still, M. de Kallay. From this moment all is changed. The powers given to the new administration are almost unlimited. The civil element has been substituted for the military element, and pacification has succeeded conquest. The greatest effort is made to reassure all minds. Not a single minaret has disappeared, not a *muezzin* is deprived of his resources. On the contrary, the school of the Sharriat is opened, and, under the direction of a *reis* el oulemas, a smiling, affable, and learned Mussulman, teaches the law of the Prophet, which the pupils are then called upon to practise as khadis or judges. The school of the Sharriat at Sarajevo is, indeed, to-day one of the most interesting and liberal establishments imaginable. It is a building in the Moorish style, with inner galleries, and the *patio* which recalls the Lions' Court of the Alhambra. The floors, the lecture-rooms, the dormitories, the library, the refec-

tory, the chapel or room of prayer, and the vast "study" of the head of the school are models of the Oriental taste for comfort and repose. Through the gallery and lecture-room windows, across every opening, indeed, of this clear and luminous spot, one has an adorable view of the old Sarajevo with its innumerable minarets, stuck as it were all up the gentle declivities of the surrounding hemicycle of hills which slope to the right bank of the Bosna, and linked to the Spanish quarters and the bazaar by an old bridge leaping with one bound, in the Venetian style, from bank to bank of the river.

To-day Sarajevo, which is growing under the action of civilization, and aspires to take its place in the modern world, has, like Constantinople, the city type in this respect, its Stamboul, which is on the right bank; its Galata, occupied by the "Spagnols" and the Orthodox, who are still recalcitrant to modern life, its bazaar, its Sharriat school, which has been wilfully removed from the steep streets of the old town, and the Orthodox school, where in spacious cells young Bosnians are fitted for the priesthood. But it has also its Pera, its modern or even its European quarter, where during the last twelve years European houses have been built, where the price of land has increased a hundredfold, where hotels are open to travellers—this time private enterprises, in which the Government has not had to intervene—where modern shops deal in foreign products, and where already sham Orientals, dealers in *pastilles du sérail*, lay their nets for the unwary traveller who ventures into their Brummagem warehouses. "They are all old friends," said to me the French senator, M. Jacques Hebrard, who happened to be with me; "we shall find them again under the arcades of the Rue de Rivoli. They sell at Sarajevo Oriental stuffs in gold and silver stripes, made at the Batignolles, and Persian carpets in which cotton and vegetable fibre play the preponderant rôle."

It is here in this quarter of the town, also, that the Catholic colony whom the Austro-Hungarian would tempt hither comes to settle. Here rises the pretty cathedral built a few years ago

in a gracious, mingled style of half Renaissance, half Gothic, and there also the Franciscans, under the new régime, flourish luxuriantly, throwing out their vigorous and quickly invading branches. Only the Protestant element seems absent, and indeed it is not easy to see how, in this quadruple competition, it can manage to find and cultivate a plot big enough to develop in its turn.

I have already said that it was the infiltration of the Spanish Jews who brought to Bosnia and Herzegovina the art of *damasquinage*; it is the Persian contact, felt across Eastern Roumelia even in this part of the Balkans, which has introduced into Bosnia the art of the carpet-weaver, and it is the contact of the Mussulmans, the life of the harems, which has transmitted to the harems of Bosnia and Herzegovina the pretty science of weaving those soft and flexible cotton and silken or purely silken stuffs known as *bez*, in which the Turkish women, closely veiled, drape themselves with so fine and becoming a dignity, and the suppleness of which accompanies like a veritable second skin their nonchalant movements when they venture out of their homes. These three industries, all three charming and adorning with their beauty many a Bosnian interior, were falling into decay and on the point of perishing when the era of Kallay began. There, as everywhere, the intervention of the new administrative head of the country was quickly tangible and salutary. State manufactories were constructed. An attempt was made to find the weavers of both sexes who had preserved the tradition, and who knew how to recover the vanishing art of design, to work the pure wool, to give it at once suppleness and resistance, and in particular that vegetable coloring which nothing can alter, which preserves the brilliance and solidity of the wool, in contrast with the ready decay which follows the application of mineral dyes. The same thing was done in the case of *damasquinage*, and in the model *atelier* of Sarajevo, where a whole collection of young apprentices and experienced workmen are reviving a glorious industry, a short time ago threatened with destruction,

the best workmen of Toledo will find victorious rivals. As for pure silk stuffs, or tissues half wool, half silk, a woman of much zeal, devotion, and intelligence, under the direction of the Countess de Kallay, provides the women of the harem with the *matières premières*, the silk thread or woollen strands, either white or dyed, and is already succeeding in infusing new life into that inimitable and gracious weaver's art, the renown of which even traversed the all but inaccessible bounds of these provinces, and which, at the points where it was here developed, produced results rivalling the most delicate and coquettish products known. I have referred to the Countess de Kallay's rôle in thus seconding her husband, but I might have added that this entire family is devoted heart and soul to the reawakening—to the creation, one might almost say—of this country, henceforth open to the world. M. de Kallay related to me how, when he was building the three hotels of Ilidze, the watering-place near Sarajevo where we were to establish our headquarters, it was his little girl, ten or twelve years old, who, seeing his embarrassment to find a name for the hotels, said to him, "Why, call them Austria, Hungary, and Bosnia," and so it was. The Countess de Kallay has become an active and devoted auxiliary of her husband in their great creative work. She has supplemented the enthusiasm peculiar to her by that gentleness of hand, that grace of persuasion, which are so precious, if not even indispensable, in winning over conquered peoples to the conqueror. And in truth this is no slight compliment which I pay the Countess de Kallay, for the Administrator-General of Bosnia and Herzegovina has managed to group about him a veritable élite of fellow-laborers entrusted with the interpretation and the realization of his ideas.

IV.

When on Friday, the 13th of July, we arrived at the station at Sarajevo, great animation reigned there. All the chief functionaries of the central government of Bosnia and Herzegovina had come to meet the train, first,

because the railway stations in some of the countries of the Danube are at certain hours the goal of the lazy even from the neighboring towns; secondly, because the functionaries came to pay their respects to M. de Horowitz, their friend or their superior, and to meet M. Henri Moser, a former well-known traveller, who has become the official agent of Bosnia and Herzegovina, who has devoted to his new task all his knowledge of men and things, and whose selection does again great honor to the perspicacity of M. de Kallay; and finally, also, because they desired to welcome us to their capital. What most struck me in the successive introductions which took place at the station was the gayety, the youth, and enthusiastic vivacity of all these men by whom M. de Kallay was surrounded, and who fulfilled the highest and most responsible functions. What also struck me in these countries, where the language spoken and the struggles sustained recall continually the image of Russia, is the complete absence of uniforms. All these men, municipal and departmental authorities, heads of departments or what not, went about in short light coats and straw hats, smoking a cigarette, always on the alert, and ever ready to break into smiles, and speaking as it happened, with an equal facility, Bosnian, German, English, or French, for the travellers that made up our party spoke generally one of these four languages. Yes, in this intentional simplicity of dress, in this easy bearing, and this natural affability which cropped up on any and every occasion, I felt that the era of conquest was long gone by, and that at last had come the era of peaceful, uncontested, and—a few days later I might have testified to it—friendly possession. Moreover, the rude Bosnian of the pre-Kallaic era has had his rough edges worn off; the military uniform no longer frightens him, appearing to him the useless symbol of a force which he has not to fear because he does not dream of facing it, and what to-day he likes and respects most is the gray jacket, the yellow slipper, the little hat of straw or felt of the fair or the dark-skinned young man who moves about with so much

ease, who is everywhere at once without ever being embarrassed, who answers graciously all questions, and whose activity takes daily form and substance in some fresh progress or some new transformation. Thus at first when we made the acquaintance of Baron de Kutschera, Governor of Bosnia and Herzegovina; Baron de Berks, Prefect of Sarajevo; Baron de Molinary, Prefect of the Department; Baron de Pittner, Prefect of Police, and of a number of other leading men whose names escape me at the moment, and who ran laughing along the platform, we looked to find a little of that automatic stiffness which everywhere else is the spontaneously generated product of officialdom. With the exception of the Governor, Baron de Kutschera, who certainly is not a young man, the ages of all the great personages of the province are between thirty-six and twenty-five, and I believe that Baron de Pittner, the very remarkable and very vigilant Prefect of Police, who has powerfully contributed to the admirable security of Bosnia, has not reached his thirtieth year.

"Yes," said to me M. de Kallay a few days later, "of two men of equal ability I would always choose the younger, because the work that I have undertaken must be done not only with devotion, but even with pleasure and enthusiasm. Youth is enthusiastic; it devotes itself ardently, for it has as yet nothing to regret and everything to hope."

And indeed, everywhere in this Bosnia and this Herzegovina during my stay I found again and again the active, vigilant, good-humored "young" of M. de Kallay. In the adorable little town of Jajce I met M. de Jacupowski, at Moslar M. Bessarowitz and M. Zambour, and everywhere I recalled the words of the Minister: "The work I have undertaken must be done not only with devotion, but with pleasure and enthusiasm."

We set out almost immediately for Ilidze, the charming and breezy thermal station, where very active sulphurous baths and mud baths of a remarkable efficiency have been restored and surrounded with attractions which make the place the Tusculum of Sara-

jevo. A great green umbrageous park, new and comfortable hotels surrounded by laws, a large band-stand of the kiosk type, a vast restaurant opening out upon the grass, the official residence of M. de Kallay, flowers, ponds, and parterres, galleries linking the hotels, and some shops with a picturesque display of wares in the arcades, such are the calm, gracious, reposeful impressions of this spot. A covered way leads to the little station of the little railway which links Ilidze and Sarajevo, and during the warm summer mornings and afternoons there is a constant stream of travel back and forth between these two points, a few minutes only being required for the lively, often fashionable inhabitants to exchange the heat of the town for the cool shadows of the Ilidze Park. Shortly the electric light will fling the final halo about this astonishing series of metamorphoses, and Bosnia would be on the high road to becoming a mere *succursale* of Cannes or San Remo, if, happily, the inhabitants and the Government were not bent by common accord on preserving the ways, costumes, language, and manners of the country, however much it may change in other respects. For instance, it is an old Bosnian tradition for a man on the eve of his marriage to come to carry off his *fiancée* on horseback at the gallop. The bridegroom in his finest outfit arrives in front of the bride's house, who awaits him, also in her most splendid attire, at a spot agreed upon. She jumps lightly into the saddle, and as the horse dashes off with the flying couple the parents of the girl come up, fire several shots in pretence of pursuit, and the lover then drops his gracious burden at the house of a relative, where she passes the night, and where she is sought on the morrow to celebrate the marriage. This strange pretence of the legendary rape shocked the legal instinct of old Austrian bureaucracy, and the custom was abolished. But this act very nearly brought about serious disorders. M. de Kallay revived the custom, and won forthwith innumerable sympathies. This is an illustration of his discernment in everything. His habit of uprooting abuses in order to tolerate well-established

customs is one of the chief causes of the popularity of the present Government. But its solicitude, happily, is not confined merely to such matters as these. Without incurring a debt, and simply with the budget of the country, which amounts to-day to 21,000,000 francs, 500 kilometres of railways and 5,000 kilometres of ordinary roads and highways have been constructed, 400 public schools have been established, churches and temples have been built, Government buildings have been put up, as well as eight hotels in the principal centres at Ilidze, at Jajce, at Banyaluka, at Mostar, at Jablonitza, and everywhere cheapness wedded to quality and well-being are, as a result of State surveillance, a constant seduction for the traveller. On the day of the races at Ilidze I walked in the park in order to try to converse with the people who had assembled there amid the cool shadows of the trees waiting the opening of the gate. Two little girls from ten to twelve years old had joined the group, with which I had begun with some difficulty a conversation, for I found the exact expression only after some searching. In the most natural way in the world the two children intervened in the conversation, and, now in one language, now in another, expressed themselves in any one of three or four with much precision, and when I showed my surprise they told me that they had learned these languages at school, and only there. I had never seen, indeed, in any country a more striking completeness in administration, and I began to be almost amazed at not having come across the slightest hostile criticism or blemish. But luck was on my side. In one of the open shops of the arcades I met an Austrian officer in whom I recognized both a critic and an opponent. "Ah," said he ironically, "you have come here from such a distance to see this wonderful country. Well, really, it wasn't worth the trouble! What have you seen? Railways. Roads. Public buildings. There is nothing very original in all that, and with a budget of 21,000,000 of francs it is easy to do that sort of thing; but what good has it done to the peasant? Things are dearer than ever, and the taxes go on

increasing. And then, where else did you ever see a Government which gives board and lodgings? All that makes us blush up to our ears. To-day the Bosnian scarcely ever touches his fez or his turban to salute us. In our time he knew too well the *kourbash*, and bowed down to his very toes."

Delighted at having thus discovered this opposition, I rushed back and told my friends what I had heard. "Of course," they said, "it's a soldier who cannot console himself for the change of *régime* from military to civil, and whose ideal of a civilized country is the centre of Africa, where the animal is worth only the trouble of killing him. But it is odd and rather sad that it is one of us who plays the rôle of critic, when the natives themselves have only praises for us."

But this chance meeting proved to me once again that always and everywhere the function of an opposition is to remind reformers that nothing has been done so long as anything still remains to do.

V.

Sunday, the 15th of July, was the first day of the *Ilidze* races. We were present. I have no intention of describing these races: I am in no sense writing here a tourist's journal. But I may say that the races were extraordinarily interesting, taking place as they did here at Sarajevo, in Bosnia, and being, as they were, still one more proof of what has been so rapidly done in transformation of the old Bosnian soil.

On the morrow there was a great banquet. Mehemet Bey Capetanowitch, a Mussulman, who was one of those who offered the most heroic resistance to the Austrians, and who is now Mayor of Sarajevo, presided. When the toasts began, he raised his glass in all sincerity to his guests and "to the prosperity of the rulers," or, to preserve the fiction of autonomy, no toasts are drunk in honor of him who is no longer sovereign, nor even in honor of him who is not yet. It is with infinite precautions that the process of substituting one empire for another goes on. Thus by an ingenious subterfuge the green standard of the

Prophet has been adopted in place of the flag of the Sultan. People fear the Koran less than the Crescent.

Bosnia, like every country which aspires to become a goal of travel, has its mountain. It is called Mount Trebevic, and is 1,700 metres above the level of the sea. Some 100 metres below the summit is a pavilion constructed by the Alpine Club, and at the summit, from the top of a sort of stone table, the traveller has a most extended view of Bosnia; indeed, the view embraces almost the entire country, with its constant circles of mountains, its lakes and rivers, its green hills and arid rocks. The splendor of this view, after a three hours' scramble up the slope on the backs of the sure-footed little Bosnian horses, and the sight, I might add, of the cloth laid in that high air, were equally rewarding. One has there no repugnance for the kids' meat roasted between two stones, and which an old Albanian carves with infallible sabre, with which, I imagine, he has in his day and generation cut up meat of quite another flavor.

Two days later we were at Jajce. The railway leading thither is not yet completed, and the part beyond Travnik has not yet been opened to the public, but we were allowed along this trunk of the line. We were then obliged to follow the winding course of the Plevna before, across a ravishing valley, we reached Jajce. This exquisite corner is lodged in the angle formed by the confluence of the Plevna and the Verbas to the left of the high road, which reached the town by a superb new bridge. The meeting of these waters, rushing down their rock-strewn rapids, and joining there with a tumble of white foam, is an extremely impressive spectacle. And only a few steps from here is one of the most precipitous, satisfactory mountain cascades one is likely to come upon anywhere. The country is indeed a land of bright waters. Farther on, as one follows along the Verbas, are the Lakes of Jezero, formed by the Plevna and the Verbas. I find it impossible to describe the scene here as it appeared at our arrival. On one side is a background of hills of the sweetest, softest green; on the other a broad highway,

running in and out among the hills, and now and then opening up into broad valleys, runs from Jajce to the end of the lakes. The road was full of people. Near the middle of the larger lake had been constructed a landing-place, where a veritable flotilla of little pirogues, some of them fastened together by twos, or even by threes, awaited us. And the pirogues were bright with awnings, flowers, and flags, while seats passing across the boats thus linked together were protected against the sun by native tapestries. All about in the isolated boats were musicians, *triganes*, filling the air with strange, tremulous harmonies, and at the extremity of each boat stood a Bosnian boatman, guiding the craft with picturesque, regular cadences of movement. The sun fell hot upon the scene. The azure waters reminded one of the divine tones of Capri, and the bright flowers, streamers, and awnings were reflected in the still depths against a background of softly floating clouds, forming a mimic heaven.

O'er mountains inverted the blue waters
curled,
And rocked them on skies of a far nether
world.

For one rare hour it was a vision of fairydom. The busy world of practical men had vanished. And when we disembarked at Jezero upon the steps of the tourists' house at the very edge of the lake, when we beheld the buildings covered with people, the flags flying, the white Turkish women gazing curiously across the mysterious *musrabijeh* of the harems, and all this varied population waved their streamers, uttering the cry "Zivio, Zivio!" while the strident trumpet sounded, in spite of us came crowding to our memory a suggestive jumble of artistic names and scenes—Tarsus, Shakespeare, Cleopatra—and we seemed to be assisting at some antique spectacle of the ardent crowd saluting from the shore with their cries the Egyptian queen lying nonchalantly on the royal purple of her bark. Sarah Bernhardt must really go one day to Jezero, and M. Jakupowski, the amiable and ingenious head of the district, must once again play the rôle of stage-manager and revive for the modern Cleopatra this incomparable picture,

in which she alone is worthy to be the centre, and to the brilliance of which she alone can give the final touch of perfection.

On the following day, beneath old oaks on the summit of the Karaula, close to a fresh and limpid spring which drops thence into the valley, the highest point of this extraordinary route from Mostar to Travnik, dating from the period of Turkish domination and preserved by the Austrians, who have scarcely succeeded in rendering it practicable, running as it does now over those cliffs among the clouds, now into those abysses which make up the character of this inexhaustibly diversified country, we breakfasted, owing to the indefatigable efforts of M. Pojeman, and fixed almost our last impression of Bosnia proper. For we were now to pass into Herzegovina, to visit its capital Mostar—Mostar the burning, whose warm wine invades the heart like a joyous, ardent ray of sunlight; Mostar, where the minarets rise from the rocky walls to hills which hem in the town, and whose sombre bridge is the boldest, most powerful, and characteristic work that Balkan art has as yet bequeathed to the ages to come. While my friends lingered on here waiting for the Austrian Lloyd boat which was to take us from Metkovitch to Trieste, I returned on my steps to spend the 23rd of July at Jablanitz. But it was not to escape the 100° in the shade which reigned at Mostar that I returned to this pleasant, shaded vale; it was to visit once again that marvel of mingled art and nature, the gorges of the Narenta, which, between Jablanitz and Mostar, cover more than thirty kilometres, with which it is impossible to compare either the Gothard, or the Via Mala, or any other famous pass, and where between the turbulent waters of the Narenta and the precipitous cliffs along the path, unceasing astonishment and a whole series of vivid and changing emotions both charm and awe the traveller. The work done here to cut a way through this once impassable obstacle between the two provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina, which it now binds together in quick and close communion, is stupendous, and it has been

completely victorious. What route was ever more full of surprises? What a changing kaleidoscope of striking or luminous pictures is revealed as the locomotive dashes along these dark ravines, in and out of tunnels, while above the burning July sun illuminates the jutting cliffs that surround each little vale! Yes, this Bosnia, yesterday unknown, but now awake and opened up to the curiosity of the world, contains within her borders by a caprice of nature all that can charm the imagination of the liveliest and most sensitive traveller. It has Ilidze, it has Jajce, it has the prehistoric place called Boutmir, now coming into prominence through the investigations of the archæologists, it has Banyaluka, it has Mount Trebevic, it has the Narenta gorges, the Lakes of Jezero, the sources of the Bosna and the Bouna, it has the Carsija, the great bazaar of Sarajevo, with its incessant activity, its shops which both sell and manufacture the products of the Bosnian market; it has its hotels, more comfortable than any I stopped at later on at Trieste or Venice or Munich or Nuremberg or Mayence or Cologne—it is, in a word, the fresh and seductive *résumé* of whatever can please those who are quitting for a time their homes to find elsewhere refreshment for mind and body; and yet I look upon what it has and is only as the first portion of the task undertaken by its rulers.

At all events, Mehemed Ali was a false prophet. Hitherto, it is true, Austria has not drawn any revenue from the occupied provinces. But the four Bosnian regiments, which serve for three years in the active army and for nine years in the reserve, which are garrisoned in Vienna, Buda-Pest, Banyaluka, Bihac, Mostar, Sarajevo, or Suzla, and are commanded by Austro-Hungarian or Bosnian officers, are solid troops, well set-up, obedient, enduring, and with a military air. But Austria has created in Bosnia a veritable nursery of high functionaries, and the budget of the two provinces has sufficed to accomplish all the transformations, and will so suffice for a long time still to conduct them on their way to the goal of their ideal—namely, that of becoming the model

Balkan State. This is the reason why Bosnia-Herzegovina are of such general interest; this is why they impose themselves upon the attention of all.

VI.

At Metkovitch, on the Narenta, we embarked on the *Trieste*, one of the large Lloyd steamers which ply regularly up and down the Dalmatian coast. Within an hour we were out of the stream, entering the channel of Narenta, which leads down to the placid Adriatic, a sea which remained for fifty-six hours without a ripple. We had skirted this strange, almost mysterious coast of Dalmatia; we had passed the islands Lissa and Lesina, rendered glorious by Tegetoff; we had visited Spalato, almost entirely built in that astonishing palace of Diocletian; Sebenico, where on the Venetian piazzetta falls the rounded silhouette of the shadow of the Byzantine dome, and at whose doors is the constant roaring of the Kertna Falls, the Dalmatian Niagara; we had admired the incomparable daring of the Zariot sailors, and were talking with somewhat noisy enthusiasm of the arenas of Pola, of the old Roman palace as fine as the Maison Carrée of Nîmes; and there, grouped together under an awning on the deck, in that superb morning air, we were recalling the men and things that we had seen, and especially the picturesque and grandiose and incomparably strange world of Dalmatia, with its islands sown so capriciously along its coast, some as baskets of flowers, some haunts of brigands, some dangerous reefs, some harbors of refuge, when one of the passengers who had boarded the steamer at Zara joined us, and in a loud voice, in the purest Italian, spoke as follows: "Yes, granted, Dalmatia is a unique land in its picturesque beauty and its power to arouse curiosity. Its islands have given to Austria the only ray of glory that it has been able to fix now for a half-century upon its Imperial crown, and its sailors, the best, the cleverest, the toughest in the world, suffice to carry its colors on every ocean, and yet it has done nothing, and it is doing nothing for us. But for Marmont,

whom Napoleon the First made Duke of Ragusa, we should not have had even the single road which permits us to travel from one end of the country to the other without risking the sea-trip. Austria has always been a step-mother to us, and we might almost regret the victory of Tegetoff over the Italians."

"No, no," I said to him—he was a rich Zariot—"you are mistaken. She has done a good deal for you, but you have not as yet quite understood how much. She occupies Bosnia and Herzegovina. Shortly Sebenico, which joins Spalato by a railway, will thereby become linked to the railway across Bosnia, and your country, with Plivno as central point, will have those occupied provinces as *hinterland*, thus becoming an integral part of Croatia, Slavonia, Hungary, and Austria. Dalmatia will then be the narrow rocky ribbon of country bordering the most fertile, diversified, and the most active of the provinces. Your railway will go to Zara and Fiume, and you will have on the one hand the sea for girdle and the iron way for the life-giving artery. When this day arrives, and Dalmatia, become an integral part of Bosnia and Herzegovina, will be as the sea-elevation, the façade on the Adriatic of the Austro-Hungarian Balkans, no one knows what brilliant and fruitful future will dawn for you. Bosnia and Herzegovina will then serve as models for the little Balkan States, still plunged in the arid period of an ill-defined constitution; Montenegro and Servia will cease to cherish illusions, and Servia, which is casting all around her covetous glances, will then gaze toward Bosnia only to seek to imitate its enterprise and activity. Yes; once Dalmatia is thus soldered to the occupied provinces, once the Danubian Austria-Hungary is supplemented by the Dalmatian coasts and its green islands, which are at once a labyrinth and a rampart, the empire will be sufficient unto itself; and the Balkan peninsula, following in the footsteps of Bosnia and Herzegovina, fortified and revived by works of civilization, will serve in turn as a rampart against invasion, and its independence and tranquil fu-

ture will be forever secured. That is the way," I ended, turning toward the high Dalmatian coast—"that is the way that Austria, by occupying the provinces, has worked for the future of your country. I have faith in a future for you worthy of your country, a future for Dalmatia which will satisfy the most ambitious of her sons."

The Zariot, his eyes on fire, had heard me in silence. "Yes," said he; "what you have been saying is perhaps only the enthusiastic vision of a foreigner who has got glimpses of a destiny which will, after all, never be ours. But perhaps, also, looking at us as you do from a distance, you behold the facts as they are more truly than we whose judgment passion distorts. Our resources are too slender to dream of independence, and our character too lofty for us to resign ourselves to a continuation of that decadence which has been our sad lot in the past. We have always been coveted by others, always overrun by foreigners, never strong enough to throw off the yoke which weighs us down. But the picture you have just traced—the prospect of becoming as the façade of Austria-Hungary on the Adriatic, of supporting ourselves on the fertile and awakening provinces of Bosnia-Herzegovina, to stretch out our hands to the Austro-Hungarian Empire as a whole, and to separate from the Balkan peninsula a province protected by the forces of Austria-Hungary—such a prospect, such a dream, such a vision, would fire our hearts, if I could reveal it to my countrymen; and if, as I am told, you are one of those who can develop for others the ideas which strike you, I hope that you will relate our conversation, and say that you have aroused the enthusiasm of a Dalmatian by revealing to him Bosnia and Herzegovina as the *hinterland* of his fatherland, and the empire of Austria-Hungary as even now ready to open up a road across the Dalmatian country in order to develop those provinces to their fullest, and to show that, after all, at the Berlin Congress, Austria was clairvoyant and far-seeing, and altogether worthy of the confidence of Europe."—*Nineteenth Century*.

OUR MOST DISTINGUISHED REFUGEE.

BY EDITH SELLERS.

OF no man in Europe are more diverse opinions held than of Prince Kropotkine. To one section of society he is the Red Flag personified; to another he is the Sermon on the Mount incarnate. Some even of those who know him well are convinced that by nature he is a poet, and that he passes his days indulging in beautiful dreams; others, equally well able to judge, maintain that he is a scientist pure and simple, with no thought beyond the verification of his theories; others again declare that he is a revolutionist of the most dangerous type, one whose sole aim in life is the destruction of everything the orthodox hold dear. He is depicted as a grand seigneur who never allows those around him to forget his rank, and as a democrat of democrats who is hail fellow well met with the riff-raff of the Continent. His moderation and his extravagance, his infinite humanity and his ruthlessness, are in turn lauded or condemned as the case may be; and he is dubbed, in equal good faith, St. Francis d'Assisi, Danton, and—Don Quixote.

Peter Kropotkine is a member of a family which held high rank in Russia before ever the Romanoffs appeared there. He was born in Moscow in 1842. His father, Prince Alexis, was a man of mark in his day; and his mother was notable alike for her beauty, intelligence, and kindness. She devoted herself to improving the condition of the serfs on her estate, and passed much of her time among them, teaching them and trying to make them understand the whys and wherefores of things. Unfortunately for them, as for her young family, she died in 1845. The household serfs at the Château—there were some fifty of them—gave an odd proof of their devotion to her memory when, a few years later, Prince Alexis brought home a second wife. They entered into a solemn compact to watch over her three children and see that they were treated by their step-mother with

due consideration. They even went so far as to give the lady a hint as to how she must comport herself toward her new relatives. Needless to say, their well-intentioned zeal did not contribute to the peace and comfort of the household.

Until he was fifteen Prince Kropotkine was educated at home with his brother. He was then sent to the Corps des Pages, an institution where noblemen's sons are trained to be courtiers as well as soldiers. He arrived at St. Petersburg at a time of intense public excitement. The Czar Nicholas had died two years before, and with him the old state of things had passed away. The nation had sung a solemn *Tekel* over its former deities, and was seeking with passionate earnestness others to enshrine in their place. Every one, from the sovereign to the serf, was eager for change; and the very air was alive with Utopian projects. The emancipation was to be only the first of many reforms; for there was never a doubt in those days but that the Russian millennium was at hand. The spirit of general unrest had spread even into the Corps des Pages, where the boys—soon Kropotkine foremost of them all—used to discuss social problems and frame constitutions when they would have been better employed batting. They were all revolutionists, of course—a fact, however, which by no means detracted from their loyalty; for in their very wildest schemings they counted on the Czar as a leader. The Prince when a page passed much of his time at Court, where he was brought into close intercourse with the members of the Imperial family, some of whom have a kindly feeling for him even now for the sake of these old days. He remained at the Military College until he was twenty: then, to the unbounded astonishment of his friends, instead of joining the Imperial Guards, he applied for a commission in the Cossacks of the Amur. These commissions are by no means in great request; for most

Russian officers go to Siberia only when they are sent. He therefore received an appointment at once, that of aide-de-camp to General Kukel, the Governor of Transbaikalia.

It chanced that a few days before Kropotkine arrived at Irkutsk, his chief received peremptory orders from the Central Government to have a report drawn up on the condition of the prisons in the district. Some sensational stories of the horrors of prison-life in Siberia had, it seems, reached St. Petersburg just when the enthusiasm for reform was at its height; and the report was to pave the way for making a clean sweep all round. General Kukel was anxious the work should be undertaken at once; but, as usual in Siberia, there was no one to do it: his officers all declared they had as much on their hands already as they could manage. When the new aide-de-camp appeared, therefore, he was hailed with delight; and the Governor at once set him to work to collect information for the report. This task, as Kropotkine soon found, was no easy one; for in spite of his having at his back the authority of the Czar, the prison officials began by resenting his inquiries as an insult, and thwarting him at every turn. Still, boy as he was, he had keen eyes and plenty of wits; and by dint of patience and tact he at length succeeded in winning the confidence of those with whom he had to deal: the battle was then half won. He visited every prison in Transbaikalia, and wherever he went he insisted on seeing everything for himself. And very ghastly were some of the sights he saw, so ghastly that he would have thrown up his work in despair but for his firm belief that there would soon be an end to all this terrible suffering. When the Czar once knew what things were being done in his name all would be changed. In those days his faith in the Czar was unwavering.

The years he spent in Siberia have undoubtedly had an all-powerful influence on Prince Kropotkine's character and career. When he arrived there he was a boy, with all a boy's optimism and generous enthusiasm, firm in his faith that bright days were at hand, and eager to have a share in hastening

their coming. Never did any human being start life with a more intense desire to help his fellows. There is something almost pathetic in the ardor with which he threw himself into that work by which, as he believed, the misery of many a prisoner would be lessened. He was so sure, too, that the whole world was bent, just as keenly as he was, on righting wrong and making the rough places of life smooth. Then came the awakening, and a rude one it was. Even before Kropotkine left St. Petersburg, Milutine had fallen; and there were rumors abroad that the tide was turning, that the Czar was becoming from day to day less eager to adapt himself to constitutional ways. The Prince had not been long in Siberia when he heard men tell how they had seen Mikhailoff, the poet by whom Young Russia swore, arrive in chains, on his way to the mines, and how they had sat side by side with him at that famous banquet the Governor gave in his honor. It was but a sorry affair, however, this banquet, they declared, for the guest of the evening recited a sort of funeral dirge, one to which those around him listened with pallid cheeks and a troubled look in their eyes. The most feather-brained knew that it bodes ill for the future when singing of freedom is made a crime. Then General Kukel was removed, for his local government scheme for Siberia—which Kropotkine had had a hand in drawing up—was much too thoroughgoing to please his superiors. The Governor sent to replace him was an official of the orthodox type, who speedily put a stop to what he called "the reform mania." He even refused to sign the prison report, and changed his mind only when he knew what its fate would be. It was sent to headquarters, and never heard of afterward. As time passed, the Prince saw men whom he honored thrust aside, one after another, their life's work undone by a stroke of the pen; he saw protesters against injustice treated as criminals; reformers forced to give up their task in sheer despair. He came, too, across Polish exiles—some of the 40,000 then in Siberia—who told him strange, wild tales of the things that were being done in their country.

Evidently Alexander II. had tired of his rôle as the Liberal Czar. It was a terrible time this, when the Prince first began to doubt whether those beautiful schemes for the regeneration of the Empire of which he had heard so much, even at Court, would ever be tried; whether, indeed, the Czar had ever intended that they should be tried. Fortunately he had not much time to indulge in this sort of speculation, for he had been appointed Attaché for Siberian affairs to the Governor-General of Eastern Siberia, and was busy winning his spurs as an explorer.

He organized a series of expeditions into the more remote parts of Eastern Siberia and Manchuria. He crossed from Transbaikalia to Merghen, and thence to the Amur; and he was on board the first steamer that ever forced its way up the Sungari. Travelling in these regions was then no child's play. The Prince and his companions were often cut off, for the month together, from all intercourse with the civilized world; and must rely on their guns for food, and for shelter on any chance cave they could find. It was during these expeditions that Kropotkin first developed that power of adapting himself to circumstances which is now so notable a feature of his character. He made light of hardships at which the roughest of the Cossacks grumbled, and when things were at the worst had a cheery greeting for every one he met. After roving about for three years, always on the alert for adventure, he returned to St. Petersburg in 1867, and entered himself as a student at the University.

In St. Petersburg he met with a warm welcome. The reports which he had published in the "Memoirs of the Imperial Geographical Society" had even then secured for him high rank both as an author and an explorer, while some odd stories which were afloat of his knight errantry, and of the devotion with which he was regarded by the rough Cossacks, had won for him a certain amount of popular favor. The brilliancy of his conversation, too, and the charm of his manner, made friends for him wherever he went; and the very waywardness with which he was credited only served to render him

the more interesting. The Czar, it is true, looked on him somewhat askance, but the Grand Dukes and Duchesses were lavish in their kindly attentions, and he was *fêted* and made much of by all sorts and conditions of men. He was only twenty-six at this time, and the ball was at his feet: there was hardly a position in the Empire to which he might not then have aspired. But no man was ever less inclined to turn to his own advantage the gifts the gods gave him. If he had ever had any taste for Court society or official life, he had lost it in the wilds of Siberia. Ceremonious entertainments were to him then as now simply intolerable. Besides, as he soon found, he was thoroughly out of touch with his surroundings.

The St. Petersburg to which he returned was a very different place from the St. Petersburg he had quitted five years before. He had been prepared to find it changed, but not so changed. The Reactionists had gained the upper hand; Count Tolstoi was all-powerful, and the very word "reform" was tabooed. Men whom he had left extolling liberty, equality, and fraternity, now dwelt with unction on the dangers of Constitutionalism. Abuses were rife on every side; the officials were as venal and high-handed as in the days of Nicholas; and the people at large were as completely at their mercy. And the Czar looked on the while with indifference. He had lost faith in his subjects, and was as fiercely opposed to sharing his power with them as ever his father had been. Kropotkin soon began to realize that, if Russia were to be saved, it must be from below, not above, by hard blows, not autocratic decrees. Alexander II. had had his chance and had missed it. Still, for a man of the Prince's nature, it is no easy thing to break away from early ties, early associations. Although profoundly discontented with the condition of his country during the four years he was at the University, he held himself determinedly aloof from all political movements. Plunged heart and soul in the study of science and mathematics, he paid scant attention to what was passing in the world around him.

When, in 1871, his college course was over, Kropotkin undertook, at the request of the Geographical Society, to make a survey of Finland. While engaged in this work he was painfully impressed by the signs of poverty he met with. At every turn he came across sober, industrious men and women, who, although they worked from early morning until late at night, and pinched and saved, hardly knew what it was to have enough to eat. To him there was something unutterably terrible in the lives of these people: in their hand-to-hand struggle against starvation; in their toil which ends only in the grave. Go where he would, he could not shake off the remembrance of the scenes he witnessed; the faces of the women haunted him; the cries of their children for bread rang in his ears. Some time previously there had fallen into his hands that old calculation of Prudhon's which has won for Socialism so many converts. Providing all had share and share alike, men, women, and children would have five sous each a day. And what if they had ten, or even twenty? So long as some spend hundreds, others must be left with never a sou at all. And as he thought of these things—of the terrible injustice that prevails in the world; of the ceaseless self-sacrifice imposed on one section of humanity for the sake of the other; of the many who are condemned to starve that the few may revel in luxuries—he was seized with an intense hatred and loathing, blind and unreasoning perhaps, but absolutely sincere, for this social system of ours which tolerates such iniquities. It is bad beyond redemption, he holds, and must be torn up root and branch.

Once convinced of the necessity of a social revolution, Prince Kropotkin set to work to consider how he could best help to bring it about. He went to Belgium to see how the workers lived there, and found them sunk in poverty. He then passed on to Switzerland, where he was brought into close relations with some of the members of the Internationale, better class working men for the most part. He was much struck by the feeling of universal brotherhood that existed among

them, and he joined their association. He then hastened back to Russia, where the Tchaykovsky stood sorely in need of a helping hand.

The Tchaykovsky can hardly be classed as a revolutionary association; its aim was in a great measure educational. The leaders of the revolutionary movement were keenly alive to the fact, that the real obstacle to progress in Russia lies in the ignorance of the masses. It is no good expecting men to fight for constitutional rights who have no conception of the meaning of the term; and in those days not one in thirty, even among the artisan class, had ever heard of such a thing as a constitution. Eighty-five per cent. of the population could neither read nor write; and the mind of the ordinary working man was simply a blank so far as anything worth knowing was concerned. As the Government would do nothing to put an end to this state of things, the Tchaykovsky undertook to do the work for them, and in spite of them. A number of young people of education and position agreed to "idti w norod," i.e. to go to the people, to live among them, and to try by the force of personal influence and sympathy to rouse them from the apathy, moral and intellectual, in which they were sunk. It was to have a share in this work that Kropotkin returned to Russia, carrying his life in his hand, as he well knew.

During the day he went about, disguised as a painter, from workshop to workshop, making friends among the men and winning their confidence. Then, in an evening he held classes for them, led debates and gave lectures. The Prince has an innate genius for teaching; St. Petersburg was thronged with men eager to learn: his attic, therefore, was crowded night after night, although every one who went risked imprisonment. Yet the subjects taught were by no means sensational; not, *nota bene*, the uses of dynamite, or anarchist theories, but physical science and political economy, with perhaps a little sociology thrown in. No doubt from time to time the authorities were roughly handled in the debates: men are apt to lose their tempers, when, on their way to a night-

school, they must play hide-and-seek with the police. Probably, too, Kropotkine did not measure his words when criticising his rulers. He holds that it is an infamous thing for a government to keep a nation in thralldom ; and he said so roundly. He made no secret of the fact that he hoped the day was at hand when Russians would rise up and claim their liberty, as other nations had done before them. And he certainly did his utmost to hasten the coming of that day. Still, at these conferences of his there was no plotting, no conspiring. What he wished to do, and what he was striving to do, was to give to those men who flocked around him so eagerly, some of the advantages which would have come to them as a matter of course if they had been rich men's sons. He was trying to educate them, to interest them in political affairs, and to awaken in them a sense of personal dignity and responsibility. And this was counted unto him a crime. He had not been long in Russia before he knew that he was a marked man ; and at the beginning of 1874 several of his fellow-workers were arrested. His friends entreated him to leave the country ; and, if prudence were one of his characteristics, he would certainly have done so. It chanced, however, that he had written, for a conference of the Imperial Geographical Society, a paper on the glacial period ; and as he knew that it would be attacked, he was determined to read it himself. He was warned again and again of the risk he was running, but he must, and would, defend his theory, he said. And defend it he did most brilliantly and successfully. And on the morrow he was arrested.

The next two years and a half of his life he spent in prison, awaiting his trial which, as every one knew, would never come. He was confined in the Peter and Paul Citadel, where he was lodged in what had been a casemate. It was badly lighted, badly ventilated, and so damp that great drops of moisture stood on the walls. In this place he was shut up the whole day long, excepting for some twenty minutes three times a week, when he was allowed to walk in the court yard. He had nothing to do, nothing to read, not a soul

to speak to ; for even the jailers did not answer when he addressed them. No sound but the tinkling of the city bells and the tread of the sentinels ever entered the cell ; he was as completely cut off from his kind as if he had been in the grave. It is true the Grand Duke Nicholas more than once paid him a friendly visit, to try to make him see the errors of his way ; to try, too, by subtly worded arguments and delicately offered bribes, to induce him to betray the cause he had embraced. Needless to say, his Imperial Highness met with scant return for the trouble he took. Alexander Kropotkine, who was in Switzerland, hastened home when he heard of his brother's arrest. As he knew there was no chance of the Prince's being released on honorable terms—for the Czar resented as a personal insult his having thrown himself on the side of the people—he worked night and day trying to obtain permission for him to see his friends from time to time, and have books and writing materials. In this he succeeded, for he induced the Imperial Geographical Society to make a personal appeal to the Czar, that Kropotkine might be allowed to finish a scientific work on which he was engaged. The petition was granted, and two volumes of the "Glacial Period" were written in the Peter and Paul Prison.

Prince Alexander paid a terrible penalty for his devotion to his brother. A letter, written in a moment of anger at the treatment to which Kropotkine was subjected, fell into the hands of the authorities, and on the strength of it he was arrested. No charge could be formulated against him, for, although a pronounced Liberal, he was, as all the world knew, a peace-loving man, one who had no sympathy with violent ways or revolutionary methods. Still he was Peter Kropotkine's brother, and this relationship was a criminal offence in official eyes. While he was in prison, one of those little episodes occurred which go far to explain how Nihilists and regicides are made. He had one child, a little boy of remarkable intelligence, who was to him as the very apple of his eye ; he literally worshipped him. And the news was brought to him that he was dying. He

had but one thought—to go to him at any cost. He appealed to the Chief of the Police, pledged his word that if he would but let him go he would return within an hour; showed him how, by sending soldiers with him, he could insure his return. He was willing to promise anything, to do anything, so long as he might see his child before he died. But the Chief of the Police refused to let him go. The child died, and the father was sent to Siberia. St. Petersburg society is not easily disturbed by administrative eccentricities, but the news of Alexander Kropotkin's fate excited general consternation. People were sure there was some mistake, that the Czar had been deceived. A petition was drawn up setting forth the facts of the case, and proving the absurdity of suspecting him of treason. This was placed in the Czar's own hand by the Prince Kropotkin who was later murdered by the Nihilists. Alexander II. read it, threw it aside, and when some one reminded him that Prince Alexander was already in Siberia, his only remark was, "Qu'il y reste." And stay there he did, until he found life intolerable; then he made his escape by the only means in his power. Yet it is hurled at Peter Kropotkin as a crime that, when this Czar was murdered, he expressed no word of regret.

Meanwhile Kropotkin was in a fever of anxiety, for the officials, while allowing him to know of Alexander's arrest, refused him any further information. This anxiety, combined with the terrible solitude, close confinement, and insufficient food, told on his health, and it became necessary to remove him to the prison hospital. This gave him the opportunity for which he had long been waiting. If he were to escape it must be while in the hospital. It was his one chance, a chance, too, of which his friends felt the most must be made, let the risk be what it might; for a remark of the Czar's, "Il faut finir de ce Kropotkin," had excited well-grounded fear for his safety. The Prince, when taking his daily walk in the court, noticed that while kindling was being brought into the prison the gate stood open. He decided to make a rush for it, on the chance of being

able to reach the carriage his friends promised to have waiting outside. It was a risky affair at best, for on either side of him walked a sentinel with a loaded gun, and if they ran straight they could be at the gate as soon as he was. By means of some elaborate mathematical calculations, however, the Prince had convinced himself that they would run in a curve; and the result proved that he was right. Still they might fire; besides, there were generally other soldiers in the court.

His friends arranged that, when the carriage was ready and the coast was clear, they would let fly a little red air-ball. But, oddly enough, such a thing was not to be found in St. Petersburg, and the Prince waited in vain for the signal. Then another signal was fixed upon—a certain number of bars to be played on a violin. The next day—it was the 12th of July, 1876—he heard the first bar, and he was sure the time had come. But the music stopped; something must have gone wrong. It began again, and again stopped. Death itself were better than such suspense. Then it began for the third time, and, at the last note, with one bound Kropotkin was at the gate. Once the sentry's bayonet touched his heel, and he thought all was lost. But on he rushed, as the very wind, in his race for liberty. The carriage was there, in he sprang, and was whirled away at a rate men travel but once in a lifetime.

The Prince, disguised as an officer, travelled through Sweden to Hull, and thence to Edinburgh. There he had at once to face that most prosaic of problems: how to earn his daily bread. He had but little money with him, and the Russian Government would, he knew, take good care that none was sent to him. He must therefore find work to do, and the only lucrative work he could do, was to write. He sent some papers on scientific subjects to *Nature*, and although his English in those days was somewhat peculiar, he soon became a regular contributor to that journal. He then came up to London, where he made a precarious livelihood by writing notes on Siberian affairs for the *Times* and other periodicals. As it was his intention to return to Russia as soon as possible, he was

careful to conceal his identity; and this procured for him an amusing experience. The editor of a well-known scientific journal asked him one day to review Prince Kropotkine's "Orography of Siberia." It was an embarrassing position; he could hardly review his own book; yet it was difficult to decline the work without giving the reason. Besides, he could ill afford to decline it, for things were not going well with him just then. He went off, therefore, with the book under his arm, to think the matter over. Two hours later he returned, and said he really could not review Peter Kropotkine's book. "Why not?" asked the editor. "Because I am Peter Kropotkine myself." The editor, however, failed to see that this was an impediment.

Kropotkine did not stay long in England; for there was work better worth doing in the world, he felt, than writing scientific pamphlets. In 1877 he went to Switzerland, where, as he was recognized, the Russian police began that careful watch over his movements which they have kept up to this day. As this put a stop to his project of returning to St. Petersburg, he decided to make Geneva his headquarters while carrying on his propaganda against the existing social system. He held public conferences there; gave lectures to workmen; and, after a time, founded a newspaper, *La Révolte*. In *La Révolte* he published "Les Paroles d'un Révolté," a book which has had great influence on the social movement in France. It is a scathingly fierce denunciation of the present conditions of society, and an appeal, passionate, yet from its earnestness most pathetic, to all honest men and women to combine and put an end to these conditions, with all the misery they entail. How they could do this, if they chose, he shows them in his "Conquête du Pain," *un vrai poème*, if ever one were written, as M. Zola declares. A poem it certainly is, though in prose, and one of singular beauty; but whether it is also, as it claims to be, a practical scheme for the reorganization of society is another question. It is exquisite in language, admirably moderate in tone, and bears the impress of its writer's intense hu-

manity and sympathy. If society could be organized as he describes, on the basis of universal brotherhood, the Golden Age would begin; but the "if" is a big one. The Prince himself has never a doubt but that it could be, nay, that it will be, sooner or later. But then he is an enthusiast whose faith in his kind knows neither bound nor limit. He is firmly convinced that, if the roughest mob that ever saw light held London to-morrow, its first care would be to install the old and feeble in the warmest nooks, and set aside for their use the softest raiment and the most delicate food. Some of us have doubts on this point; our eyes are holden; hitherto we have failed to detect in loafers any traces of white wings.

"Les Paroles d'un Révolté" was hailed with enthusiasm as the new gospel; and the influence of its writer was spreading apace. Then came the murder of the Czar, a murder for which the Russian Government chose to hold the little band of refugees in Switzerland responsible. As a point of fact not one of them, as has since been proved, even knew the deed was to be done until some hours after it was done. Nor had Kropotkine ever written or spoken one word that could be construed into an incitement to do it. He maintains that it is an infamy for any man to urge his fellows to do what he is not prepared to do himself. Still, he did not feel called upon to pass judgment on what was at worst but "a wild, wrong way of righting wrong." He even published in the *Révolte* an article in which he shows that this murder was the inevitable result of the Czar's own acts. If Alexander II. had kept faith with his subjects they would never have turned against him. This article afforded Russia a pretext for bringing strong pressure to bear on Switzerland, with the result that the Prince was requested to quit the country.

Shortly before he left Switzerland a curious incident occurred. He was informed, and his informant was a personage who then stood very near the Russian throne, that there was a plot on foot to kidnap him. Some police agents were to be sent into Switzerland

in disguise, and the first time they came across the Prince in a lonely place, they were quietly to take possession of him. There was to be no noise, no fuss; he was simply to disappear. All the details of the scheme, and the names of the officials who were responsible for it, were given. He knew it was no good applying to the Federal Council for protection; he therefore decided to appeal to the *Times*. He sought out a well-known representative of that journal and told him exactly how the matter stood. Acting on his advice Kropotkine deposited in the *Times* office all the documents bearing on the affair; and informed the contrivers of the plot of what he had done; informed them, too, that if any evil befell him, these documents, names, dates, everything, would be published. "You will hear no more of it, you will see," his friend remarked; and he was right.

Kropotkine again took refuge in England, where he tried by writing and speaking to excite public opinion against Russia. He soon returned to the Continent, however, where he felt his special mission lay; and started an active propaganda among the French workers. He advocated the most extreme anarchist principles; denounced governments of all sorts and kinds, and denied their right either to make laws or to enforce obedience to them. Every man must do what is right in his own eyes, he maintains. As all are equal, no one, be he never so much député, minister, or Czar, may dictate to his fellow what he may do or what leave undone. "Do what you like, do as you like," he tells his followers; but he never fails to add: "Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you." This is the text on which he founds his teaching; the one moral law before which he calls upon Anarchists to bow. Equality is the fundamental principle of Anarchism, and he holds that there can be no true equality unless men do as they wish to be done by, or rather as they ought to wish to be done by—something quite different, according to the interpretation placed upon his words by some of his disciples. Exploiteurs, it seems, ought to wish to be despoiled; and

tyrants, to be dynamited. The Prince never directly nor indirectly incited to outrages; still, he is fiercely opposed to the existing social system, and he certainly exhorted his followers to do their utmost to destroy it; he is convinced that land, with all the machinery of industry, ought to be in the hands of the workers, and he called upon them to prepare themselves to take possession of it. And when outrages followed, the authorities, not unreasonably perhaps, held him responsible.

During the winter of 1882 there was a series of strikes in the neighborhood of Lyons. The hatred of class for class was intense: the capitalists were using their power ruthlessly, and the Government of the day was on their side. Men who have no faith in their rulers think little of defying the law, and the starving soon lose their heads. There were excited meetings, threats were uttered, and then came crimes. "This is the result of Kropotkine's teaching," cried the *bourgeoisie*; and the Prince and fifty-nine of his fellow-workers were arrested. The trial began on January 18, 1883, in Lyons, and a strange one it was. The authorities had failed to prove any connection between Kropotkine and the men who had committed the outrages, and for obvious reasons they were unwilling to bring him to trial as a propagandist. The charge against him, therefore, was that of having reorganized the *Internationale*, which had been declared an illegal association. In support of it, however, no proof could be advanced; indeed, the Chief of the Lyons Police confessed in court that he did not believe the *Internationale* had been reorganized at all. But the *Cour Correctionnelle* was not inclined to allow technical difficulties to interfere with its course. Kropotkine was an avowed Anarchist; he was using his great influence among the workers for the spread of Anarchism; therefore, whether or not he was guilty of the precise offence of which he was accused, he should be condemned. And condemned he was to five years' imprisonment. In connection with this trial it is significant that all who took part in the prosecution have since received Russian decorations.

If the French Government had imagined that, when Kropotkine was safe in Clairvaux, their troubles, so far as he was concerned, were at an end, they were very much mistaken. While the prisoner himself was quietly experimentalizing in intensive farming (in a garden fifty feet square) his friends were carrying on an active agitation on his behalf. Every scientist of eminence in England signed a petition for his release; and all sorts of grave and reverent associations, the Council of the British Museum among the number, followed their example. Several well-known journalists did yeoman service for him in the press, while in the *Chambre des Députés* M. Clémenceau and his friends organized a regular crusade. They flung his name at the Government upon all occasions, much as a matador flings a red rag at a bull. Whenever a minister indulged in high-flown sentiments, straightway a cry of "Et Pierre Kropotkine!" was raised. For the sake of peace the Prince would soon have been released, if Russia had not stood as a lion in the path. As it was, he remained in prison for three years, and he would have remained the full five but for an accident. When the Amnesty question was under discussion, the Government was "heckled" most unmercifully; and, in a moment of irritation, M. de Freycinet gave as a reason for not releasing Kropotkine, that "*derrière lui était une question diplomatique.*" This admission was a blunder which could be atoned for only by the Prince's immediate release: France could not be allowed to rest under the imputation of keeping a man in prison for the sake of pleasing Russia. He was liberated by a decree of the President of the Republic on January 15, 1886. Whereupon the French ambassador in St. Petersburg was treated with such discourtesy by the Czar that he returned to Paris.

Since 1886 Prince Kropotkine has lived entirely in England, supporting

himself by his own labor. He is exiled from his country, separated from many of those whom he cares for, and broken in health, for he has never shaken off the effects of those terrible years he spent in the Peter and Paul prison. He is held responsible, too—and this is the cruellest touch—for crimes which he has no power to prevent. Verily he has paid a heavy penalty for casting in his lot with those who toil. When men attack the Prince they forget sometimes that, if his love of the poor were less intense, he would never have become an iconoclast; and if he believed their wrongs could be righted by peaceful means, he would not now be a revolutionist.

Some years ago I once heard Prince Kropotkine give an address to his followers. It was the anniversary of some *dies funesta* or other in the Anarchists' calendar, and between two and three thousand of them were met in solemn conclave. And a motley set they were, the veriest Ishmaels; there was hardly one among them to whom the fates had not given more kicks than sous. They were thinly clad for the most part, though a keen east wind was blowing; and in the eyes of some of them there was that look men have when the grim wolf is within hail. Poverty, misery, wretchedness was stamped on their faces; evidently suffering was the badge of their tribe. They scowled ominously as they talked; their eyes flashed, their fingers twitched, and the peace-loving found no edification at all in their remarks. Suddenly they sprang to their feet with wild cries of "*Pierre, notre Pierre!*" The Prince had taken his place on the platform. "*Mes amis,*" he began quietly; and as he spoke it seemed as if these men cast aside, at one fell swoop, all their evil feelings, their rage, their violence. For the moment they forgot they were pariahs against whom every man's hand is raised.—*Contemporary Review.*

AN ANTIQUARIAN RAMBLE IN PARIS.

BY FREDERIC HARRISON.

OF all the millions of visitors who throng into Paris, how few attempt to learn anything about the history of the venerable city, which they treat as if it were a summer watering-place or a fashionable lounge. These very same people, when they go on to Venice, Florence, or Rome, devote themselves with zeal to the ancient buildings, to the historical associations, and to the local art of these beautiful remnants of antiquity. At least, the more cultivated section of travellers ransack the churches, dive into ruins, listen to learned disquisitions, and profess for a time quite a passion for antiquarian research, and for any fragment of historic survival which their guides, ciceroni, and books of travel can point out. There is for Paris no Ruskin, no Browning, no Lanciani or Hawthorne.

Yet Paris was a famous and cultivated city ages before Venice; its history is far richer and older and more instructive than that of Florence; it has more remnants of mediæval art, and even a deeper mediæval interest than Rome itself. And if we search for them we may find in it historical associations that may vie with those of any city in the world except Rome and Constantinople; and even its antiquarian and artistic remains are seldom equalled or surpassed. At Rome, Florence, or Venice, the tourist talks of old churches, palaces, and remains: at Paris he gives himself up to the boulevards, the theatres, shops, and races. The profoundly instructive history, the profuse antiquarian remains of the great city, are forgotten—*carent quia vate sacro*.

No doubt there is fascination on the boulevards; and the miles of luxurious places that the Vanity Fair of Europe offers to the pilgrim form a huge screen behind which the busy pleasure-seeker has no inclination to penetrate. He stares at Notre Dame and the Sainte Chapelle, plods through the long gallery of the Louvre, sees the tomb of Napoleon and Versailles, and is then ready for the Bois, the opera, or Du-

rand. But any cultivated traveller, who chose to make a study of Paris with the same historical interest and love of art that he takes to the cities of Italy, would find inexhaustible material for thought. The minor historical remains of Paris do not lie so much *en évidence* as the Ducal Palace, the Palazzo Vecchio, or the Coliseum, and no one pretends that any of them have the charm and eternal interest of these. But they are easy enough to find, and not very difficult to disentangle from later accretions. On the other hand, the books, drawings, and illustrations, by the help of which they may be studied, are more complete and numerous than they are for any other city but Rome. It is true that old Paris is not so imposing a city as old Rome. It has suffered much more mutilation, disfigurement, and modernization than old Venice, or old Florence. But then it is a much more accessible and familiar place, and, Rome and Constantinople apart, its historical associations are second to none in Europe.

It is worth noting that Paris is now, in 1894, at last complete and practically uniform as a city, and this can hardly be said of it at any moment before, in all the four hundred years since Louis XII. Down to the reign of this gallant king, Paris remained very much what it had been since Charles V. and the English wars, a vast feudal fortress with walls, moats, gate-towers, and draw-bridges, immense castles within the city having lofty machicolated towers, narrow, winding, gloomy lanes, and one or two bridges crowded with wooden houses. There were two or three enormous royal castles, on the scale and in the general plan of the Tower of London, an almost countless number of beautiful Gothic churches, chapels, and oratories, one moderate sized open place, the Place de Grève, and two or three very small and irregular open spaces, such as the Parvis de Notre Dame or the Place Maubert, some cemeteries, markets, and fountains, of a kind to make the sanitary

reformer shudder, in the most densely crowded quarters; and then, all over the packed area within the walls, rose huge fortresses of great lords, and monastic domains, each covering many acres with gardens, cemeteries, halls, and sick-houses, all strongly defended by crenellated towers, portcullis, and bartizan. A miniature city of the kind may still be seen entire in some of the remote mountain districts of Italy and Germany.

But about the time of Louis XII., and early in the sixteenth century, the Renaissance arose with new architecture; and the arts of modern life began to take the place of the mediæval life. Castles were transmuted into palaces, towers and battlemented walls began to fall, the Italian taste for terraces, colonnades, domes, and square courts slowly drove out the Gothic fortress, and first the Hôtel de Ville, then the original part of the Louvre, then the Tuileries, then Luxembourg, arose in the course of a century; until, in the middle of the seventeenth century, Louis XIV., the great destroyer, builder, transformer of Paris, began to make the city something like what it was within the memory of living men. But during the two hundred years that separate François I. from Louis XIV., the transformation went on very gradually, so that even when Henri IV. had completed his work on the Louvre and the Tuileries, lofty feudal towers still frowned down on Palladian palaces, and gigantic mediæval convents or fortresses crowded out the new streets, the Italian hôtels, and even the royal mansions.

For three centuries the battle raged between the old castellated buildings and the modern palatial style, and the result was a strange and unsightly confusion. By the end of the last century Paris had almost acquired a modern aspect, but Louis XVI., and then Napoleon, and after him the Restoration, undertook new works on a vast scale, which none of them ever completed. The second Empire, in 1852, began the most gigantic and ruthless schemes of transformation ever attempted in any great city. Mighty boulevards were driven backward and forward from barrier to barrier; whole quar-

ters of the old city were cleared; and Haussmann ruled supreme, like Satan in Pandemonium, thirsting for new worlds to conquer, and resolute to storm Heaven itself. The Empire fell in the great war of 1870, while many of these ambitious schemes were half-finished, and while Paris was still covered with the dust of the insatiable *démolisseur*.

After the war of 1870 came the Commune and second Siege of Paris in 1871; and in this perished Tuileries Palace, Hôtel de Ville, many ministries and public buildings, with whole streets and blocks of houses. The havoc of 1871, and the gigantic schemes bequeathed to the Republic by the Empire have only just now been made good, after some twenty-three years of incessant work. Few new schemes of reconstruction have been undertaken by the Republic, which has had enough to do to repair the ravages of civil war and to complete the grandiose avenues of Haussmann. The result is that Paris at last looks like a city *finished* by its builders—and built on an organic, consistent, harmonious, and modern scheme. For some four hundred years, it has always looked more or less like a city in the act of building, or in course of transformation.

Those who will go and look at M. Hoffbatter's ingenious panoramic picture of Paris, as it appeared in 1588, now in the Musée Carnavalet, and will study his other drawings there, or in his great work, *Paris à travers les âges*, who will follow out the series of contemporary views of old Paris from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries, now in the Municipal Museum, may easily get a clear idea of this prolonged and extraordinary process of transformation, by which, throughout Europe, the cities of the mediæval world very slowly, and bit by bit, arrayed themselves in the forms and arts of the modern world. This study must have peculiar interest for American travellers, because their own continent presents them with hardly any examples of this process. Their magnificent cities have been built direct from the prairie with modern conceptions of art and of life, and with no other conceptions. But in Europe this very laborious and com-

plex evolution has required four stormy centuries to work through. Now it is true that the mediæval plan, type, and architecture are not so visible in Paris as in London, Rouen, Cologne, Prague, or Florence; yet in Paris the modernization of the mediæval plan has been far more trenchant and is more instructive to the transatlantic student.

To the antiquarian it is painful to reflect how many beautiful and historic remnants of old Paris have been swept away within living memory, or at least within the present century. The two Empires have been perhaps the most cruel enemies of mediæval architecture. In M. Guilhermy's pleasant book, *Itinéraire Archéologique de Paris*, 1855, there is a plan of Paris showing the ancient monuments by Roguet, in which some two hundred buildings, anterior to Louis XIV., are marked. How many of these have disappeared: a large proportion of them since 1852! The new Boulevard St. Germain is a magnificent thoroughfare; so is the Boulevard St. Michel, and the Rue Monge, and the Rue de l'Ecole de Médecine, but what a holocaust of old churches, and convents, historic colleges, refectories, halls, towers, and gateways, has been made in the forming them! What exquisite traceries of the thirteenth century, what pathetic ruins of statues and portals have been carted away to make a Boulevard de Sebastopol, a Rue de Rivoli, and the new edifices in the island *cité*! In my own memory, St. Jean de Latran, St. Benoît, the Bernardins, the Collège de Beauvais, have gone, and the tower of St. Jacques, and the façade of Nôtre Dame, have been "restored" out of all knowledge. It is quite true that Paris required new streets, new halls, new colleges, hospitals, barracks, and open spaces. These had to be; but it must be admitted that the *démolisseur* has been a little rough and unsympathetic.

It is an idle occupation for the æsthetic foreigner to grumble when he knows nothing of the practical necessities and the every-day facts which are thrust into the face of the inhabitant. A much more sensible line is open to the tourist to-day, if he will try and find out for himself what still remains

to be seen. Not one traveller in a hundred ever goes near the beautiful Hôtel Carnavalet or has explored all the vaults, traceries, and columns of the Conciergerie, or has unearthed that curious and noble fragment of the twelfth century, the Church of St. Julien le Pauvre, formerly attached to the Hôtel Dieu, and now buried in some back streets. It may compare with the Chapel of St. John in our Tower of London, though it is somewhat later in date. Few care to search for the Hôtel de Sens, and the old staircase and tower of the Hôtel de Bourgogne. Fragments of two famous convents remain embedded in modern structures. The Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, in the Rue St. Martin, occupies the site of the venerable and vast abbey of St. Martin des Champs; and it has incorporated within its immense range of buildings, both the church and the Refectory of the Abbey, beautiful remains of the best thirteenth century work. And so the Refectory of the Cordeliers monks, the scene of the Cordelier Club in the Revolution, which has rung with the big voice of Danton and the eager periods of Camille Desmoulins, is still visible as the Musée Dupuytren, attached to the Ecole de Médecine. Its gruesome contents need not deter men from visiting one of the most interesting historical remains in Paris.

A real history of the city of Paris would prove to be one of the most instructive episodes to which the student of manners and art in Europe from the time of the Crusades could possibly devote his attention. And although some cities in Italy present more vivid and fascinating periods or examples, there is perhaps no other city in Europe where the *continuity* of modern civilization for at least seven centuries can be traced so fully in its visible record. From the time of Louis the Stout, A.D. 1108, Paris has been the rich and powerful metropolis of a rich and enlarging State; and from that day to this there is hardly a single decade which has not left some fragment or other of its work for our eyes. The history of each of its great foundations, civil and ecclesiastical, would fill a volume, and indeed almost every one of

them has had many volumes devoted to its gradual development or final disappearance and transformation to modern uses.

The history of the cathedral of Notre Dame, from the laying of the first stone by Pope Alexander III., in the age of our Henry II. and Becket, down to the final "restoration" by M. Viollet-le-Duc, and the history of all its *annexes* and *dependences*, Archevêché, Hôtel Dieu, together with an exact account of all its carvings, glass, reliefs, etc., etc., would be a history of art in itself. The same would be true if one followed out the history of the foundations of St. Germain des Prés, of St. Victor, of St. Martin des Champs, of the Temple, and of St. Geneviève. Two or three of these enormous domains would together occupy a space equal to the whole area of the original *cité*. They contained magnificent churches, halls, libraries, refectories, and other buildings, and down to the last century were more or less in a state of fair preservation or active existence. Of them all it seems that St. Victor, on the site of the Halle aux Vins, and the Temple, on the site of the square of that name, have entirely disappeared. But of the others interesting parts still remain. Of the eleven great abbeys, and twenty minor convents which Paris still had at the Revolution, none remain complete, and the great majority have left nothing but names to the new streets.*

It would be no less instructive to follow up the history of the great civil edifices, the Hôtel de Ville, the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Hôtel de Cluny, the Luxembourg, the Palais Royal, the Palais de Justice. Of these, of course the most notable are the transformation and gradual enlargement of the Hôtel de Ville, the Louvre and Tuileries, and the Palais de Justice, including in that the Conciergerie and all the subordinate buildings of the old Palace of the Kings, which occupied the western end of the original island *cité*. The learning, the inge-

nuity, the art which have gone to build up the Hôtel de Ville of to day out of the exquisite *pavillon* that was designed under François I., form a real chapter in the history of European architecture, as the story of the Town Hall for nearly four centuries is the heart of the history of Paris. But even this is surpassed by the history of the Louvre and its final consolidation with the Tuileries, an operation of which the difficulties were much less successfully overcome. The entire mass of buildings, the most elaborate and ambitious of modern construction in Europe, is an extraordinary *tour de force* which provokes incessant study, even when it fails to satisfy very critical examination.

Those who can remember Paris before the second Empire of 1852 have seen not a few quarters of the city much in the state in which they were at the Revolution, and even in the days of the Grand Monarque. The sky-line was infinitely broken and varied, instead of being a geometric and uniform line of cornice, as we now for the most part observe it. And the streets had a frontage-line as irregular as the sky-line; they went meandering about or gently swaying to and fro, in a highly picturesque and inconvenient line. There was hardly a single street with a strictly geometric straight line in all Paris down to the first Empire. Now the ground plan of Paris looks as if an autocrat had laid it out in equal parallelograms from an open plain. What old Paris was down to the end of the last century we may gather from bits of Silvestre, Chastillon, Méryon, Martial, Gavarni, and others; but not much of it can still be seen extant.

If the curious traveller would follow up the Rue St. Denis or the Rue St. Martin, two of the oldest streets in Europe, from their intersection by the Rue de Rivoli to the circular boulevard, where they are terminated by the Porte St. Denis and the Porte St. Martin respectively, he would get some idea of the look of Paris at the Revolution of 1789. The grand new Boulevard de Sebastopol, one of Haussmann's boldest, and perhaps most useful, creations, opens a vast thoroughfare between the old streets of St. Denis and

* A useful account of these foundations and remains has recently appeared. *The Churches of Paris, from Clovis to Charles X.*, by Sophia Beale, with illustrations by the author. London, 1893.

St. Martin, and by diverting the traffic, has no doubt prevented or delayed their transformation. Hence these two streets, which date from the earliest age of the city, have partially retained their original lines, when they were country lanes through woods and meadows, and to some extent they keep their old sky-line and façade. There are corners in them still where the old street aspect of Paris may be seen almost intact. And the student of antiquities who cared to follow up the remnants of these mediæval thoroughfares in the spirit in which he explores the canals of Venice and the *vicoli* of Florence, who would trace back the history of St. Jacques and St. Merri, St. Leu, St. Nicolas des Champs, the Place des Innocents, and the vast convent of St. Martin, all of which he would meet in his walk, would have a most suggestive insight into the mediæval state of the city. And it would be well to add to the walk by following up such streets as those of Rue Vieille du Temple, Rue des Francs Bourgeois, and its collateral streets, with the Hôtels Barbette, de Béthune, de Scubise, and Carnavalet, ending with the old Place Royale. A few days thus spent, with adequate histories such as those of Guilhermy, Fournier, Viollet-le-Duc, Dulaure, Hamerton, Lacroix, Hoffbauer, or the popular guides of Miss Beale, Hare, or Joanne, would be rewarded by pleasure and instruction.

To the thoughtful traveller the question is continually presenting itself, if the wonderful transformation which Paris has undergone in three centuries, and especially in the last half of the present century, has been a success on the balance of loss and gain; if it might have been better done; if it could not have been done without such evident signs of autocratic imperialism and gigantic jobbery. The enthusiastic admirers of Paris as it is, and the irreconcilable mourners over Paris as it was, are alike somewhat unreasonable. One need hardly waste a thought upon the triflers to whom the great city is a mere centre of luxury, excitement, and pleasure, given up to clothes, food, and spectacles. But the superior spirits whom the modernization of Paris in the present century afflicts or

disgusts are hardly less open to the charge of impracticable pedantry. The Revolution found Paris as unwholesome, as inconvenient, as ill-ordered, as obsolete, as inorganic a survival from mediæval confusion as any city in Europe. It boasts to day that it is the most brilliant, the best ordered, the most artistic city of men, and one of the most sanitary and convenient for civilized life. And no reasonable man can deny that the substantial part of this boast is just.

The primary business of great cities is to be centres where masses of men can live healthy and pleasant lives, where their day's work can be carried on with the minimum of waste and friction, and where their spirits may be constantly stirred by grand and ennobling monuments. Now a mediæval city, though crowded with beautiful and impressive objects at every corner, was charged with disease, discomfort, and impediments. It choked and oppressed men's daily life to such a point that, about the sixteenth century, a violent reaction against the mediæval type set in. And when this began, the civil and religious institutions of the Middle Ages had fallen into decay, had ceased to be of use or to command respect, while their ruins or their disfigured carcasses encumbered the ground. The Monarchy led the way in the revolt and the inauguration of the new city; the Revolution and the Empire added to the work of destruction and renovation with tremendous rapidity and resistless force. If modern Frenchmen were to live in Paris, to feel at home in it, to love it, then the transformation must take place. And one cannot deny that it has been done with consummate energy, skill, and artistic invention.

But a city which deliberately effaces its own past, which mutilates its ancient masterpieces, and carts away exquisite works of art wholesale, which is filled with hatred, not only of what is unwholesome and troublesome, but of what is venerable and ancient, is committing suicide of its own noblest traditions. It is sacrificing the most powerful influences it possesses to kindle that sense of its own dignity and love for its own history, which is really

the basis of all civic patriotism. A great city which has no past must do its best to look modern. But an ancient city which deliberately seeks to appear as if it had not known more than two generations of inhabitants is depriving itself of its own noblest title to respect. Now, too much of modern Paris looks as if its principal object had been to hide away old Paris, as some mischievous remnant of the *Ancien Régime*, unworthy to exist in the nineteenth century. It is true that Notre Dame, the Sainte Chapelle, St. Germain, and a few remnants of Gothic art have been "restored." But one of the leading ideas of the Haussmannic renovation has evidently been this—to produce the effect of a brand-new city as completely "up to date" and with as little of the antique about it as San Francisco or Chicago.

It cannot be denied that, however gay, airy, spacious, and convenient are the new boulevards, they have been immensely overdone in numbers, and are now become a new source of monotony in themselves. We see that, at last, boulevard constructing became a trade; these vast avenues were made first and foremost for speculative builders, enterprising tradesmen, and ambitious architects. It is not so much that Paris needed the boulevards, as that certain syndicates thirsted for the job. Assuming that such main arteries as the Boulevards de Sebastopol and St. Michel, such streets as the R. de Rivoli, 4 Septembre, and Turbigo were indispensable, it does not appear certain that the Boulevards Haussmann or St. Germain were inevitable, or even the latest of all, the Avenue de l'Opéra. These streets are convenient, of course, very "hand-ome," and profitable to those who knew how to profit by them; but the question is whether they were worth the enormous burdens on the city budget, the tremendous disturbance and destruction involved, and the wholesale demolition of interesting old structures which could never be replaced. As the royal and imperial palaces of Paris bear on them indelible marks of autocratic tyranny and pride, so the new municipal works of the city too often betray their origin in the syndicates of the Bourse and Municipal Council.

It seems to be a natural law that an evil moral taint in the constructors of great buildings or great cities shows itself on the face of them forever, just as it is impossible to study the façade of a mediæval cathedral without seeing by what devout spirits and by what faithful and honest labor it was raised. The domineering and inflated temper of a great autocrat breaks out in the monotony and rigidity of his palaces, and in his manifest desire to display power rather than life, and vastness rather than beauty. The palace of a tyrant is made to look like an interminable line of troops in uniform mechanically dressed for a review. The master of big battalions must have a big palace, and then a bigger palace, a copy and an extension of the former one. If his predecessor built a beautiful palace he must crush it with something that dwarfs and overpowers it, for is he not an even grander potentate than the "grand monarque" deceased? The Louvre is a perfect study in stone of moral degeneration on the throne. François I., who, with all his faults, loved France and loved beauty, began the Italianized Louvre of Pierre Lescot: it is one of the most lovely conceptions of the Renaissance, and has no superior of its order in Europe. We see it in the south-western angle of the inner quadrangle. The inner quadrangle was not completed for more than a hundred years—each king caring more for power than he did for art, and adding a less and less beautiful piece; until, at last, under Louis XIV., the exquisite design of the early Renaissance has sunk into a dull and pompous classicalism.

But the crown of false taste was placed when, in 1665, Louis XIV. was seduced by the ingenious amateur, Dr. Perrault, to reface the Louvre of Leveau, and to set up the huge sham screen, known as the famous Colonnade, on the eastern façade facing St. Germain l'Auxerrois. Its twenty-eight immense Corinthian columns, carrying nothing but a common balustrade, are a monument of imbecile pomp. Directly the trained eye perceives that this vast and stately façade consists of *two* parallel faces within a few feet of each other, the mind turns from such a senseless parade of mag-

nificence. It is quite true that the façade is itself very imposing, well-proportioned, and certain to impress itself as noble on those who do not perceive its fraudulent construction. It was just the thing to inflame the imagination of the brilliant young *Roi-Soleil*: it debauched the courtly taste and ruined the architecture of Paris. It was more or less imitated in the grand public offices flanking the Rue Royale, which face the Place de la Concorde. Thenceforward splendor took the place of grace; and interminable orders of columns and windows in long regiments took the place of art.

The first Empire, which had a genius of its own, and even an imitated art that at times was pleasing and usually intellectual, adopted and even exaggerated the passion of the Grand Monarque for the grandiose and the uniform. And the second Empire, which had more ambition than genius, and more brilliancy than taste, adopted and even exaggerated the designs of the first Napoleon—but alas! without the refined learning and the massive dignity which marked his best work. Louis, accordingly, mauled about the old Louvre and set up some singularly ingenious but rather inartistic adjuncts to the Tuileries. He made the disastrous mistake of prolonging the Rue de Rivoli with a monotonous rigidity which has positively discredited French taste in the eyes of all Europe. He insisted on sweeping away the old *cité* of the island, in order to make sites for the enormous barrack and the vast hospital—neither of which would be required on that particular spot by a wisely organized government.

Nor did Louis stop here; for his courtly, clerical, and Bourse influences drove him to turn the Cathedral of Notre Dame into a detached show, standing by itself in a bare clearing, to set up more boulevards, more monotonous Rues de Rivoli in every part, and to gut the interesting old quarter of the University, the Schools, and Colleges, teeming with historical associations and mediæval relics, in order to make it as close a copy of the Boulevard des Italiens as it was possible to produce on the south side of the Seine.

Even more than all the sovereigns of France, from Louis XIV. downward, Louis Napoleon seemed bent on hiding away or carting away the ancient Paris, and turning the whole of the vast and venerable city into a monotonous copy of the Anglo-American quarter round the Madeleine and the Grand Opera.

The Republic succeeded in 1870 to a number of unfinished schemes and to the awful ravages of civil war. And, after almost a quarter of a century of indefatigable effort, it has at length brought the reorganization of the city to a practical close and has repaired the ruin of the two sieges. Happily, the Republic, with such fearful trials and cruel lessons, has had no desire to plan new schemes for eviscerating the city, and has had other things to do instead of building pompous palaces. It has wisely declined to rebuild the Tuileries, and has made perhaps the best that it could have made of the vast constructions that connected Louvre and Tuileries. In spite of the ambitious and offensive failure in the midet—the noisy monument to a great patriot who deserved something nobler—the palatial pile has not been surpassed in modern Europe; and by consent of the world the spacious area between the Champs-Élysées and the Pont Neuf contains the most brilliant city prospect in Northern Europe. But the glory of the Republic is the renewed Hôtel de Ville, the most beautiful building that has been raised in Paris since the original Louvre of Pierre Lescot. The trade of the building speculator and the mania of a despotic uniformity have now received a death-blow. The ingenuity and artistic instinct of France are acquiring again a free hand; the Revolutionary hatred of antiquity is dying out, and the historic spirit is enlarging its scope. When the Eiffel folly has come down, and the *mesquinerie* and *chinoiserie* of sundry big booths of the *fin de siècle* have been replaced, Paris may face the twentieth century with the proud consciousness not only of being the most brilliant and pleasant of cities, but also that she bears on her the record of twenty memorable centuries of the Past.—*Fortnightly Review*.

AN AMERICAN UTOPIA.

BY EDWARD PORRITT.

EARLY this year a remarkable conference was held at Philadelphia. Its members numbered about three hundred, and came from all parts of the United States to set on foot a new national movement for the promotion of good Municipal Government. They were all men of position and standing in the cities from which they came, and among them were men whose names are well known in national politics, in law, and in literature. But since the days when men first took to the platform to give expression to their desires and convictions, there surely can have been no more melancholy meeting than this Philadelphia conference.

The conference was in session for two days; scores of speeches were made; but summed up in a word they all amounted to this, that, so far as Municipal Government is concerned, democracy in America is a failure. The admission which was then made was not new. It had been expressed in other words a few weeks earlier in one of the leading New York weekly newspapers in commenting on the movement then taking shape to attempt the overthrow of Tammany Hall, and in describing a similar uprising in the neighboring State of New Jersey, where the better element among the electorate was then struggling to aid the State of a Legislature long controlled and manipulated by race-track gamblers. It was in urging the importance of these two movements that *The Outlook*—which for America is what *The Spectator* is for England—made the significant admission that "America is still a great opportunity rather than a great achievement," and added, "we must do very much better things politically than we have already done if we are to demonstrate the absolute superiority of the democratic system over the other systems of government."

To realize the gigantic, almost Utopian, undertaking on which the municipal reformers are entering, it is

necessary to recall how the American municipalities are governed. It is almost impossible to make a comparison between Municipal Government in England and in America, because in America there is no uniformity in town and city government. There is no great fundamental measure, such as the Municipal Corporations Act of 1835, at the basis of all municipal life; nor is there any Federal department corresponding to the English Local Government Board exercising a close and constant supervision over municipal affairs. The Federal authorities at Washington have absolutely nothing to do with municipal administration. Each city is governed in accordance with the charter granted by the Legislature of the State in which it is situated, and as these charters vary in their construction and details, so the organization of the city governments differ in their details and methods. Not only is there no uniformity in Municipal Government in the different States; but even in the same State there may be half-a-dozen large cities each with a charter peculiarly its own.

In England all responsibility both to the ratepayers and to the Local Government Board rests with the Town Council. The Council elected by the people in its turn elects the Aldermen and the Mayor, and at the commencement of the municipal year divides itself into Committees which, subject to the oversight of the Council, make themselves responsible for the several departments of municipal work. There is no system of this kind in America. Speaking generally, the people elect the Mayor directly, and also elect in the same way a number of the more responsible of the municipal officers. A Board of Aldermen is also elected by the people; but usually the duties of this Board are comparatively unimportant, and they are always well defined by the city charter.

The Board of Aldermen does not correspond to an English Town Council. All its members are paid; it has no

important committees like those of the Town Council, because most of the duties which are discharged by the committees of the English Town Councils are discharged in American cities by Commissioners. The administration of the fire department; the control of the police; street-cleaning; the care of the public parks; and the water supply are in the hands of Commissioners, either single Commissioners or Boards of Commissioners, and so on with every department of municipal activity. In some cities, School Boards are elected directly by the people as they are in England; in others, public education is managed by Commissioners in the same way as the fire department, or the police force. The appointment of these Commissioners is usually in the hands of the Mayor. Their terms of office are for two or three years. In the larger cities, their salaries are as large as those of members of the English Ministry, and considerable patronage directly and indirectly attaches to the Commissionerships.

In two other important respects an English municipality differs from an American. In America, manhood suffrage is generally the rule at all elections, State and Municipal as well as Federal and municipal politics have been brought and kept in a very much closer connection with national politics than could ever be possible in England.

The only qualification for a voter at most municipal elections is residence, and this for a much shorter period than is necessary for a voting qualification in England. There is no rate paying nor property holding qualification; and to any one acquainted with the English system of registration, and the valuable safeguards by which it is surrounded, the system of registration most commonly in use in America seems little better than a sham. Two or three weeks before an election takes place the work of registration begins. It is in the hands of city officials who are all partisans. Citizens who desire to exercise the franchise must attend before these registrars, and see that their names are entered on the poll books. There is no adequate publica-

tion of the preliminary issues of the registration lists as there is in England, in order that an elector may see that he is duly registered and that objections may be lodged against those who are not qualified.

Frauds in registration and the colonization of voters are matters of little difficulty. Now and then the perpetrators of these frauds are prosecuted, and occasionally sent to the State prison; but it is only when the frauds have been both wholesale and flagrant that the criminal law is put in motion against the offenders. Usually these offenders are the subordinates, or, as they are called in American political phraseology, the "heelers" of the minor political bosses. The bosses themselves, even the minor bosses, the ward and district leaders, are usually too discreet to get mixed up in these troubles. They use their "heelers" as tools for this work. When the "heelers" are caught red-handed, the minor bosses repudiate them in newspaper interviews; but stand by them in the law courts, do all they can to put obstacles in the way of their trial; and, if they should be committed, use all the influence they possess to promote appeals, and ultimately to secure pardons for them.

Since the State and Municipal elections in New York in November, 1893, there have been about thirty prosecutions for offences against the electoral laws, either in connection with registration or at the polls. These prosecutions have resulted in a score or more convictions; but only one man of any standing as a boss was among the convicted. This was the notorious John Y. McKane, of Gravesend, Long Island. For many years McKane had reigned supreme at Gravesend. He was the holder of most of the town offices; he had been Mayor, and at the time of his conviction was chief of police. He had for years distributed the local political offices which he could not conveniently hold himself among his friends and "heelers" just as though they were all absolutely in his own gift. He was known as the Pooh Bah of Gravesend; and although Gravesend is but a small sea-side place, from his doings there McKane had be-

come as notorious as Boss Croker, of New York City, McLaughlin of Brooklyn, Hill of Albany, Sheehan of Buffalo, and Murphy Junior of Troy. Like all these powerful bosses, McKane is a Democrat.

Last October, McKane went a step too far. Following the example of the Tammany district bosses in New York, he filled the electoral rolls at Gravesend with the names of hundreds of men who have no existence, and he would have voted these dummies on election day, but for the prompt action of an independent candidate who had become aware of his manipulation of the lists. This candidate applied to examine the electoral rolls. The lists are, or ought to be, public documents. McKane refused the application. Then an injunction was procured from the State courts to prevent his interfering with the candidate's agents in examining the lists. When the agents appeared with the judge's order they were met at the railway station by McKane and the members of his police force. In response to the intimation of the agents that they were the bearers of an injunction, McKane declared "Injunctions don't go here," and promptly lodged in jail the agents and the copyists who were to work on the lists, on charges of being drunk and disorderly.

In February, McKane was sent to the State prison at Sing Sing for six years. He is, however, the only municipal boss of any prominence who has been convicted in New York State since Tweed's time. Risks of the kind McKane took are usually thrown on men who are described as of "no account." None of the twenty or more men who are now McKane's fellow-convicts for frauds committed at the elections last November are of higher rank among the "practical politicians" of New York than that of "heeler."

For twenty years past only one question has separated the two parties in Federal politics. This is the tariff. Were that out of the way, it would be almost impossible to define the difference between a Democrat and a Republican. Yet in most of the States, all the State, county, and municipal elections are fought on Party lines, and all State, municipal, and county patron-

age is in the hands of partisans. In some of the cities, even the page boys who wait on the Board of Aldermen when they are in session are appointed because they are either Democrats or Republicans. Every candidate for office, in fact, must label himself either a Democrat or a Republican, and group himself with his Party, no matter whether he seeks the office of select man in a New England village, or is a candidate for a State governorship.

There is no good reason why Democracy or Republicanism should intrude into State politics, or into municipal affairs. There is no reason at all, except the immense advantages which accrue to the political bosses from the fighting of all elections on Party lines. If Party lines were completely obliterated in municipal and State politics, and the inhabitants of a city elected their Mayor on the same principle as the shareholders of a railroad company elect their president, the bosses would cease to exist; for the amount of Federal spoils which a boss can command is, comparatively, so small that the plunder to be derived from it would not begin to pay the current expenses of the local political organization. So long as boss rule holds good in New York City it is a small matter to Mr. Richard Croker, of Tammany Hall, whether the Republicans or the Democrats are in office at Washington. He and his organization are active, of course, at Federal elections; but, at most, all that a Democratic Administration at the national capital can mean to Mr. Croker is a voice in the appointment to the comparatively few Federal offices in the New York customs house and post office which are outside the Civil Service rules, and in the distribution of half-a-dozen foreign consulships. These are as nothing compared with the appointments which Mr. Croker and Tammany Hall control under the municipality of New York.

On the pay-rolls of New York City and County there are some twenty-seven thousand names, and nearly all the names there, whether those of high officials like the sheriff, who enjoys emoluments as large as an English Premier's, or of the humblest Irish or Italian day-laborers engaged in street

cleaning, or at work on a garbage scow in the Bay, are there at the will of Mr. Croker and his numerous lieutenants.

Every man on the pay-rolls, in one way or another, hands over his tribute to Tammany. The more important office holders, the men whose salaries run into five figures, pay their contributions direct. The less important officials are waited upon by a representative of Tammany Hall known as the "Wiskinkie;" and the humbler wage-earners hand over their assessments to the leaders in the numerous election districts. The payments, of course, are not compulsory; but a man knows that if he drops them, it is as good as intimating that he is tired of his work for the city, and is looking for another field of usefulness. Contractors engaged on city work pay their quota, and so do tradesmen large and small, Republicans and Democrats, as well as the beer-saloon keepers and the keepers of other more questionable houses who desire to stand well with the police and to have no interference with their illicit proceedings. Tammany Hall is thus in receipt of an annual revenue large enough to equip and maintain a small army; it can draw on an immense fund for electioneering purposes, and its boss, who has never been for any length of time in any business except "practical politics," ranks among the wealthy men of New York, although in 1884, it is well known that he was a poor man. He now owns a racing stable as large as that of any of the sporting millionaires, and he travels about in a private Pullman car with almost as much style as the President when he is on a progress through the country. In fact, Mr. Croker is a much more powerful man than the President, and there is no time limit to the tenure of his office. If he cannot make a President outright, Mr. Croker can say, and he and his organization have done so, who shall not be President. He holds almost as despotic a sway over New York as an oriental potentate over his kingdom.

So far as New York is concerned, Tammany stands in the way of any separation of municipal from State and national politics, and it will bear down with all its power upon any attempt to

put on foot an independent movement in municipal affairs. As things now stand, Tammany can crush any State legislation intended to separate city politics from State politics, and it can thwart an independent movement by reason of the fact that it is already in possession of the City Hall.

New York is managed not from the City Hall, but from Tammany Hall on Fourteenth Street. Everybody knows this; and when anything goes wrong in municipal affairs, when a bad appointment is made, or there is any trouble in any one of the city departments, the interviewers of the New York papers usually do not seek out the Mayor, but call on Mr. Croker. He holds no office under the municipality; he has no more official connection with the New York Government than any reader of this article. He is, in fact, just a voter like any other New York citizen; but he exercises a control from the outside which is complete, thorough, and far-reaching. And moreover Mr. Croker is always prepared to justify his peculiar position. A little while ago when the movement alluded to at the outset of this article was commenced—that in New York for the breaking down of Tammany Hall—Mr. Croker published his views on the subject in the form of an interview, three columns long, which appeared in all the morning papers.

"It is easy enough," he said, "to find fault with any government; but the theorists can say what they please. You can't get good government in a big city like this without system and direct responsibility. Tammany Hall is run on that plan, and this city has a better and a more economical government to-day than any other big city in the union. This city is just like any other big corporation. If you have no organization, if individuals are not held responsible by some central power, you make no progress. Concentration of management is the key to success. Well, what does that mean? In business, it means consolidation. In politics, it means organization, or a machine, or whatever you wish to call it. You divide the management, and you divide the responsibility, and divid-

ed responsibility means bad government."

It may be asked how Tammany ever managed to get control to this extent. The answer is, that it is the result of detailed and perfect organization carried on for a generation or more; of the hold it has gradually secured on every department of municipal life, the local law courts as well as the city hall; of the unscrupulous disregard of the electoral laws; of the base uses to which its "heelers" have long put the naturalization laws; of the power and influence it exercises over the interested voters, and over the mass of unintelligent voters, and lastly of the indifference of the better class of New Yorkers to municipal affairs.

Every American city has not a Tammany organization. The conditions for the building up of a mammoth organization for plundering the people are peculiarly favorable in New York—from the size of the municipality, from the immense wealth concentrated in the city; from the great and always increasing army of ignorant foreigners who are enrolled as its citizens; from the indifference to municipal life and conditions which are common to most great cities, and also from the peculiar position which New York holds to the rest of the State of New York, toward its State life, and the State's connection with the Federal government. Rural New York is overwhelmingly Republican, and in all Federal elections New York State would give the Republicans a majority were it not for Tammany Hall, and the immense Democratic vote that it can poll, a vote which has repeatedly decided the Presidential elections.

But if every American city has not its Tammany Hall, most of them have some boss either Republican or Democratic who works as far as he can on

Tammany lines. Brooklyn had its McLaughlin until November 1893. Baltimore has still a boss; so has Chicago; and so has San Francisco, and in fact there is hardly any American city large or small where proportionately immense power is not wielded by a Croker, a Murphy Junior, a Sheehan, or a McKane. It is estimated that even under the best possible conditions, even if all the better class citizens either broke away from party lines, or threw off their indifference and boldly faced the municipal problem, it would take five or seven years to rid New York of Tammany rule. In other cities the work of purifying municipal politics is correspondingly great. It is conceded that this work must begin with the endeavor to separate municipal from State and Federal politics; that there must be an awakening on the part of the well-to-do citizens who have hitherto refused to take any part in municipal politics; that the younger generation of Americans must be made to understand, while at school, their citizenship responsibilities, and that there must also be an amendment in the naturalization laws in the direction of further restrictions to citizenship.

At the good municipal government conference, one of the speakers affirmed that the problem which now faces the people in regard to municipal government—how to get municipal government out of the hands of the worst elements of society who are now administering it in the interests of the worst elements of society, is more serious than that which faced the Republic when Lincoln went to the White House. This may seem an exaggerated statement; but it is significant that it went uncontradicted at Philadelphia.—*National Review*.

DISCURSIVENESS.

PEOPLE are rather too apt to regard discursiveness as the sign of a weak mind, and to suspect that a man who has something to say on every question, from the proper basis for actuarial cal-

culations to the causes of fugitiveness in water-color pigments, is never worth listening to, and is merely an idle prater. It is impossible, they argue, that a man should know anything worth

knowing about so many subjects, and they go on to talk about "Jack-of-all-trades and master of none," and to speak of the mind being debilitated and the mental energy sapped by discursiveness. "A man should talk about what he knows, and only about that. Then he may say something worth hearing. As regards other things he should hold his tongue, and then he won't make a fool of himself." So says the parlor oracle, and shuts his mouth with a snap. And no doubt the logical position is, or appears to be, a very strong one. No man can know more than a very few things thoroughly. A man can only say what is worth hearing on things he knows thoroughly. A man should not talk except he says things worth hearing. Therefore a man should not be discursive, and should confine himself to his own subjects. Such is the outline of the syllogisms by which the discursive talker is put down, pulverized, and if not reduced to silence, at any rate conclusively proved to be a babbling jack-ass. But in spite of the excellence of the logic, we all know that in fact the discursive talker can be, and often is, a most delightful talker, and that in spite of all the rules and all the schools, one may gain a great deal more not only of amusement, but of information, from the man who is not afraid of talking of anything in heaven above or the earth beneath, than from the correct and pedantic gentleman who is always lying in wait for his own subject to turn up, and when it does turn up, promptly blows it to pieces by discharging at its head an eighty-one-ton gun loaded to the muzzle with facts and statistics. The discursive sportsman would have neatly put a bullet through the brain, and would have brought the game down unspoiled. The expert who has bottled up his knowledge for a year, blows it to smithereens, and leaves nothing but a few scraps of fur or feather.

Than the notion that the discursive talker is a weak-minded man, none is more utterly and ridiculously absurd. Some of the hardest-headed of men have been the most ubiquitous talkers imaginable. Macaulay was one. Whatever game you might start, he

would be ready to hunt it with you. He never chose the pedant's part or refused to let fly because, in the words of the Oxford don, the subject started "was not in his period." Instead, he would stand (as Fanny Kemble describes him), all day long on the hearthrug of the library at Bowood and do battle with anybody on any conceivable topic. We shall not, we trust, be passing the bounds of privacy in instancing Mr. Gladstone as another example of the great discursives. Read the account of a conversation held with him by that singular and attractive person, John MacGregor (the hero of the "Rob Roy" canoe), given in his *Life*, just published by Hodder Brothers. Mr. MacGregor records in his *Diary* how he met Mr. Gladstone and his daughter "on board Lawton's yacht, 'Lenore.'" "Here had most intensely interesting confab with Chancellor of Exchequer on following subjects among others:—Shoeblocks; crossing-sweepers; Refuge Field-lane; translation of Bible; Syria and Palestine Fund; Return of the Jews; Iron, brass, and stone age; Copper ore, Canada; bridges in streets; arching over whole Thames; ventilation of London; *Ecce Homo*; Gladstone's letter to author and his reply in clerk's hand to keep unknown; speculation as to his being a young man who wrote it; Language of Sound at Society of Arts; Dr. Wolff's Travels; Vambéry and his travels; poster with Reform resolutions at Norwich; use of the word 'unscrupulously'; marginal notes on Scripture." The comment on this delightful entry is too good to be omitted. "Took leave deeply impressed with the talent, courtesy, and boundless suppleness of Gladstone's intellect, and of his deep reverence for God and the Bible and firm hold of Christ." Our readers will note that these were not the sole topics, but only the subjects, "among others," touched on by Mr. Gladstone. Now, according to the principle which so many people profess to regard as the true one, Mr. Gladstone's opinion would have been only worth having on his own subjects,—i.e., politics and theology, and possibly philanthropy, as a mixture of the two. He ought to have stood mute on

Gladstone

the stone age, copper-ore, Canada, street-bridges, and the converting of the Thames into a great sewer. Even the excursus on the use of the word "unscrupulously" in the Norwich poster ought strictly to have been torn from him and handed over to a lexicographer. But can any sane man declare that Mr. Gladstone would not have been worth listening to on all the subjects in the list, and that his acute and supple mind would not have contributed something noteworthy upon each and all of them? Take again the two greatest talkers the world has known—one of them an ancient, the other a modern—Socrates and Dr. Johnson. Socrates, no doubt, talked on fewer subjects than Johnson, but that was only because there were fewer subjects of conversation available. The Athenian world was far smaller, simpler, and therefore far less complex, than that of London in the eighteenth century. There were fewer books as well as fewer men, and less technical knowledge had been accumulated in the arts and sciences. Socrates was as discursive as he could be, considering his time and opportunities. Dr. Johnson's talk must have been quite as discursive as that of any man who ever lived. The index to "Boswell" is like that to an encyclopædia. Analyze any of the great talks between Dr. Johnson and his friends, and the subjects will not be found less numerous or less varied than those recorded in the extract from Mr. MacGregor's Diary.

In truth, discursiveness, instead of being the sign of a weak mind, is the sign of a strong and active mind. It is the torpid and unoriginal mind that sticks solely to its own subject. The man of keen intellect and of that ample power of expression which usually, though not always, accompanies a keen intellect, can no more confine his mind, and so his tongue, to the one or two subjects in which he has special and peculiar knowledge, than he can confine his vision to one or two objects. His mind travels over and takes hold of everything that comes within its reach, just as his eye does when it surveys a wide landscape. It is equally futile to say that the mind is demoralized by discursiveness. Instead, it is

sharpened and kept lively and active by dealing with a large number of topics. The truth is that the pedantic and logical ideal of the great expert who is perpetually holding his mental nose hard down on the grindstone of "the basis of ethics," or the "action of the optic nerve in blackbeetles," or "particular estates" or "contingent remainders," and who never allows himself to express opinions on other subjects, is an absurdity. Let a clever man once get to know one subject thoroughly, and to put a fine edge on his mind by that study, and he is certain to try the blade on a dozen other subjects. It is impossible for a man of really great intellect to keep his mind from attacking all the subjects of interest which are in the air and the papers. If he is a very modest, or a somewhat suspicious, or, again, a pompous, man, he may pretend in public not to have an opinion on the thousand and one topics of the day; but depend upon it he has really a strong opinion in every case. Lastly, it must not be supposed that the discursive man merely wastes his breath pleasantly and amusingly by talking at large. On the contrary, he very often adds to human knowledge, or else gives a stimulus to other minds. Most men of expert knowledge—specialists in abstruse subjects—will be able to give instances from their own experience of having talked over their own subject with a well-informed and able man of the discursive habit, and gained a good deal from doing so. "Of course A has no special knowledge," they will say; "but still he is so clever, and sees things so quickly, that if you supply him with the data, it is ten to one that he will recombine them in some illuminating way, or draw some deduction which one might otherwise have missed." After all, science and knowledge of every kind goes forward, not on the bare facts, but on the arguments drawn from the facts, and hence it may very well happen that the expert in argument and exposition, which the man of great discursive powers is apt to be, can give something to the specialist which is really valuable. No doubt there are plenty of discursive talkers who deserve to be shot at sight,—men

of feeble minds who twaddle about and around every conceivable topic, and of whom it is rightly said that there is nothing they touch which they do not becloud and obscure. But it is not the discursiveness of these persons which makes them bores. They would be just as bad if they had only one subject. Indeed, it may be said that in that case the horror they would make about the house would be even more intense. What they want is good sense and power, and this they will not ob-

tain by concentration. No doubt there may be instances of men who talk badly when they are discursive, but well when they stick to one or two subjects, but we fancy that their number is very greatly exaggerated. There is in reality only one safe rule in conversation. Talk about what interests you. But if you are interested in a thousand things, which almost all men worth talking to are, you are sure to be discursive.—*Spectator*.

VILLAGE LIFE IN INDIA.

BY ANNE C. WILSON.

WE were in camp on a wide-spreading, level plain in the North of India. The distant horizon was bounded by a long line of purple hills, while in the foreground fields of green wheat surrounded the wells upon which their verdure depended, and were interspersed with groups of the sacred fig-tree, graceful tamarisk, and thorny acacia. Behind us lay a barren tract dotted over with bushes whose leaves were not unlike those of the mistletoe. It was Christmas time, but the aspect of things was very different from that of a Christmas in the old country, for every object beyond the reach of the irrigation afforded by the wells looked dry and burnt up, and the sun shed its brilliant rays over the whole landscape, making our tent at noon-day hot enough to remind us of summer at home.

When the cool fresh air of evening blew in through the flapping door, the unusual picturesqueness of the village close by, and the glamour cast over it by the sunset glow, invited us to take the opportunity of paying it a visit, and of trying to learn something of the life of the people.

It was one of a series of interesting visits paid to similar villages during the camping season of a "cold weather" in our Panjaub district, and we learnt much that was new, and that may interest readers who cannot see with their own eyes how their fellow-subjects in the far east spend their days and conduct their domestic affairs.

As we drew near the village some women dressed in striped petticoats, with dark-blue sheets covering their heads, and bright scarlet bodices, were drawing water from a Persian well under a spreading tree. One woman with a baby astride her hip was making her way homeward, her three red earthenware jars balanced upon her head, one on the top of the other. It was the hour when the cattle are driven home; a herd of patient bullocks were drinking at the edge of a tank after their hard day's work in the field. As we passed, a naked boy drew up a flock of long-eared sheep at the side of the road, and a man gave a tug to the rope attached to his camel's nose, as a signal to halt. An old woman, toothless and withered, took advantage of the privilege of her years to screech her good wishes, running after us, till the village constable, in yellow trousers, blue coat, and black and crimson turban, shook his stick at her, and threatened her into silence.

A few yards farther on, we came upon nine or ten narrow troughs like a row of open graves. It is in these that the fires are burnt for the preparation of the feasts which go far toward ruining the peasants upon occasions of weddings and funerals. Beside them lay a huge log of wood, used like a dumb-bell in competitions of strength by the boys and men of the place. From a tree a buffalo hide made into a bag hung suspended over a cistern, and as we drew near a little man came out

of his hut to pour back some of the water which had dripped through it into the cistern. He had put a mixture of lime and the bark of the acacia tree into the hide, and this was part of his method for tanning the skin into leather. Not far from his hut was a heap of clay bricks for the use of the village builder.

The village was a fair specimen of hundreds of others scattered over the Punjab. Rising on a gentle eminence, the flat-roofed houses, built of a mixture of mud and straw, form a series of irregular terraces of a monotonous dust color. They are intersected by narrow and tortuous lanes, and divided into groups of five or six houses, which have a courtyard and entrance in common. In the largest of these houses lives the head of the family, the different members of it with their wives and children occupying the rest. Each house in the courtyard has, as its own particular property, a fireplace formed by two small bricks, projecting from the wall, and a wooden ladder or staircase leading up to the flat roof, which is the family bedroom in the warm summer nights, and a favorite resort for spinners and gossips in winter. Almost every village contains a house for strangers, used as a common meeting-place, where a knot of men gather in the evening to discuss the state of the crops. Sometimes the headman boasts a two-storied house; still more rarely two white minarets, rising above their surroundings, tell of the existence of a mosque. Occasionally one or more shops are found together, and the street is dignified by the name of bazaar. But the village for which we were bound possessed none of these superfluities, and may be taken as typical of the majority.

At the door of the first house we came to, a woman sat with a basket full of cotton fibre and seeds on the ground beside her; she had probably, with a score of other women and children, helped to pick it herself last autumn from the fields where the cotton grows like fluffy flowers upon withered rose bushes. Now we saw her pass the fibre between two rollers, and as she turned the handle which set them revolving, the fibre found a way through,

while the seeds remained on the other side. In the hut beside her the cotton was being scutched. There was a long bow suspended from the roof, the man twanging upon its string with a wooden implement like the bow of a violin, producing a strange monotonous sound, like a song of dreary labor, done through changeless centuries, while the cotton danced off the string of the bow, and fell in snowy flakes on the ground. The women take the cotton from the scutchers' hands, and carry it and their spinning wheels to the roof of their house, or to the dusty alleys of the town, where, seated beside a row of equally busy neighbors, they spin it into thread. There is usually a favored spot in the village, some particular lane or the edge of the pond, or a shady level nook beneath the trees that grow beyond the village walls where they prepare the warp, setting up rows of sticks for supports, and winding the thread between them, as they walk backward and forward. A woman has generally her neighbors' company upon these occasions, and manages to combine gossip and work with no little success.

Then comes the weaver's share of the business. We saw a man weaving a magnificent turban of blue and deep crimson thread. He was seated, like a long row of others beside him, in a hole in the ground, underneath a shed with the warp stretched horizontally out before him. The process of weaving was much the same as we had seen in a weaver's shop at home, but the loom was rude and clumsy, the cloth narrow, and the progress made slow.

The weavers are among the few village menials who are paid in money for their work (receiving twopence per yard for their labor). All the others receive their wages in kind, when the harvest has been gathered in. There stands the peasant beside the heaped-up grain, with the weigher beside him, who pays the men in proportion to the amount of the harvest. That is the family bard who was present at his father's funeral, and sang the praise of the dead and of his ancestry. He carries away his share of grain in a basket. Next comes the barber, who is in great request on all domestic oc-

casions. It was he who arranged his patron's marriage, and he has just returned from a formal deputation connected with the betrothal of his son. How often has the farmer been shaved by this man in front of his shop in the village, and heard all the news of the neighborhood! After him the carpenter receives his quota. He has made all the woodwork of the house, furniture, and agricultural implements, and to-day has left to dry in the sun the bricks which are to build the new house for the young couple. The dyer follows him, with a suspicion of indigo upon his hands. The village musician, with his drum on his back, ties his portion of grain in a corner of his cotton sheet. The washer-woman, fresh from beating clothes in the bed of the river, the water-carrier with his empty goatskin, the oil-presser and tailor, all form part of the crowd. These men, and their fathers before them, have been employed by their patron's family from time immemorial, for their occupations are hereditary, and except in very rare instances the same work is done in the same way, in the same place, and by the same clan, from one generation to another.

We were particularly struck by the primitive means by which results are produced. When we looked at the potter with his feet in a hole twirling a wooden disk, and then saw him produce out of a lump of clay, now a plate, then a jar, then a pot and a lamp, in the space of five minutes, it seemed like a juggler's trick. The blacksmith too, with his meagre anvil, small hammer, and a pair of gaping bellows worked by his wife, mended a clumsy ploughshare with a skill which would have done credit to a bit of machinery. Nothing, in the same way, could be daintier than the pair of slippers, on which the embroidery of gold thread and blue silk grew under the cobbler's hands; yet the hole for every stitch that he added had first to be bored by an awl, a finger in length, and he had no pattern of any kind to aid his invention.

This ingenuity in manufacturing the necessities of life is, however, seldom exercised in furnishing its comforts. The house of the head man, to

which our last visit was paid, was as bare as poverty. Yet he was a man who owned a small fortune in cattle and produce, and had a tidy bit of land of his own. There was little sign of wealth in his household possessions, unless we except the huge receptacle for grain, built of clay and shaped like a succession of decorated ovens, which ran along one side of the only room that his house contained. Piled on the top of the granary, and reaching to the low roof, were a number of earthenware pots, like a row of turrets. They too held different species of grain, and the odds and ends of the household. But window there was none, and the furniture began and ended with a bed which lay in a corner, and served as table and chair, a low stool beside it, and a basket of clay hanging from the wooden rafters in which was a jar of milk.

The owner left us for a few minutes, to return with his only son and heir, his dearest possession, carried aloft in his arms. The child, who was sadly disfigured, like too many others, by small-pox, had been "playing at house" out of doors, in the dust, and refused to make a salaam or do anything but cry, till he was consoled by a large wooden animal, gorgeously painted in all the cardinal colors, and bearing an equal resemblance to a cow, an elephant, or horse. When he was appeased his mother led us to the courtyard. With much of the eloquence by which, even in this talkative country, the women are most distinguished, she expounded the use of all the articles which were grouped beside the fire, and worked the churn, pounded the grain with her pestle and mortar, and ground it in the quern as she was in the habit of doing daily.

The courtesy and ease with which we were received and entertained, contrasted not unfavorably with the laconic manners of our own country people in the same rank of life. Still, what a wide gulf lies between the races! There is no word for home in the Indian language. Family life does not exist, and all the friendly intercourse, the hundred little pleasures that spring from the exercise of heart and mind, and adorn existence, are unknown.

Above all, the legacy of truth and love, of kindness, peace and goodwill to men, which, however unworthily received, is yet the inheritance of Christendom, is still unshared by the millions of India.

As we left the village we heard the voices of some children, who were being taught to repeat passages from the Koran by rote, in a language they did not understand. That evening a bard came to our tent who sang an exposition of the Mahometan creed. His chant was upon two notes, and set forth that when all things were created, a temple was built upon which were written the deeds of mankind. Thousands of pillars support this tem-

ple, thousands of miles are between each pillar. On this a pen wrote for five thousand years, with one side, that "There is no God but God." Then the pen was asked what it should write with the other side. "Write," was the answer, "that Mahomet is the Prophet of God."

"So I sing every morning," said the bard, "and people hear me and say, 'Here is a good singer, let us give him some grain!'"

When darkness fell, and the sounds of life were hushed into silence, we heard his clear voice ringing through the still air the call to prayer from the mosque of the village.—*Good Words.*

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND'S "ASCENT OF MAN."*

BY THOMAS E. MAYNE.

WHEN Galileo made his famous discovery that the earth moves, he was, perhaps, not conscious how rapidly and irresistibly the world of mind progresses. The motion of thought is, indeed, like the rotation of the earth, always in a circle, but like the orbital motion of a globe it tends gradually to enlarge the ellipse. No more marked proof of this expansion of ideas can be found than in Professor Drummond's latest volume. Ideas which have been long combated by orthodox people as antagonistic to the principles of their religion are here welcomed and warmly assented to as the chief glory and support of faith. Nothing more remarkable has come under our notice for many months than this thorough and sincere acceptance of hypotheses which were for so long assumed to be destructive alike to religion and morality, if not demonstrably false.

Professor Drummond does not allow us for long to be in doubt as to his attitude toward Darwinism. His assent to every postulate and argument for it is complete and unmistakable. Seldom have we met with any one more heart-whole in his belief in the theory.

At times his enthusiasm breaks forth in a way which not even Darwin's strictest scientific disciples have often equalled. Professor Drummond is a notably eloquent writer, and his eloquence finds ample scope for employment in his admiration for the principles of Evolution, and in his endeavor to state the facts in the most clear and convincing manner. Like all eloquent men, he finds pleasure in looking at the matter from a broad, abstract, and poetic point of view. His book might be almost termed a song in praise of Darwin, or a poetic eulogy of the system of Evolution as set forth by him, and elaborated by his believers, including Huxley, Weismann, and Haeckel.

The idea that Evolution involves degradation of the human species, we are told, is a thoroughly mistaken one; on the contrary, it means elevation. The wonders of Evolution are more marvellous, more awe-inspiring, than the miracle of special acts of creation. Evolution readily assimilates with the idea of an all-wise Providence; it raises and purifies our ideas of the Creator; it assists us to form a just conception of the magnitude of the plan of life; it gives us graver and deeper ideas of the genesis of things. "Recall," says Professor Drummond, "the vast an-

* *The Ascent of Man.* By Henry Drummond. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

tiquity of the primal cell from which the human-embryo first sets forth. Compass the nature of the potentialities stored up in its plastic substance. Watch all the busy processes, the multiplying energies, the mystifying transitions, the inexplicable chemistry of this living laboratory. Observe the variety and intricacy of its metamorphoses, the exquisite gradation of its ascent, the unerring aim with which the one type unfolds—never pausing, never uncertain of its direction, refusing arrest at intermediate forms, passing on to its flawless maturity without waste, or effort, or fatigue. See the sense of motion at every turn, of purpose, and of aspiration. Discover how with identity of process and loyalty to the type, a hair-breadth of deviation is yet secured to each so that no two forms come out the same, but each arises an original creation, with features, characteristics, and individualities of its own. Remember, finally, that even to make the first cell possible, stellar space required to be swept of matter, suns must needs be broken up, and planets cool, the agents of geology labor millennium after millennium at the unfinished earth to prepare a material resting-place for the coming guest. Consider all this, and judge if creation could have a sublimer meaning, or the human race possess a more splendid genesis."

In his chapters on "The Ascent of the Body" and "The Scaffolding Left in the Body," Professor Drummond has collated a number of the most striking natural facts which are used in support of the theory of Evolution. His explanations, given often in the form of picturesque illustration, make his writing easy of comprehension to those who are unused to scientific study. He manages to give a very pleasant ring to the somewhat formidable paraphernalia of technical phrases with which scientists are apt to bestud their works. His evident aim is to allure the dubious reader—if such there be—to continue his research until he can load him with a few hard facts to carry away with him. In this he is likely to be eminently successful; for no one can introduce an irresistible truth in a gentler fashion than Professor Drummond.

While thus bearing testimony to the author's rare powers of rhetoric, we trust it will not be considered ungracious to say that only he could have written the present goodly-sized volume on its present lines without once making us aware that his own individual contribution of speculation to the subject is not by any means remarkably large. But, for his clear, careful and graceful enunciation of the truths of the great theory of development, every student of the earth and its history will, we think, be honestly grateful. Indeed, this book will be likely to succeed in cases where the works of Darwin himself might fail. It has nothing in it to shock the acute sensibilities of the ordinary prejudiced man. There are few remarks in it which are calculated to call forth a feeling of opposition. It is a well-known trait in human nature that a bare, absolute truth runs a considerable chance of being rejected, while the same truth a little gilded and disguised will be readily swallowed, especially if a good spoonful of jam accompanies it.

The jam in this instance is orthodoxy. The author's task is to reconcile the theory of the survival of the fittest, of ruthless extermination of the weaker forms, with a good and kindly purpose in Nature. Those laws which so many could scarcely fail to think cruel and relentless, he contends are in reality always benevolent and beneficial. One could wish for a more imposing array of facts to support this contention than the author has collected for that purpose; yet the attempt is made boldly and plausibly, and, for many reasons, there will be many found to think it convincing.

The pages which deal with the half-obliterated survivals of organs now no longer of use to man are intensely interesting. The remains of these outworn functionary limbs and appendages are ever and anon cropping up to startle the physician in different parts of the globe. It is seen that even monstrosities have a history, and that they are but the reappearance of organs which were once useful and necessary to mankind. Professor Drummond explains the existence of numerous appearances of this sort on the only ra-

tional grounds which science can find to explain them. He attributes them to a sudden and wonderful reversion, or partial reversion, to older forms of life, a fact scarcely more remarkable than that certain ornamental trees should "sport" back to their older and plainer forms. Every arboriculturist can bear witness to this latter fact as coming often under his own immediate observation. And the biologist no more hesitates to attribute club-foot to a revival of an earlier form of the life we now call human, than the ordinary intelligent farmer does the "sporting back" of his trees to a return to an earlier step in their growth. The internal evidences of the nature of survivals is strongly supplemented by the absolute ease with which they fit in with the whole scheme of Evolution as now understood. They are seen to be integral parts of that great system. The gill-slits in children—plainly remains of an ancient aquatic existence—the occasional appearance of a rudimentary ear in the neck, the disposition of hair on the body, as well as the abnormal quantities in which it sometimes grows—these, with a number of other natural facts adduced with much skill by the author, make up a body of facts which, he believes, must prove irresistibly convincing to all candid minds. He is of opinion that we will be blind indeed, if not wilfully dishonest, if we fail to find in all this a strong suspicion, at least, of our descent from animal progenitors. "With such facts before us," he says, "it is mocking human intelligence to assure us that Man has not some connection with the rest of the animal creation, or that the processes of his development stand unrelated to the other ways of Nature. That Providence, in making a new being, should deliberately have inserted these eccentricities, without their having any real connection with the things they so well imitate, or any working relation to the rest of his body, is, with our present knowledge, simple irreverence."

At one time the foolish jeers and taunts of the crowd were sufficient to deter even men of an independent cast of mind from giving an open assent to Darwinism. That men were directly

descended from monkeys—for such was, and even yet with some is, the only conception of Darwinism—seemed to be the epitome of all human absurdity and folly. Man, the "reformed ape," was a figure so prodigiously funny that even grave and wise men, it was thought, might be excused if they were obliged to hold their sides in an uncontrollable paroxysm of cachinnation. The laughter has passed away, and as fact after fact comes to light which goes to strengthen the already almost overwhelmingly strong case for Evolution, the wiseacres begin to look grave, and with solemn shakings of the head make believe that they have never laughed. As a plain matter of fact, which Professor Drummond points out in language which our rough pen cannot imitate, Darwin never said anything of this kind. He rather took care not to be misunderstood on the point; but if the people will have their joke, it is vain, nay, even unwise, to try and hinder them. What Darwin did say was that the man and the ape arose from some common ancestor. Man may have passed through a somewhat ape-like stage in his career of progressive development; but the man and the ape are not even close relations of the one family. They branched out untold ages back from a common stock or parentage, not simultaneously; possibly, the one long cycles of generations before the other; and each passed through vastly different circumstances, with dissimilar maturing and educating influences at work to bring them to their present stage of being. With our late comparatively large accretions of knowledge, this fallacious conception of Evolution may soon be expected to disappear, and the old joke to die out as something too outworn and stale for the age.

In his chapter on "The Arrest of the Body," Professor Drummond gives his reasons for supposing that man has reached his complete and final stage of development, and that beyond this there will be no further change. He has acquired, it is contended, a state of absolute fitness in relation to his altered and improved environment. He is perfect in so far as he is perfectly suited to the life he has now to lead.

No material improvement in his physical structure can be conceived to render him more comfortable or secure in his connection with external things. He is exactly adapted to meet all the accidents and chances which may befall him with the minimum of injury and the maximum of ease and *aplomb*. This is good and satisfying; but that his environment will always be the same, and consequently that his bodily structure will always be unchanged, is another matter, into which our author has not entered, nor apparently desired to enter.

He has given with exquisite clearness his reasons why the bodily organs should not have gone on strengthening and improving in endless degrees of power. While the eye was growing in complexity of mechanism and in acuteness of vision, the hands and the brain had not been idle. Man had invented tools, and henceforth they were to perform part of his work for him. He learned how to cut and polish pebbles, to make glass, to work in brass and other metals. In course of time he made the telescope, the field-glass, and a host of other sight-aiding articles. There was then no necessity for the eye of civilized man to outgrow the eagle's in power; his implements enabled him to dispense with any higher developments of sight. Savage man is notably superior in point of vision to the sophisticated man subject to a high degree of culture and refinement. Here then was the great secret of the Arrest of the Body: the body was supplemented and assisted by mechanical contrivances which continue to make further evolution unnecessary; and the moment development becomes unnecessary, it ceases.

When the point is reached at which the genesis and growth of Mind has to be considered, we might almost expect that one with Professor Drummond's reverence for traditional ideas with regard to special and immediate endowments of the faculties by a higher power, would hesitate before accepting the materialistic methods of science in explaining such phenomena. We might be disposed to think that some wavering would be noticeable before all the consequences of a thoroughgoing sub-

scription to the tenets of mind-evolution would be given. We should scarcely have been surprised, perhaps, if he had fallen back on one of the many subterfuges of religious people, who are inclined to believe in Evolution, but fear that their orthodoxy might suffer in consequence. Had he insisted that at this point Providence had stepped in with an immediate gift of intellect we should, on the whole, have considered it natural. He does not do so; and that he does not shows that he has come to the subject with a commendable lack of bias and with a determination to go wherever the greatest show of probability should lead him.*

He considers that there are five sources of information with regard to the past of mind. The first, the mind of childhood; the second, the minds of lower animals; the third, the weapons of primitive man; the fourth, the mind of a savage; and the fifth, language. He gives due weight to the difficulties besetting the path of any who desire to trace the progress of the mind from its lowest to its highest development. The birth of mind, or its connection with matter, he pronounces to be inscrutable. Mind has no vestigial structures remaining to show the different phases through which it has passed. There are no remains, no fossils, no traces by which we can see the stages of advancement as with palæolithic animals. But, among other things, pathology has given a significant hint of how it has been built up.

* In reference to the idea of Divine interferences in the scheme of Nature, note what is said in the last division of the book on "Involution":

"There are reverent minds who ceaselessly scan the fields of Nature and books of Science in search of gaps, gaps which they will fill up with God. As if God lived in gaps! What view of Nature or of truth is theirs whose interest in science is not in what it can explain but in what it cannot; whose quest is ignorance, not knowledge; whose daily bread is that the cloud may lift, and who, as darkness melts from this field or that, begin to tremble for the place of His abode? What needs altering in such finely zealous souls is at once their view of Nature and of God. Nature is God's writing and can only tell the truth. 'God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.'"

"When the mind is affected by certain diseases, its progress downward can often be followed step by step. It does not tumble down in a moment into chaos like a house of cards, but in a definite order, stone by stone, or story by story. Now, the striking thing about that order is, that it is the probable order in which the building has gone up. The order of descent, in short, is the inverse of the order of ascent. The first faculty to go, in many cases of insanity, is the last faculty which arrived; the next faculty is affected next; the whole spring unweaving, as it were, in the order and direction in which, presumably, it has been wound up. Sometimes, even in the phenomena of old age, the cycle may be clearly traced."

The gradual perfecting and growing complexity of the tools used by man are a proof of the gradual growth of mind. From the Stick Age to the age of the phonograph can be clearly traced the increasing strength of the human intellect. Existing races of men testify as clearly to the long career of brain-development through which the civilized white man has run. In the bush in Northern Queensland he will still find the native hunting and killing wallabies as one animal preys upon another, and with no better weapon than a knotted club. In intelligence he is but little above the brute which he pursues. Language shows unmistakable signs of its gradual, almost painful, increase in fluency and copiousness, and at the same time bears witness to the increasing powers of the mind which moulded it and gave it grace and beauty.

In the chapter on "The Struggle for Life" the necessity and usefulness of a constant state of strife among living things upon the earth is strongly emphasized. Nature gives man wants and desires in order that in the attaining of them all his physical and mental powers may be exercised. She implants the attribute of hunger that he may bestir himself to procure food, and so increase the flexibility and size of his muscles. He requires to be stimulated to constant exertion for the full development of all the organs of his system. Rest would mean retrogres-

sion; and so Nature has ordained that complete or lengthened rest shall be difficult or impossible. The goad is always applied for his good; the spur never pierces but when it is well for him to move faster. The principles of progress are hidden in the forces of compulsion. Left to itself Nature is inert and stationary, and it is necessary that the element of struggle should enter into life so as to ensure improvement and development. Though it may look cruel, and in some instances may actually be so, yet as a whole it is kindly and beneficent. Life, as a rule, is a fair fight. Death to the lower animals cannot have the terror of anticipation which it has to us. Death comes generally with merciful suddenness. And it is better to die than live a miserable life of inutility and unfitness. There is no such thing as the living of the unfit; when an animal is not suited to its surroundings, it dies. The idea of Nature as being instinct with implacable and murderous intentions is false. We must look to the results, and must not quarrel with a law which clears the earth of unsuitable and impotent forms of life. "Natural selection is the means employed in Nature to bring about perfect health, perfect wholeness, perfect adaptation, and, in the long run, the ascent of all living things."

Undoubtedly all this is in a certain degree, at least, true; but we are of opinion that the trampling out of the unfit forms of life involves a far greater expenditure of suffering than Professor Drummond is willing to allow. It is better to die than to drag out a useless, impotent existence; yet among men many are doomed to drag out just such an existence; men with weak physical or mental powers, who are yet perfectly conscious that they are not competent to compete successfully in the struggle. To come into this world with the seeds of consumption implanted in the body, and to know that one is doomed to extermination from the world of fitter forms, is a fate of drear bitterness to the victim, which the thought that he is making way for sounder bodies cannot be expected to alleviate much. To be incompetent in any walk of life, and to see others pass

one by without the slightest ability to prevent it, or to overtake them, again, is as the waters of Marah to many a soul. With the lower animals the pain of being supplanted may be greatly less, but it has a keen reality. No bird or insect can die without considerable pain, and often we believe the sufferings of these little creatures is prolonged. In a cold spring, in storms, or in a sudden change of the weather, thousands of small birds fall down helplessly and die. The fact that the strong survive should not make us overlook the suffering which the weak endure. This question need only be indicated; for example upon example might be given almost indefinitely of the unquestionably great sufferings of man and animals in their ceaseless and hopeless struggle with circumstances.

In the chapter on "The Struggle for the Life of Others," we find considerations which are, we believe, distinctly original contributions to the subject. Professor Drummond here introduces us to ideas which are entirely his own in conception as well as treatment. There is, he says, a principle innate in human nature which scientists, as a rule, have overlooked, whether wilfully or unwittingly it is impossible in all cases to decide. The rule of selfishness is at a certain point transcended by a higher rule—the rule of Altruism. The forces of Nature do not alone decide the actions of animals and of man in this late age of being. Selfism gives way to the power of Altruism. "Love," says Professor Drummond boldly, "is the greatest factor in the evolution of life. Since the budding of the earliest tiny protoplasmic cell, love has done its work in the perfecting of the race. Scientists have been to blame for not emphasizing this great fact. All the physical foundations, all the long slow development of animal organisms, all the laborious education of mind and muscle, were but preparations for this glorious crowning attribute, the spirit of Love or Altruism which was to make its abode in life, and turn it from a mean animal scramble for place and food, into a comprehensible, ordered, and moral state."

The most eloquent eulogy of love, however, in this connection proves

nothing. Professor Drummond bases his contention for an unselfish principle in Nature chiefly on the facts of nutrition and maternity. The plant before reproducing petals or leaves withers, casts off flowers and foliage, and sinks to a kind of death. The process of reproduction he regards as sacrificial. The flower dies that the seed may generate, grow, and be scattered broadcast. The ideas of sacrifice in connection with plant life, pleasing as it may be, strikes us as a little fanciful. We cannot conceive the idea of sacrifice apart from conscious, deliberate action, and we fail to find any ethical meaning in this instance, unless we regard it as a symbol or example of what human life *ought* to be. Plants and the lower animals store up food for their offspring, but they do so unconsciously, and the most that we are entitled logically to say of the matter is, that the provisions and adaptations of Nature are admirable and perfect.

The principle of the struggle for the life of others is exemplified in the care with which the mother insect hides her eggs from the eyes of creatures who would destroy them. The most careful mothers produce the most perfect progeny. The mother is the highest achievement of Evolution; she was required to give ethical purpose and value to life. The weakness of infants calls out, enforces the love and tenderness of the mother; thus Nature insists on the birth of love. This is the argument which Professor Drummond works out through many brilliant pages. He finds Nature everywhere insisting on love, enforcing Altruism, implanting and fructifying a system of Otherism through all life, by forces which are not to be resisted, by mandates which must not be gainsaid.

It would be but an ungracious task to write self where Professor Drummond has written selflessness; to insist that Maternity's love for progeny is but a kind of extended self-love; to show that Nature cannot mean the animal which is being exterminated by a stronger species to love its exterminator, or desire it or labor for it. It is unnecessary to speculate as to how often Nature fails in evoking real love for the offspring from the human heart.

It would be unpleasant to find how gross, sensuous, and careless love may be in the main itself, how little the child may be to the mother, how even maternal offices may, in many cases, be distasteful and ungrateful to her. Yet the fine diction of this book should not altogether cause us to overlook these facts, and we should consider them in connection with all Professor Drummond has got to say, else we will be in danger of building on half-truths, and in the end find our handsome edifice somewhat insecure.

Several things will no doubt strike

the reader in perusing this clever and eloquent book. One of them will be the skill with which the author has set forth all the salient points in the theory of Evolution; another will assuredly be that all that is of real value in these lectures could have been included in a volume of very much smaller bulk. The first, all students of the history of life upon this planet will be grateful for; and the second, most readers will excuse for sake of the pleasure to be derived from the perusal of its always interesting pages.—*Westminster Review*.

CHARACTER NOTE.

THE NEW WOMAN.

“L'esprit de la plupart des femmes sert plus à fortifier leur folie que leur raison.”

SHE is young, of course. She looks older than she really is. And she calls herself a woman. Her mother is content to be called a lady, and is naturally of small account. Novissima's chief characteristic is her unbounded self-satisfaction.

She is dark; and one feels that if she were fair she would be quite a different person. For fairness usually goes with an interest in children, and other gentle weaknesses of which Novissima is conspicuously innocent.

She dresses simply in close-fitting garments, technically known as tailor-made. She wears her elbows well away from her side. It has been hinted that this habit serves to diminish the apparent size of the waist. This may be so. Men do not always understand such things. It certainly adds to a somewhat aggressive air of independence which finds its birth in the length of her stride. Novissima strides in (from the hip) where men and angels fear to tread.

In the evening simplicity again marks her dress. Always close-fitting—always manly and wholly simple. Very little jewelry, and close-fitting hair. Which description is perhaps not technical. Her hands are steady and somewhat *en évidence*. Her attitudes are strong and independent, indicative of a self-reliant spirit.

With mild young men she is apt to be crushing. She directs her conversation and her glance above their heads. She has a way of throwing scraps of talk to them in return for their mild platitudes—crumbs from a well-stored intellectual table.

“Pictures—no, I do not care about pictures,” she says. “They are all so pretty nowadays.”

She has a way of talking of noted men by their surnames *tout court* indicative of a familiarity with them not enjoyed by her hearer. She has a certain number of celebrities whom she marks out for special distinction—obscurity being usually one of their merits.

Prettiness is one of her pet aversions. Novissima is, by the way, not pretty herself. She is white. Pink girls call her sallow. She has a long face, with a discontented mouth, and a nose indicative of intelligence, and too large for feminine beauty as understood by men. Her equanimity, like her complexion, is unassailable. One cannot make her blush. It is the other way round.

In conversation she criticises men and books freely. The military man is the object of her deepest scorn. His intellect, she tells one, is terribly restricted. He never eads—Reads, that is, with a capital. For curates she has

a sneaking fondness—a feminine weakness too deeply ingrained to be stamped out in one generation of advancement.

Literary men she tolerates. They have probably read some of the books selected out of the ruck for her approval. But even to these she talks with an air suggestive of the fact that she could tell them a thing or two if she took the trouble. Which no doubt she could.

Novissima's mother is wholly and meekly under Novissima's steady thumb. The respectable lady's attitude is best described as speechless. If she opens her mouth, Novissima closes it for her with a tolerant laugh or a reference to some fictional character with whom the elder lady is fortunately unacquainted.

"Oh, Mother!" she will say, if that relative is mentioned. "Yes; but she is hopelessly behind the times, you know."

That settles Novissima's mother. As for her father—a pleasant, square-built man who is a little deaf—he is not either of much account. Novissima is kind to him as to an animal ignorant of its own strength, requiring management. She describes him as prim, and takes good care, in her jaunty way, that no deleterious fiction comes beneath his gaze.

"He would not understand it, poor old thing!" she explains.

And she is quite right.

Young Calamus, the critic, has had a better education than Novissima's father. He knows half-a-dozen countries, their language and their literature. And he does not understand Novissima's fiction.

The world is apt to take Novissima at her own valuation. When she makes a statement—and statements are her strong point—half the people in the room know better, but make the mistake of believing that they must be wrong, because she is so positive. The other half know better also, but are too wise or too lazy to argue.

While on a visit at a great country house Novissima meets young Calamus, of whom she has spoken with an off-hand familiarity for years. The genial hostess, who knows Novissima's standpoint, sends young Calamus down to

dinner with her. He is clever enough for anybody, reflects my lady. And Novissima, who is delighted, is more than usually off-hand for the sake of his vanity. Calamus, as it happens, is perfectly indifferent as to what she may be thinking of him.

He is good-natured, and entirely free from self-consciousness. He is the real thing, and not the young man who is going to do something some day. He has begun doing it already. And there is a look in his keen, fair face which suggests that he intends going on.

Novissima's alertness of mind attracts him. Being a man, he is not above the influence of a trim figure and a pair of dark eyes. This is a study, and an entirely pleasant one, for Calamus is about to begin a new novel. He thinks that Novissima will do well for a side character, which is precisely that for which she serves in our daily life. She is not like the rest. But it is the rest that we fall in love with and marry.

Novissima has for the moment forced herself to the front of the stage; but in a few years she will only be a side character. Calamus knows this. He remembers the grim verdict of Dr. Kudos, his junior dean at Cambridge.

"Modern young woman! Yes; interesting development of cheap education; but she proves nothing."

Which is the worst of science. It looks upon us all as specimens, and expects us to prove something.

Novissima is pleased to approve of my lady's judgment in sending her down to dinner with Calamus. She feels that the other girls are a long way below his mental level—that they are wholly unfitted to manufacture conversation of a quality calculated to suit his literary taste.

Calamus happens to be rather a simple-minded young man. He has been everywhere. He has seen most things, and nothing seems to have touched a certain strong purity of thought which he probably acquired in the nursery. Men are thus. They carry heavier moral armor. Outward things affect them little. Novissima, on the other hand, is a little the worse for her reading.

She thinks she knows the style of talk that will suit him, and she is apparently wrong. For Calamus stares about him with speculative gray eyes. His replies are wholly commonplace and somewhat frivolous. Novissima is intensely earnest, and, in her desire to show him the depth of her knowledge, is not always discreet.

She talks of the future of women, of coming generations and woman's influence thereon.

"They had better busy themselves with the beginning of the future generation," says Calamus, in his half-listening way.

"How do you mean?"

"Children," explains Calamus in a single word.

Novissima mentions the name of one or two foreign authors not usually discussed in polite society in their own country, and Calamus frowns. She approaches one or two topics which he refuses to talk about with a simple bluntness.

He is hungry, having been among the turnips all day. He has no intention of treating Novissima to any of those delightfully original ideas which he sells to a foolish public at so much a line.

During the whole visit Novissima and Calamus are considerably thrown together. Gossips say that she runs after him. He is superficially shallow, and refuses to be deep. She is superficially deep, and betrays her shallowness at every turn. He remembers Dr.

Kudos, and makes himself very agreeable. She is only a side character. She proves nothing.

Then Calamus packs up his bag and goes back to town. There he presently marries Edith, according to a long-standing arrangement kept strictly to themselves.

Novissima is rather shocked. She feels, and says, that it is a pity. Edith is a tall girl, with motherly eyes and a clear laugh. She has no notion how clever Calamus is, and would probably care as much for him if he were a fool.

Novissima says that Mr. Calamus has simply thrown away his chance of becoming a great man. She says it, moreover, with all her customary assurance, from the high standpoint of critical disapproval that is hers. And Calamus proceeds to turn out the best work of his life-time, while Edith busies herself with mere household matters, and laughs her clear laugh over a cradle.

There is something wrong somewhere. It cannot, of course, be Novissima, for she is so perfectly sure of herself. Possibly it is Calamus who is wrong. But he is quite happy, and Edith is the same.

It is only Novissima who is not content. Dr. Kudos was right. She proves nothing. She has tried to prove that woman's mission is something higher than the bearing of children and the bringing them up. But she has failed.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

IMPRESSIONS OF [RAJPUTANA—A DAY IN CAMP.

BY ALICE CAMERON.

"We hold India," said the young civilian excitedly, as he helped himself to quail, "we hold India in trust for civilization: our rule here, when once the native has learned our lesson, will be a mere wanton exercise of power"—and he defied us with a burning eye, viewing us one and all as apostles of oppression; "our interests, forsooth, require India as an outlet for our surplus population," he continued with a scornful snort, "it is late in the day

for such primitive morality; the weak have been too long sacrificed to the strong; I believe the time to be at hand when my convictions will be common, when no man will dare to subordinate to *his*, the interests of other races; no, nor those even of the so-called lower animals!"

"Look at your plate," I said severely; and his eyes rested on a curious "Amen" to his peroration; on something hot, on toast, with palpable body,

limbs and head, very like a "so-called lower animal."

"On juge comme on peut ;
On fait ce qu'on veut !"

chuckled the Resident, and the young civilian, a charming Scotch lad, fresh from Cambridge, entered thoroughly, blushing and laughing, into the humor of his position. Ursula insisted nevertheless that we should testify our mutual goodwill by shaking hands !

Servants in spotless linen fluttered about the yellow-lined tent, handing dainties, how procured in this vast wilderness puzzled Ursula and me ; through the "chics" of scented grass we could see a quiet pinkish desert, spotted by low bushes ; long rows of horses fastened with head and heel ropes ; and bunches of camels, sitting on the sand in paroxysms of ill-temper, subjecting each other to every indignity malignant familiarity could devise ; they recalled to Ursula's mind certain charitable working parties of good old ladies she had frequented in her youth.

While my friend and I were performing the ritual of reconciliation, a cry was heard in the compound ; an electric shock of intelligence passed through all our servants ; one of whom with elaborate composure lingeringly left the tent, while the others devoted themselves with feverish assiduity to the service of the Resident and the young civilian. The cries were redoubled ; became obviously feminine ; the two Englishmen hurried out, but soon returned, the young man on fire with righteous indignation. It appeared that a young kitmagar (a table attendant), a relation of one of the dignified gentlemen then waiting on us, had that morning visited a garden, and notwithstanding the remonstrances of a seven year old child, had cut down or dug up its entire contents, and when its owner, a widow, returned, she found her little domain desolate. The excited creature had forced a way into our camp, and had almost reached our tent, when she was seized by the upper servants (many of them related by blood to the culprit), and but for her outcries would have been forcibly ejected. The Englishmen found her,

a tragic figure, with flying locks, and two little naked boys clinging to her knees, resisting her oppressors, whose fingers must have itched to silence her with the violence they dared not use.

It was amusing to think of the mental tortures our decorous waiters must have endured when the Resident laid down his knife and fork and gave ear to the clamor, whose purport they understood ; and we laughed as we recalled the *empressement* with which they had tried to divert his attention by drinks and sauces !

The young civilian's eyes glittered with zeal ; and Sir James too was glad that an incident should have occurred which would give him an opportunity of teaching his servants how stiffly he was disposed to treat any outburst of their predatory instincts. It was arranged that directly after breakfast a public court of justice should be held, in which the case of the widow against kitmagar should be heard, and that if she should be able to prove her case, the man was to pay her the full value of the stolen vegetables, have a month's imprisonment, and four beatings, one a week, and be dismissed from the Resident's service.

The young civilian was for inflicting the utmost penalties of the law ; but I observed that the beating stuck in his throat ; it seemed a brutal anachronism ; "the use of the imperative mood in an acute form," he said to me afterward meditatively, "still survives and seemingly has its uses—in the East."

The rapacity and dishonesty of their servants is a great difficulty to Indian officials ; all small money matters pass through their hands, to which not a little adheres ; they are able to give and withhold access to the Sahib, deriving profit therefrom, and, like Gehazi, do not hesitate to receive in their master's name the gift he has touched and returned.

As for ourselves, we were passing through the land like a flight of locusts, devouring everything. Our camp, consisting of ourselves, our personal servants, our horses' servants, our camel-drivers, the native officials, and their belongings (wives, servants, etc.), the office and its adjuncts, must

have numbered about two hundred persons; the villagers in whose neighborhood we pitched were obliged to provide us with wood, milk, eggs, water, fowls, and meat (of which in the desert there is but a limited supply), for a consideration doubtless, but for a consideration the amount of which was practically fixed by our servants, and very constantly mulcted by them; so constantly, indeed, that Sir James, in order to check the abuse, before he left the camp, himself publicly paid the whole sum over to the Hakim (or head of the village), by that means making sure that the money, even though it never eventually reached its rightful owners, was at any rate spent in their neighborhood; and making also a public acknowledgment of the English principle (so different from that of the native rulers) that the rights of property must be respected, *even* by the Government.

Thefts are a common feature of camp life; and the tents being open, and surrounded by a miscellaneous collection of human beings, it is difficult to detect the thief.

Shortly before our arrival there had been a serious one, and the object stolen had been recovered by a singularly barbaric expedient. Sir James's sister had lost a ring, valuable in itself, and invaluable to her; search was made, inquiries instituted, but no clew was discovered.

Then Sir James called the camp together; said the ring was somewhere in their midst; that on this occasion he had no intention of punishing the thief; his sole desire was to recover the ring; that in the afternoon the company was to reassemble, every man bearing in his hand a *gurrah* (an earthen pitcher) full of earth; he directed that these should be thrown one by one on to a heap; each *gurrah* was then to be broken, and examined; if the ring were found in one, well and good, no inquiries should be made—the incident was at an end; but if, on the other hand, no ring were found, *garde à vous*, the camp would become familiar with the scourging of scorpions. In the afternoon the ceremony took place, and sure enough in one of the pots was the ring!

NEW SERIES.—VOL LX., No 5.

It had been arranged that Ursula and I should drive some twelve miles directly after breakfast, to Sadri, a great Jain temple, which Sir James thought would make an excellent and characteristic subject for a sketch; I had my doubts; an architectural subject at noon, to be disposed of in three hours, sounded formidable.

As we dressed we were besieged by petitioners, imploring our intervention in behalf of the young kitmagar; my ayah especially, bathed in tears, and with curious impassioned gestures (in which the palm of her hand flung outward, the fingers bent back almost to a right angle, took a prominent part) implored me to intercede for him. "The Resident," she said, was "a man of iron, but a word in the Sahib's ear from the Miss Sahib," and her nephew would be pardoned. I assured her that "the word in the ear" was not to be thought of, and quite valueless, even if uttered. Then she burst into fresh lamentations. "How would she go back to her 'gorm' (village) and say to the old man, the lad's father: 'Your son, who left you under our protection, is in prison, and out of the Sahib's favor!'" and she drew a picture recalling that ancient Sunday story of my youth, of the ten brethren who left one of their number a prisoner and a hostage in a far country, and of the old father's sorrow. "Me have ye bereft of my children . . . my son shall not go down with you, for his brother is dead, and he only is left; if mischief befall him in the way by which ye go, then shall ye bring down my gray hairs with sorrow to the grave!"

Ursula too was beset by her ayah, who was also related to the delinquent; everywhere we were met by deeply bowing servants, and the formula, "a word in the Sahib's ear." Their notions of justice were elementary, and their belief in petticoat influence both strong and, as it appeared, widely spread, for as the young civilian put us into the bullock-cart he placed in our hands three petitions, one of them directed to Sir James's sister—"To the honored Miss Sahib of Sir James Stacey, Resident of Jodhpur."

They ran as follows:—

HONORED MISS,—Your humble petitioner beg to get the private help in my sad miserable state, as follows, that I was betruthe at first, through my mother's mother, with the man named Nagori Ganesha of Pali, but he was dismissed when he became out of our caste, and his ornaments was returned back from my parent, through which he was given; but he did not take back his ornament by way of his dishonesty.

He claimed in the Court, and by several tricks he gained the decree of the case as he wished, and brought the heavy force of Hakim on my whole family. Then the ornament which was denied came in expenses in this dispute and calamity. I got flee from parents, and by the fear of being out-caste with the man who was betruthe first and claimed on the Court, I having forsook to all, I went alone to the Temple of Bhainsargari, two miles afar from City Pali, where I married with the young man named Marta Moolchand of Pali, chancely, by my own accord.

Now the Hakim of Pali has made us prisoners in our great crime, I having got release on surety, I request to your benevolent feeling for soliciting to release us both, the innocents, because we have done our marriage as contently, out of the city and houses, and also out of the will of our parents, like the Europeans.

If there is some crime, then is upon my parents we both are free from being the Plaintiff and the Defendant. Therefore I beg your helping solicit in this miserable state (honored Miss), in our successfulness we shall ever pray to God for your health, wealth and prosperity.

We are both quite poor and innocents in this case.

I beg to remain, Miss,

Your most obedient and humble subjects the Panoori, daughter of Naghi and wife of Marta Moolchand of Pali.

The next petition, also written by the Pali scribe, was from the girl's mother, and was directed to "Sir James Stacey, Esq."

HONORED SIR,—I humbly beg to state that first I had betruthe of my daughter named Panoori with the man Nagori Ganesha of Pali; but when he was found out of the caste, and an old age, then I denied of the betruthing with him, and returned back the whole ornaments which he had given me through my mother, in this tire, but he denied to take back the ornaments by way of mischief, and did not mind about it. He withdrew his case to the Court, by every trick he did gain the decree of his claim as he had to do, and brought the whole forces of Hakim on me, the helpless poorer; then that ornament which he had denied to take back was expanded fully in this disputing, and I fell into such a pit of poverty that I could not support my girl or myself.

In this fasting state I told to the girl, my daughter, "I cannot support to thee; go out of my house and live where you like."

In this time of calamity she fled, and went to Bhainsargari, the holy temple two miles distance from City Pali, where she was married to another man, named Marta Moolchand, contently by chance, from the terror of Hakim and the fear of being out of the caste with the man who had got the decree of Hakim in this case.

Now are they both in great fault, and made severe prisoners by Hakim, yet my girl has now release on surety. Now, therefore, I request that they are both the out-of-any faults, because I am the only sufferer of the crime; what punishment will be, I shall undergo it.

There is no any case with my son-in-law and daughter, because they both married together on their own accord they their selves.

Now your Honor will be just enough to release them both, that they, both poor, will ever pray to God for your health, wealth and prosperity.

Your most obedient and humble subject Naghi, wife of Lucki Ram, mother of the married girl.

The third letter was from the married man, to the Resident.

HONORED SIR,—I humbly beg to inform your Honor that all men knowing I was a very poor man of twenty two years old, and had no wife yet, nor its hopes, because of hard poverty.

But by the grace of Almighty Creator I found chancely such a wife in the wilderness, who was bidden to go anywhere, and do what she wishes; she was driven out of her parents' house. I, the poor one, had no money sum of a few annas, so I got the marriage in free, without being the expenses of money, by reason of the gladness of my wife, and her mother, etc., in this matter. But Hakim of Pali has imprisoned us both.

Sir, we are both the ignorant and the innocent; if there is fault of anything then it is upon the head of the parent of the girl, because us both were the anter (?) and wanderer of the houses, and what we have done is contently done, as well as in the European custom.

Therefore I beg now through your justice to order to release us both, the innocents, that we having success will earn my (!) food, and shall ever pray to God for your Honor's health, wealth and prosperity.

I beg to remain, Sir,

Your most humble and obedient subject,

MARTA MOOLCHAND OF PALI.

We afterward learned that the bride, thus "chancely" and "contently" made, was only eleven years old, and that the practice of describing irregular marriages as "after the European custom" (save the mark!) is quite the "last thing" in appeals, and is considered a most touching bid for English sympathy. I do not know the sequel of this astonishing fragment of social history, which we discussed as we jolted

along a rough cart-track, ploughing through sand, foundering on rocks, and landing with a succession of thumps at the bottom of sudden drops.

Outside the windows the air vibrated with heat; the country was flat and sandy, spotted with a yellow flowering shrub, and occasional clusters of houses, grouped round a tall pagoda-ed Hindoo temple, or a banyan-tree, among whose pendulous roots parrots flitted, and at whose base was the linga, or a roughly-hewn idol of stone, half man, half brute, and wholly monstrous, the stones about it ghastly with daubs of red and yellow paint. Near these centres of life, peacocks (by virtue of their beauty, holy birds) uttered their discordant cries, and spread their gorgeous plumage in the sunshine. Standing on rough walls made of mud, held together with straw (like the Israelites' Egyptian bricks), the prismatic brilliancy of their "thousand eyes" thrown into high relief against its plain yellow surface, or with fanned tails and fantastically tufted heads silhouetted against the brazen sky, they posed and reposed themselves, apparently with a delighted consciousness of their own decorative value.

"As vain as a peacock," murmured Ursula pensively, "happy birds!"

I remember another scene which also seemed to have been designed with decorative intention, so harmonious were its colors, so selected its lines. It was on the Himalayas: autumn had set the hillsides on fire; chestnuts stretched their myriad hands into the sunshine, hands drawn with the delicacy and detail of the pre-Raphaelites, and dipped in Rossetti's passionate color; yellow leaves (the strong yellow of gold, of crocus, of sunflowers, of corn at sunset), dashed with blood-red and rose, and subdued with russet, crossed and recrossed each other in a bewildering confusion of finely-etched lines; against and through them, with wide blue wings extended, floated a pair of jays; their metallic brilliancy was defined with the trenchancy of steel, or of flame, against the intricate sylvan background, and lowered the tone of the glowing leaves from fire to yellow; much as a cimeter, flashing in the sunlight, reconverts the gorgeous

trappings of a camel into mere cloth. For strength of color the scene was amazing.

The country outside the villages was stamped with the hall-mark of superstition; traces of nightmare terrors stared on us from the rocks, or fluttered from the trees; stones of strange shape, or an unusual position, were smeared with paint, or touched into a vague elusive likeness to some animal form; rags fluttering from tree-tops, and chains suspended from tree to tree, and leapt on by monkeys, marked the home of some spirit or demon.

It was difficult to keep one's self free from a certain eerie terror as one jolted through this hobgoblin haunted land, where a rock, barely rising through the dust, was painted on its flattened top with concentric circles, and gazed into the sky with the unwinking eye of a sand demon; and another rock, knobly and overhanging the road, leered on to us with one yellow eye and white fangs; and yet another, recalling to the eye of fear, and in certain aspects only, the crouched body of a panther, was covered with yellow spots, and the sand at its feet ensanguined—with blood or paint? I know not which.

The land was tragic with fear, and with man's terrified effort to propitiate. It is inevitable that the Hindoo, "moving in worlds not realized," struggling with want, and ground down by a whimsical despotism, should view all power as "Probably Malevolent," and hasten to conciliate any unaccountable or powerful thing.

The Anthropomorphism of Hindooism, *i.e.*, of "Panteism, expressed polytheistically," is singularly various in consequence both of its great age (which has given it time to assimilate the most heterogeneous beliefs) and the immense variety both in race and civilization of the worshippers sheltering behind its pale, from the weltering ocean of mere formless superstition on one hand, and the abstract godless creed of Buddhism on the other. It sinks in its lower manifestations very readily into fetichism.

We all have, I believe, our feet pretty firmly on the rock-bed of superstition; the English nurse who slaps "the

naughty stone" on which her charge has hurt itself; the big gifts, "fire insurance," made by the repentant to charities; even the hardly-controllable impulse which makes us grown-up children "very good" in times of great personal need, lest by any means we fail to extract something from Somebody, are all expressions of the instinct which makes the ignorant Hindoo who has broken his leg on a rock, or who has seen his child unaccountably stricken by death, anoint the unpropitious locality with paint, and on future occasions bow to that home or manifestation of a short-tempered deity: to do "poujah," he observes, is easy, and it is only common sense to keep on the right side of gods who may mark their displeasure by a plague of cholera or by a famine; and whose hideous images, with multitudinous misplaced eyes, from whose sidelong and backward gaze there is no refuge; with many clutching hands, in which there is no mercy; and many feet, from whose pursuit is no escape; have scared his imagination, filling him with nameless terrors, terrors we can only find paralleled by our nursery nightmares, our fear of the devil with his bag, the ogre with his "Fee Foo Fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman," and the panic inspired by the "long red-legged scissor man."

I once heard a missionary lady address a truckful of people, train after train load of whom were making a pilgrimage to Hardwar, to bathe in the Ganges. These people camp by the thousand on the banks of the river; filthy villages spring up, and they are shortly decimated by cholera. She besought them to turn back to their houses, and instead of bathing their bodies in water, to bathe their souls in the love of God, and to live henceforth holy and unselfish lives. "Yes, Lady Sahib," they cried with one accord, "you speak true words, to please your God, we will make our souls clean; but we must bathe in our god's river, too, or he will be angry and make us suffer."

There was something touching in the quick childlike response of these poor people to the missionary's emotion; there is hope for these children of la-

bor; they are not innately evil as are many of their rulers. "Not liking your religion," said a rajah, "three gods, one wife; very bad; better liking one god, three wives." It were difficult for that rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.

Presently we skirted along low-lying hills, covered with bare scrub, but brilliant at their base with little trees, on fire with a magnificent pea-like blossom about twelve inches long, salmon-pink in color, delicate, yet vivid as flame, and of the texture of fine velvet, enclosed in a bronze-green plush-like sheath. Ursula was in ecstasies, and, to the dismay of our driver, we got out to pick some, although the sun was perilously hot. We found a dead creeper festooned about the branches of the tree, with long, fine, pendulous tendrils, at the end of which vibrated exquisitely decorative pods, two on a stem, and strongly curved like cimeters; we also found at its root a wee fern (a true fern, not a grass), about six to nine inches high, and shaped precisely like a cocoanut palm-leaf.

From the hills we dropped into a narrow but unimposing valley, threaded by a slender stream; a very little further jolting brought us to Sadri.

The first objects that met our eyes, and a grateful sight they were, were white tents pitched in the dense shade of a banyan tree, bowing servants, and a pretty luncheon table, bright with rosy blossoms. On entering we found that hot baths had been prepared for us, also beds, very inviting to weary frames which had been roughly shaken for three hours.

I contrasted this luxury very pleasantly with the hardships of some European sketching expeditions of recent date; with a certain day in August, when I had wandered all over Romney Marsh carrying my easel, my sketching umbrella, my paint-box, and a large canvas, which, under the onslaughts of a high wind, reared and struggled in my grasp like a restive pony; or with another day in Brittany, when I battled with my paraphernalia in a similar wind, among smoking sand dunes, and arrived at my destination with trembling hands, and a temper which precluded painting, and I be-

took myself instead to gritty sandwiches !

However, those days, though laborious, produced results : whereas today— !

Although eminently disinclined after a long and rough drive, a hot bath, and lunch, I sallied conscientiously forth into the pink glare, gazed hopelessly at a confused pile of burning stones, of quaint but not imposing architecture, huddled against the steep hillside, and either obscured by trees, or weltering in sunshine ; selected a singularly unattractive point of view, because it permitted me to sit in the shade ; and returned with a groan to my tent for materials ; there temptation overpowered me. Ursula was already lapped in sweet sleep ; in a moment of weakness I allowed myself to drop into a deck-chair ; after that, I knew no more ; thick darkness fell upon me. My next recollection is of a violent shake from Ursula, and of her panting cry, " What shall we do ? What shall we say ? " as she pointed tragically out of the tent ; and to my dismay, through the " chics " I saw the heated faces of the Resident and the young civilian leisurely dismounting, and realized that we had been literally " caught napping ! "

Our position was undeniably embarrassing ; we were, however, indulgently treated ; the Resident was perhaps a little severe, though a certain play of his eyebrows and a twinkle in his eye reassured us ; while the young civilian threw his frank boyish laughter, and his loud " By Jove ! I do call that good ; they have been asleep, and have painted nothing ! " like a cloak over our shamefacedness.

We took tea in the delicious shade of the banyan-tree, whose pendulous roots never cease to fascinate me. It is refreshing to a creature of the nineteenth century, accustomed to civilized trees, who have universally decided that roots produce the best results when applied to earth, and with common convention hide them underground, to meet with a primitive tree, who, not so advanced, allows its roots to wave from its topmost boughs, and to hang in elf-like wisps of tangled hair in the sunshine. These much in-

dulged roots justify their upbringing, for when at last they reach the earth and gain strength from the contact, they solidify into great tree stems, and form colonnades of pillars supporting vast leafy domes.

The country is full of pleasant hints of " survival. " Its customs take one back to the days of Samson, and Jael ; but this tree, with its Irish dishabille and airy roots, belongs surely to those sinful times of Noah's youth which resulted in the Flood !

After tea we adjourned to the temple, at the door of which, to our dismay, we were asked to take off our boots ; this was troublesome, as they were high and buttoned, and we were neither of us provided with button-hooks ; we, however, assented smilingly, and bore the cold upward chill of the marble below our stockinged feet as well as we might, though Ursula foresaw a legacy of endless ailments, and wanted to take quinine on the spot.

Thus poorly shod, we stepped into a fantastic confusion of arches and colonnades, leading the eye down intricate vistas to a central shrine, where in lamp-dotted gloom towered the sculptured saint-god.

The walls and ceiling were not merely ornamented, they were essentially ornament ; the very arches sprang from their capitals with the contortions of a juggler, and by *tour de force* held their abnormal and amazing positions ; every inch of stone was pierced into an intricate network of interlacing lines.

There was no touch of religious feeling, no aspiring line, no far-reaching curve in all the building ; the main lines were horizontal, level ; the pillars were divided into horizontal segments, covered with a rich embroidery of serpentine lines ; the arches and domes were formed by large overlapping horizontal stones encrusted with decorations and pendants, twisted, fluted, and convoluted into a myriad voluptuous forms, inspired by a merely sensuous pleasure in life, a pleasure distasteful to the more ascetic, reticent Western taste, and fitted rather to figure as a background to bodily enjoyment, to decorate a bath or a banquet hall

rather than the shrine of an ascetic saint.

Religion, indeed (except in the images of the saints), was conspicuously absent, religion

" . . . as at any rate I understand it,
With its humiliations and exaltations combining,
Exaltations sublime, and yet diviner abasements,
Aspirations from something most shameful here upon earth and
In our poor selves, to something most perfect above in the heavens."

On the contrary, there was a delighted acceptance of the earth and its lowest pleasures, their baseness, their inadequacy, accentuated rather than refined by the voluptuous art which proclaimed them.

That night I dreamed of an Oriental Apollo, whose piping had called together all the reptiles of the earth ; and as they raised themselves in disgusting and impotent adoration, twisted and knotted together in upward striving masses ; as they fell back to earth in struggling curves, or hung in wriggling clots from the ceiling, froze them into stone, a cynical lesson of the relation between worship and worshipper. This dream was exaggerated, but it expressed the essence of my impression of the temple.

In the midst of these serpentine contortions were human figures, in which the divinity of the human form was lost, and the animal man, with the stain of sin added to the brutality of the brute, stood forth in all his repulsiveness.

In the heart of this nest of unclean life was the shrine, containing four colossal figures, facing toward the four quarters ; figures carved in jade, and enriched with precious stones, sitting cross-legged in the conventional attitude of contemplation, frozen in calm, strong in the passionless dignity of humanity purged from desire.

As I looked from these great symbols of asceticism, of the peace of selflessness, of the life found only by those who have lost their lives, to the base wriggings of the stone imprisoning them, I thought I caught a hint of the artist's meaning : " Choose ye this day which ye shall serve," he seemed to

say, " the body which we share with the beasts, with its passions, its desires, its fruitless aspirations, its degrading backslidings ; or the spirit, painless, selfless, mystic, wonderful !"

The temple, like the gargoyles outside our Western cathedrals, was but a symbol of things unholy ; and the gigantic image of the Divine Man, like the Divine in man, or man in life, was girt about with evil.

Through the open arcades and the pierced ceiling I could see the blue sky, the glittering leaves, and hear the songs of birds.

" And I smiled to think God's greatness flows
around our incompleteness,
Round our restlessness, His rest."

When we entered the temple a service was going on, " ordered" for our delectation, I believe, by one of our native A.D.C.'s, a prominent and wealthy Jain ; but on our appearance it ceased ; the musicians arose, salaamed, and vacated the space they were occupying before the image (much to the annoyance, I should imagine, of the god, who was sitting at the receipt of compliments), and it was only at Sir James's earnest request that the ritual was continued.

The service was chiefly one of song ; the musicians sat on a carpet spread before the figure, playing from written music, a sort of Gregorian chant, on every variety of strange instrument. When it ceased, a priest (with muslin bound over his mouth to prevent the accidental destruction of insect life), accompanied by acolytes, waving peacock fans, went forward, burnt incense and poured out an offering of rice ; he afterward painted mystic marks in red and yellow on the brows of some ascetics, slightly clad in maize-colored muslin drawn about the waist, and muslin mouth-coverings.

Attached to the temple were cloisters, bordered with shrines, containing precisely similar images of Tirthankara, the Jina to whom the Sadri Temple is especially dedicated ; these shrines are not places of prayer, they are merely monumental compliments, and their erection is held to be meritorious.

" Beastly place," said the young civilian, to my surprise and pleasure,

as we left the temple ; but Sir James was fervent in his admiration of its intricate and voluptuous ornament ; though I feel sure that it involved in both its aspects—its view of life on earth as essentially vile, and of salvation as self-centred—a standard of conduct he would have repudiated ; a further proof that the Scotch are a masculine race, only capable of perceiving through the intellect ! The young civilian's mother was Irish, but his Scotch blood soon asserted itself, and he favored us with a series of incontrovertible facts relating to the Jains, who we learnt were a religious sect whose origin was contemporaneous with that of the Buddhists, but who survived their extinction in India. Jainism, like Buddhism, dispenses with a personal god, and teaches that a man's actions, and not the will of an external deity, fashion his future ; but this abstract religion (philosophy rather) is humanized by the introduction of twenty-four Jinas or "just men made perfect," who are worshipped under the titles of "Lord of the World," "Freed from ceremonial acts," "All-knowing," "He who has conquered all human passions," etc. It teaches a high morality, reverences the vital principle, is charitable, and its followers are the principal supporters of the Beast Hospitals of India ; nevertheless, at the temple gate sat a slightly clad quondam worshipper, sharpening the goad (a stick from the end of which a nail protruded) with which his sacred bullock was to be urged as it conveyed him homeward. The poor beast's haunches were already bleeding. The young civilian said that this was precisely the type of incident which was likely to induce hasty generalizations in the feminine mind !

As the evening fell we turned our backs forever on Sadri, Ursula and the young civilian riding off in high spirits, while the Resident and I followed, more soberly but perhaps less safely, in a dog-cart ; a couple of almost unbroken-in arabs, tandem, made driving in those rough hill-roads a perilous but delightful pastime, and it took all Sir James's skill to pilot us safely back to the desert.

The moment of peril and pleasure

was reached an hour later, when the inhabitants of a little fortified village, not contented with turning out and firing a volley (to English words of command) in our honor (on which our horses threw themselves on their haunches, and notwithstanding the grooms hanging on them like leeches, pawed ineffectively at the sky), discharged an ancient piece of brazen artillery right into our faces. Like an arrow from a bow we shot into space. I could not help laughing as the air whistled past my ears, and the road swept back from my companion's set face. An obstacle in the road—a pig, a cart, or a dry stream bed—and we should have been lost ; the way, however, was clear, and under the Resident's firm guidance our animals recovered the command of their startled nerves.

As we drove along I listened to stories which might have been inserted into the Books of Samuel or Judges, and the interpolation detected only by experts. I learned that David was merely a big Dacoit, and that his history formed the ground plan (so to speak) of the rise and struggle of most Rajput Court favorites.

A man, generally of mean extraction, would rise to high position through the Maharajah's favor, won in the first instance often, as in David's case, by his pluck and personal charm. One day some chance incident would rouse the king's jealousy, and he would fall into unaccountable disfavor ("and from that day forth Saul eyed David continually"), disfavor indicated by constant attempts on his life ; ("And Saul cast a spear, for he said, I will smite David, even to the wall ; and David avoided out of his presence twice." "And Saul spake to Jonathan his son, and to all his servants, that they should slay David.") In time the discarded favorite would judge by these acute symptoms of distaste that his day was over, and fly to the hills for safety, summoning unto him "his brethren and all his father's house," also "all those who were in distress, and every one who was in debt, and every one who was discontented, and he gathered them unto him, and he became a captain over"

these social failures : the British Government makes short work of these Caves of Adullum, and of the political officer in whose district they occur.

A little guerilla war generally ensued, precisely on the Israelitish pattern ; the villagers and petty chiefs had all to take sides, though many a man would, like Nabal, " feel his heart die within him and become as stone," for his position between the Maharajah and the refugee was that of the corn between the upper and nether grindstone. If he declined to help the rebel, he would swear like David, " God do so, and more also, if I leave of that pertain unto him by morning light so much as one man child ;" and if he threw in his lot with the ex-favorite, the Maharajah would cry, " Why hast thou conspired against me, in that thou hast given him bread and a sword ? Thou shalt surely die !" with the sequence (" and he fell upon them, and slew on that day four score and ten persons . . . and their city he smote with the edge of the sword, both men and women, children and sucklings, and oxen, and asses, and sheep").

These wars of plunder and reprisal were often protracted by outbursts of chivalry, either party refraining his hand in the Day of Opportunity, as when David spared the sleeping Saul, but took his spear and cruse of water. In the fulness of time, however, either the rebel defeated his king, and like David reigned in his stead ; or the king effaced the rebel ; or more commonly the rebel settled down on the wrecks of the villages he had destroyed, became tributary to the king, and founded a line of feudal Thakors.

What trouble the settlement of Palestine in the days of the judges or early kings would have given a British political officer ! I can imagine the young civilian's sympathetic handling of Samson, when he was tried for the murder of the thirty young men he killed for the sake of their clothes, with which he paid a debt of honor, a bet lost through the treachery of his wife. I doubt, however, if any witnesses could now be found bold enough to testify against the murderer of a thousand men, slain, according to his own account, in a song of Homeric self-

satisfaction, with the jawbone of an ass.

" With the jawbone of an ass have I slain
heaps upon heaps,
With the jawbone of an ass have I slain a
thousand men."

I can also imagine the Resident's impassive composure as he condemned Abimelech to death, for the murder of his seventy brothers, on one stone ; commenting dryly on his evil record of raids, of cities destroyed and their sites sown with salt, and the stress he would lay on the burning of the tower of Sichem, in which a thousand women and men perished.

I expect no more instructive reading could be found for the student of Rajput history than the books of Judges, Samuel and Kings, Ruth and Esther ; they pulsate with hot, treacherous, Oriental blood ; and in them we come close to the passions which move a primitive people, to their iniquities, their superstitions, their heroisms, to their poetic consciousness of God, and of the ties of nationality and family.

At sunset we came across the long cavalcade of our moving camp ; all our morning's paraphernalia of life—tents, food, utensils—was to be carried past us in the night, and to be found by us to-morrow after our early morning's ride, our tents pitched, our baths prepared, our books even, and the " Miss Sahib's" sketches arranged, upside down, on our tables.

The Eastern sky was a delicate bird's-egg green, fading into canary yellow on the horizon ; round us, edged by the blue Aravallis, lay the golden desert, vast and level as the sea ; and across it the long smoke-like cloud of sand made by our caravan, as it won its dusty way toward the sunset, flamed like Moses' " Pillar of Fire," its little particles transfigured into flakes of rose and gold by the rays of the sinking sun. Through this sun-flushed sand-smoke appeared quaint forms of camels, grotesquely burdened with tents, boxes, brightly dressed women, and little children ; high-stepping horses snorted in the dust, gayly caparisoned in orange or grass-green, or turquoise, or all three with strings of beads round their necks, and ridden by men clad in purple and fine linen, carrying guns and cimeters,

even here and there a spear, cutting the golden mist with a streak of fire. This delicious mass of sun-smitten color moved along in a perfect babel of noise—of shouts, of cries, of accusations, of counter recriminations, of laughter, of blows rained on the camels' sides, and of their responsive ill-tempered screams.

I observed that one of the native officials, a strong man in the prime of life, had himself carried in a brightly-painted palanquin, while his three horses were led beside him; his sloth explained his disgusting tendency to obesity.

The night was beginning to fall; the fleeting western glory had faded from both earth and sky; as the silence of evening fell on us, our thoughts wandered home to "the old cuntry." Suddenly a number of men leaped on us from behind a wall; they were about forty in number, wild and dishevelled-looking in the dim light, with their matted hair and weird rags; some clung to our horses' heads, others to our wheels, others bowed to the ground, and threw dust on their heads; all filled the air with excited clamor of entreaty.

It appeared that from time immemorial camel and goat-owners had been allowed to graze their animals and cut wood on the neighboring hills, with the result that they were almost completely deforested; the British "Raj" had laid a conserving hand on the woods, had planted valuable trees, and had forbidden all grazing and cutting, "and our camels and goats starve," wailed the men!

I felt sorry for the poor people, and was glad that the Resident was able to promise them some temporary relaxation of his restrictions, so that we left them the better for our passing.

A little later we found Ursula and the young civilian waiting for us at the edge of a vast concourse of people bearing torches, beating big drums and tom-toms, and playing on instruments unromantically like flutes and penny whistles; they made a tumultuous mass of light and shade under the shadow of the great city wall, through whose gates we saw long vistas of empty, lamp-dotted streets, and deserted houses.

Half a dozen dancing girls came out of the crowd, postured before us, not inelegantly, then danced forward with pitchers wreathed with flowers on their heads, into which we put money.

In our simple riding gear and severely plain English dog-cart we made a deliciously incongruous centre to the highly-colored throng which surged about us, in which tawdry dancing girls, with their flower-crowned vessels; a dishevelled being, scarcely human, wrestling with a bear; many donkeys, cows and pigs; and a barbaric madman in goatskin, beating an immense drum, figured not inconspicuously: some half-naked excited youths ran through the crowd bearing torches, whose sudden glare revealed bare brown limbs, and a medley of garish color, subdued by the failing light into a vague richness.

This wild procession accompanied us, with glare and smoke of torches, with acclamations and weird music, to our tents, where tables, rosy with blossoms and bright with silver and shaded lights, took us back into our own world; and as I lay back in a comfortable chair and fingered the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, my aching limbs alone assured me that this long day of Oriental experiences was other than a dream.—*Temple Bar*.

WHERE GENIUS WORKS.

ALL that concerns the men and women who give distinction to their day is of interest to those who admire, criticise, and perhaps envy their achievements. A special and legitimate curiosity is felt in reference to

the conditions under which success is won. Glimpses are occasionally given into the methods of eminent toilers, and a wonderful variety is revealed. It is at least plain that no guide-book to great performances—the anxious au-

thor can have his choice of several—will determine the point where exactly the best results are to be obtained. One man's help is another man's hindrance. Many famous writers, for instance, have only been able to perfect their thoughts in silence and seclusion. But there have also been those who could work in the midst of babel and defy distraction. Jane Austen, whose unpretentious canvases are full of some of the most life-like portraits in fiction, was never in the habit of seeking solitude to compose. She wrote sitting in the family circle, and under perpetual risk of interruption. It was the same with a successful lady-novelist happily still living. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe wrote her best-known story on a plain pine table, by the aid of an evening lamp, in a tiny wooden house in Maine. About her were gathered children of various ages, conning their lessons or at play, and never guessing what a treasure-mine of excitement was coming into existence for other young people in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." A large part of the "Roman History" of Dr. Arnold was composed under similar circumstances. Dean Stanley has sketched the Rugby study, where Arnold sat at his work, "with no attempt at seclusion, conversation going on around him—his children playing in the room—his frequent guests, whether friends or former pupils, coming in or out at will." Thomas Lovell Beddoes, a poet of luxuriant fancy and true genius, though much neglected, also found a stimulus to the creative faculty of his muse in working in playful and even noisy company. Such cases recall the story of the learned man of Padua who assured Montaigne that he actually needed to be hemmed in by uproar before he could proceed to study.

Fastidious order and dainty surroundings have been essential for some eminent *littérateurs*. Douglas Jerrold was a writer of this stamp. His soul seemed to abhor every trace of study slovenliness. A cosy room was his in his home at West Lodge, Lower Putney Common, and his son's pen has given the world a welcome peep at the interior: "The furniture is simple solid oak. The desk has not a speck

upon it. The marble shell upon which the inkstand rests has no litter in it. Various notes lie in a row between clips, on the table. The paper basket stands near the armchair, prepared for answered letters and rejected contributions. The little dog follows his master into his study and lies at his feet." And there were no books maltreated in Douglas Jerrold's study. It gave him pain to see them in any way misused. Longfellow had the same sympathies with neatness and exactitude. Method in all things was his rule. He did not care to evolve fine thoughts and poetic images at a desk fixed like the one stable rock in an ocean of muddle.

But other distinguished writers have been as careless as these were careful. Carlyle gives us a curious sketch of Leigh Hunt's *ménage*. In one room—the family apartment—a dusty table and a ragged carpet. On the floor, "books, paper, egg-shells, scissors, and last night when I was there, the torn heart of a half-quarter loaf." And above, in the workshop of talent—something cleaner—"only two chairs, a book-case, and a writing-table."

There was much that struck a stranger as confusion in Dr. Johnson's chambers in Inner Temple Lane. Boswell describes a visit, saying: "I found a number of good books, but very dusty and in great confusion. The floor was strewn with manuscript leaves in Johnson's own handwriting, which I beheld with a degree of veneration, supposing they might perhaps contain portions of the 'Rambler' or of 'Rasselas.' I observed an apparatus for chemical experiments, of which Johnson was all his life very fond."

Partly by reason of his hobbies, "Christopher North's" favorite study resembled a recently ransacked lumber-room. To a casual eye its contents were a chaos, and there seemed no chance of finding a clew to any article not immediately in sight. Professor Wilson had varied tastes, and his niggery was crammed with the belongings of one who was sportsman and naturalist as well as poet and philosopher. The fittings of the room matched the general contents. Book-shelves rudely knocked together of unpainted wood held rows of books, tattered, and often

wanting backs. But the famous writer was at home there, and content, and from those uncouth surroundings came many a brilliant essay and exquisite poem.

The acme of luxury in a retreat of genius was surely reached by Bulwer-Lytton. Dr. Charles Williams, who had to see the author of "Zanoni" professionally soon after the publication of that novel of mystery, found Bulwer in a Park Lane house. He reached the interior through waves of perfume, ever growing stronger, and oddly blending with tobacco-fumes; and "on a divan" at the remote end of a noble room, "through a haze of smoke, loomed his lordship's figure, wrapt in an Oriental dressing-robe, with a colored fez, and half-reclined upon the ottoman." A different picture this from the old Grub Street type, where, in dismal garrets, immortal tales were told. It contrasts effectively with the "miserable, dirty-looking room, in which there was but one chair," where-in Bishop Percy found Oliver Goldsmith, hard at work on his "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning."

Genius has frequently had remarkable workshops. Robert Burns once went galloping over a remote Scottish moor. His horse on this occasion was not much troubled with the guidance of the rider. Burns was busy, brooding over a glorious theme. His lyrical powers touched one of their highest points. The result of the journey was the impassioned national lyric, "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled." J. S. Mill framed his "Logic" as he walked from his home to his office and back again. Sir Matthew Hale composed his "Contemplations" as he rode on horseback about country on his circuit journeys. While travelling in the same fashion on his numerous and prolonged preaching tours, John Wesley contrived to accomplish a vast quantity of literary work. Byron composed the larger portion of the "Corsair" in a London thoroughfare, as he walked up and down Albemarle Street, between Grafton Street and Piccadilly; and states himself that he composed "Lara" not in the study, but at the toilet table. "The Revolt of Islam" took form in

Shelley's brain as the poet apparently frittered away summer hours lying in a boat on the bosom of the Thames at Marlow.

Sometimes there is a touch of humor about the story of where genius works. Victor Hugo was living in the Place Royale, at Paris, in the revolutionary year 1848. His neighbors knew him as more or less of an eccentric, and gradually they discovered that he was a great poet and dramatist who selected queer working-places. Victor Hugo called one day on a hair-dresser named Brassier, who had a saloon in the vicinity. Seating himself in the barber's chair, he asked to be shaved. But just as the lathering-brush approached his chin, the poet called out "Wait!" The shopkeeper obeyed; and his customer seized a loose sheet of paper from an adjacent stand, glanced at it to see that its back at any rate was blank, and after fumbling in his pocket for a pencil, commenced to scribble. He went on heedless of the hair-dresser's impatience, and seemed wholly lost to his whereabouts. It was a ludicrous scene, and it ended as strangely as it began. A gentle reminder came that a business-man could scarcely be expected to wait even a poet's convenience indefinitely. "Ah! you are in a hurry; so am I," was the unexpected answer; and taking his hat, the poet retreated unshaven. Unluckily for the barber, he carried with him his scribbling paper, and a list of patrons' addresses was afterward missed, which it was hard to replace. The top of a Paris omnibus was a favorite working haunt of Victor Hugo; and in later years, the dramatist informed his intimates that much of "Marion Delorme" was composed while pacing the pavement of a covered footway between noisy and inferior shops.

Many eminent word-artists have either found or shaped their material out of doors. It was so with Robert Browning during the earlier part of his career. Like Charles Dickens, he chose night as the season of his most stimulating wanderings. He frequented a lonely wood in the neighborhood of Dulwich. In this retired workshop—traversing these dim aisles—great thoughts came thick, and the real prep-

aration was made for the mechanical task of putting poem or play on paper. Whole sections of "Strafford" and of "Paracelsus" sprang first into being in the Dulwich woods.

To a considerable extent it was the same with Ralph Waldo Emerson. We worked best and with greatest ease when he was free to forsake great American cities—visited in his capacity of lecturer—and give himself to high thinking amid the loved sights and sounds of the country. Wordsworth delighted to work abroad, in the lovely byways of Lake-land. When a traveler, calling at the poet's house, once requested to be shown his study, a domestic answered: "Here is Mr. Wordsworth's library; but his study is out of doors." Washington Irving had a select working retreat by a stile in some dewy meads. Here that most English of all transatlantic authors, with writing-block upon his knee, produced as charming essays, histories, and tales as readers east and west could wish. In the quiet Hampstead lanes, young Keats, the Edmonton surgeon's apprentice, prepared the witchery of his exquisite "Ode to the Nightingale," "at once vague and particular, full of mysterious life."

The desire to avoid interruption, rather than a wish in the abstract for isolation, has probably been the first factor in numerous cases of withdrawal from the busy ways of men. The choice has sometimes been made of a fortress in a garden. Buffon, the naturalist, while in residence at Montbar, took refuge every morning at sunrise in an antique tower in his ornamental grounds, and here he wrote and sketched with a grateful sense of security from importunate lion-hunters of his day. Being in his tower one day during a violent thunder-storm, the people of Montbar trembled for his safety, and prevailed on the mayor, when the worst was over, to come and see if the reckless scientist were still a living man or a calcined victim. Samuel Richardson, in his then country-home at North End, Hammersmith, used to write in a secluded summer-house or "grotto" in his garden. As he went to his tasks before any one in the house was up beside himself, his quiet was perfect. At

breakfast he would detail the day's progress of the particular novel then on the stocks. In the grotto was a simple wooden seat, and by its side an inkhorn was slung. In this way "Pamela," "Clarissa Harlowe," and "Sir Charles Grandison" were written.

Painters work under the same limitations as authors, and are subject to the same worries. Sometimes the studio has too many visitors. There are artists with a happy gift of abstraction in the centre of a throng. Gustave Doré was one. He would give a curt nod to callers, and go on working with single-eyed attention to his task, as if they were miles away. But others have to scheme for self-protection. A quaint summer studio with this special advantage of shutting out curiosity was devised at Magnolia by Mr. Hunt, a well-known American artist. His comrades called it "the Old Ship." It stood in a sequestered and maze-like corner, and the second story was appropriated by the painter. His plans constituted the refuge a veritable castle. The tenant's own means of access were a set of steps leading to a trap-door. There was no other ingress. When he meditated a bout of stiff work, the artist had merely to hoist the steps into the studio by aid of ropes and a pulley; and then, with the door closed, communication was cut off, and he was secure, and able to snap his fingers at the possible bores of Magnolia.

Workshops for authors are sometimes deliberately selected on board ship. Mr. William Black has been known to shut himself up with pens, ink, and paper, in the stuffy fore-castle of a seven-ton yacht laboring along under full sail. He has cheerily defied squally weather in quest of realism. The novelist has been weaving his fictions "while the *débris* of the fore-castle was rattling around him and the ropes whistling above his head." The truth and charm of his sea-sketches show that there is a reward for such fidelity and enthusiasm. He has been able to describe ocean storm and calm as one who knows; and an old salt does not smile with derision if he comes across the narrative. Anthony Trollope often had his study on shipboard,

and was a very methodical occupant, turning out his daily quantity of manuscript even under most trying conditions. On one occasion Mr. Henry James was his travelling companion during an Atlantic passage, and he reports that Trollope gave a magnificent example of stiff perseverance. The season was bad, the vessel was overcrowded, and the trip detestable from beginning to end, yet the English story-teller stuck gallantly to his task. Says Mr. James: "He drove his pen as steadily on the tumbling ocean as in Montague Square. And as his voyages were many, it was his practice before sailing to come down to the ship and confer with the carpenter, who was instructed to rig up a rough writing-table in his small sea-chamber." Trollope worked also continuously and systematically while travelling by train. He fitted up a contrivance by which the mischiefs of oscillation were reduced to a minimum, and many of his novels were thus composed.

It may be said, indeed, that genius is always and everywhere at work, hewing stones in the quarries of research and observation, or building up its

structure of fame with them. The great inventors are the men who notice and interpret and use facts trivial in common estimation. The great bookmen are those who gather stores in all quarters. Many a nook and corner of the Scottish shires and of the Border hills and dales Sir Walter Scott searched for traditions of the people. Wherever a good story was to be heard was his workshop, and there a fragment of poem or novel was practically fashioned. Macaulay roamed Cumberland and Northumberland on foot in his student days, and went into the cottagers' houses, and gleaned all he could bearing on old times and a vanished literature. He made it a point never to leave a cottage until he had won from each country gossip some legend of the district or a bit of some ballad. The ingle nook was his workshop. There the brilliant essayist and historian was in the making. The variations of genius are many; but this law is common, that it appropriates its material and shapes its tools betimes for coming occasion.—*Chambers's Journal*.

FROM WEIR TO MILL.

BY A SON OF THE MARSHES.

ONLY a mile at the most is it from one to the other; but to those who know that bit of winding woodland river well, it is a mile teeming with wild life, finned, furred, and feathered. In that short stretch I have seen nearly all the fauna of a southern county. For good reasons, doubtless, but known only to themselves, wild creatures will not leave certain places, while others they will not even visit. For forty-five years I have visited this mile of water and water-meadows, and wandered through the trees that border the streams. Creatures can be seen there that you might look for in vain elsewhere.

There is a mystery about this partiality that no one can explain, for the roads and paths, as also the meadow tracks, are well used by people all the

year round; yet in the gray of the morning, or after the sun has gone down, if you know where to stand and how to keep quiet, three of our most astute animals, the fox, the otter, and at rare seasons the badger, will pass within a few yards of you.

And these creatures seem ever ready to take advantage of any alteration made by man for their benefit, though it may have been made all unwittingly by him. They locate here, and they will not leave their surroundings. When they are forced, however, by various circumstances over which they have not the least control, to shift their quarters, they adapt their ways of living to the places they frequent, not from choice but from necessity.

For three months, early in the morning and late in the evening, have I

lately visited that run of the river Mole from weir to mill, just to get some fresh facts about the wild things living there. One day in coming along, after a heavy gale, I was greeted by "Ah, he's down at last; 'twas the biggest beech on this ere place; that ere last flood settled him. I've noted as he's bin tottery like fur sum time; massy o' alive, the pity on it! There he lays, blockin' up the river, an' the top on him lopping in the medder tother side. A lot o' things lived in him, an' about him; an' the critters 'll miss him sore, tell 'ee. They gets out o' their homes same as we does at times. A couple o' yaffles got young uns thear, near flyin'—I'd seen 'em out shinnin' round the limbs; but the jar o' the fall has killed 'em, poor things." The woodpecker's home a hole in the great stem showed, being above the water, and the old birds were creeping and moping round, knowing full well that it was all up with them.

"An' them 'ere bellus bream," continued old John, "wunt know how to take it—it was theer reglar swimmin' place; backards and forrards under that ere old beech they went: they're bound to drop down the river now, to find a fresh swim arter this. Then some who comes to fish this stream will be sayin' there ain't no bream here. The critters has to shift; an' 'tis a very good job as ivry 'cuckoo' don't know the ways o' them, and whear they gits to."

John is as conservative as his so-called betters in these matters.

It is three o'clock in the morning in the middle of summer, and we are in one of the lush meadows that border each side of the river. The rooks in the lime avenue have not wakened up yet properly. Only a few gabbles, croaks, and shriller notes from the young branchers, let you know that it will not be long before they are all wide awake for the day.

It is a warm dewy morning, the vegetation is drenched with moisture; the sun will be well up before the yellow irises and the marsh-marigolds open out. The fish take up most of our thoughts, however. We know of some very large chub and dace that have their hovers in and among the sub-

merged roofs of some large pollard willows that lean out from the bank over the water.

Some folks say that fish are silly and devoid of the instinct given to other creatures, but such have never fished or they would have known better. These large chub and dace know something too much for me, at any rate; for try how or where I would, not one of the large ones have I captured. The great white lips of the chub showed as they rose and sucked in chafer, beetle, or caterpillar that had fallen from the trees into the water, and the quick dace made their darts at the provender on the water, but not a rise or a dart from either did I ever get, worth mentioning. Large fish that have lived long have all their wits about them. One small island close to shore, which in the season was white with snowdrops, was a favorite place for perch in passing on their way to deeper water above. It had a course of clear water, with a bottom of golden sand—a perchswim if ever there was one; but not a fish was hooked there, for this reason—the creatures had been feeding on the shallows, and were going that way home to a deep hole by the side of the weir.

If the fish would bite, all well and good; if not, it mattered little to a naturalist, for there was plenty to see there. The heron would rise from his stand where he had been fishing; moor-hens flit in and out, flirting their tails; and now and then you would get a sight of that hideling the land-rail or corn-crake. You would hear him in any case. More than once have I seen fine specimens of the domestic cat, very full of something, where they would not be expected to be; and one morning I was fortunate enough to meet with a wild bred house-cat—that is, one of a lot of kittens littered far from any house. Unless they got shot or trapped, these wild litters do become wild in the full sense of the word, and they grow large. When this is the case they are mistaken at times for the real wildcat, but one feature alone will at all times distinguish them: the genuine but at the present time very rare wildcat has a thick bushed-out tail, which the ordinary house-cat, or do-

mestic cat that has run wild, never has. When met with, the wild things are always eager to get away, if by chance they are cornered: unless you have a gun or a good dog with you that can bite hard and hold fast, you had best let them alone.

The sun is well up over the hills that rise on either side of the beautiful Holmesdale valley, and light mists float over the tops of the firs that cover the sides of the warren. Box-Hill shows clear, the light clouds of vapor having drifted up from the valley and over the hill. The cattle rise up from their resting-places in the meadows and begin to feed; and the rooks have now returned with food for their families of "branchers," that will not be shot this year. If noise is with them an expression of pleasure, they are certainly rejoicing over their early meal. The heave-jars left their chafer-hunting just when we first entered the meadows to fish: they are now resting somewhere on the limbs or branches of the fine oaks around us—not as other birds rest, but lengthways, in a line with the limb or branch the birds squat on, so as to be invisible from below and quite secure from harm above it. The last late owl has gone home to the farm at the foot of the hill. I call him *late*, for the sun is high up now, and it will be very hot before long. Where these grand vermin-hunters are protected, they show great confidence, coming out to hunt directly the sun is down a little, and continuing to do so until the farm hands take their horses out to work in the morning. The mouse-hunters, the white or barn owls, come out earlier and hunt later than do the wood or brown owls. These fine birds are, happily, now valued here as much as they were at one time detested. The grim superstitions that have for centuries clung to them, like their own feathers, have at last fallen from them, thanks to the pleadings of many a naturalist.

Bird-music sounds above and around us, for this has not been a forward season; the weather has for the time of year been damp and chill. Now that there is every appearance of fine settled weather, the feathered songsters seem to know it, and the riverside rings

with the songs of blackbirds, thrushes, and blackcaps. The chatter of the sedge-warblers comes in between. The music floats up and down and over the water, like the films of mist that yet rise from it; larks ring out their glad notes as they circle round far above us; while the tree-pipit, not willing to be out of it all, rises from his twig, mounts up, and comes to it again, singing merrily as he floats down. In between—for there is not a break—you hear the notes of other songsters,—the bright little song of the chaffinch, also the scolding of white-throats, and the soft little songs of the willow wrens; while ever and anon the greenfinches call "breeze—breeze."

This favored bit of woodland river is one of those bird paradises that can be found close to home. And what can be more beautiful than these meads, meadows, and fine park-lands dotted over with noble trees? The valley of Holmesdale is before us, and the hills are above and around us. A man I once knew said to me, "I have been in many lands, but you have shown me one of the fairest sights I have ever seen." Yet it is only one out of thousands to be found at any time in fair weather or foul, in summer or in winter, quite accessible too, round and about our Surrey hills.

As we stand thinking, all the life-giving odors from trees and plants come to us and then leave us for a time, as the light air left them. Swallows dash under the arches of the gray bridge, and the sand-martins flit like butterflies from their holes in the banks: all is full of joyous life. Even the voices of the rooks are in harmony: they fall in like the chanting of black friars. The whole surroundings, if we set on one side the unrivalled beauty of the scenery, are full of interest, for they have historical records of their own.

Religious establishments once flourished near the Mole, with these monks and friars; and the great of this world, as well as many a poor pilgrim, have walked by the roads and paths that led by devious ways over the hills and under the hills, through woods and over heaths, at last to the ford of the Pilgrims' Way, on right away into Kent.

Even the mills have records of their own. Some of the millers will certainly not be forgotten yet awhile. I can recollect so many that have gone before, that it makes me feel very old. Good men and true were some of these old millers, but fiercely conservative and cantankerous on all that pertained to fish,—the pike, perch, carp, bream, roach, dace, and trout, to say nothing about the fine silver eels that the river was and is still noted for. Eels of 3, 4, and 6 lb. weight I have known to be taken from the weir and the trap of the mill below. If you had work to do at the mill-houses you were hospitably treated; but if the miller or his men knew you had a fishing-line in your pocket, woe betide you! The fish were for the miller or for his landlord's sport, if he wanted a day's fishing, but for no one else. Some of them at that time were called "men of their inches," which meant that in the settlement of a matter they did not require any one to help them; they did not appeal to the law. As they would not always give permission to fish when asked to do so, some—that is, two or three that, like their "betters," were also men of their inches—fished fairly at times without it.

The weir is left behind, and we have made our way to the mill-pool where the river above makes its way over and through the sluices into the pool below. Tench and fine carp once had their home here with other fish; and we can assure our readers that river carp and tench are very different from muddy pond fish of the same species. But it is no use coming here now to tempt those carp, 5 and 7 lb. in weight, with a small fresh-dug new potato, or an amber-heart cherry fresh from the tree, the hook being inserted in it while the cherry was held by its stem, so that the fingers did not come in contact with the fruit. When all was ready the stem was pulled out and the bait dropped in. If our old gardener friend, whose most bitter foes were hawfinches, because they ground up his marrer-fats, could provide us with a pod of his most "perticklers," as he called them, it would be no use now. Yet a fine green pea, or for that matter a couple, is a deadly lure for a large

carp. If you wish to catch fish you must know how they feed. The carp family feed heads down and tails up as a rule: they pick the bait off the bottom and rise with it. As they are to a great extent vegetable feeders, and have throat teeth, all our fishing readers will understand my meaning here.

Now for the reason why it is of no use fishing, at the present time, in the stretch of water above mentioned. Otters, those highly sagacious beasts, are there in numbers.

The bleak have left off rising for the midges that fall in small clouds on the water; the shadows of the trees are dark and dim, a dull tawny hue is all that the setting sun has left behind it, and the river mist is curling over it.

Hark! what is that mysterious sound?—something like a deep whistle mixed with hissing. It is answered more faintly higher up. It is the otters' dinner call; they are answering each other as they come down the river—not a couple but three or four of them. Small heaps of large seals and bits of fish bones have been found for a long time now by those who know where to look. Until they must shift, the otters have their own way here, and they have had the large fish on their spawning-beds and in their submerged root sanctuaries; and eels are now scarce. Who can wonder at it! Recently the otters have drawn as close to man and his works as rats. Leading from the bridge that spans the tumbling bay of the pool, rushing floods have washed the path away. This, some time back, was remedied by fixing railway-sleepers, in the most solid manner, so as to form a platform from the pool bridge to the fields beyond. One moonlight night, a wanderer crossing from the fields saw what he at first sight took to be three of the mill cats at play, cutting high jinks: directly he reached the platform, he saw at once they were otters. All this close to the mill-house, and where people are passing day and night! Even the miller laughed and was incredulous when he was told that they were close to him. But he does not smile now, for not only have they cleared off all the large fish, but they have had the moor-hens and rabbits as well, to say

nothing about the water-voles. It used to be said that this water smelt of fish; the scent has now left it, for a time at any rate.

I know where they come from, and where they go: their roads overland are only a few feet from the river above to the pool below; to this they most pertinaciously cling. Some of our readers may wonder how it is that they are not killed off. Those who have tried to do this, either with gun or trap, have met with but little success; for they do not know how to go about it, and those who do know keep their mouths shut. It is too great a treat to see a fine dog otter come whistling down the river, head up, rush up his favorite tunnel, out on the grass, and pass in front of you down into the pool; and this is what they have done and are doing still, for their tracks are as visible as those of sheep to people that understand them.

I used to think that it was not possible that the otters would make themselves at home like barn-rats, but I have found lately that I was mistaken: one is always learning, where wild life is concerned.

From the nature of the locality and the depth of this water, the fiercest and most eager pack of otter-hounds could not hunt them; this the otters know, and they act on it. When their old haunts came to grief by the great trees falling, and taking down the banks with them, they shifted their quarters, and there they have increased, and still flourish. A change of habitat does good at times to beasts as well as men. In the case of the otters it has been to their advantage, but how long this may continue one is not able to say. Wild creatures are capricious at times in their movements.

If they get at the fowls and ducks, something will be said and something done for their thinning off.

How far the otters wander in the dead of winter their trails and seals plainly show. They are watched for, but the watchers have been a little before or a little after the time: so much the better for our friends. The otters belong to that very astute family that includes the weasels; and these, we know, we never catch sleeping.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

WHEN WE TWO PARTED.

BY MARY BRADFORD-WHITING.

THE river was flowing down toward the sea in the October twilight, the last faint gleam from the setting sun tinging its waters with a ruddy glow. The osiers rustled in the breeze, and a boat went dropping softly down with the stream. Not a cloud was in sight, yet suddenly the sky overhead became dark and a shadow fell upon the water, while the air was filled with the noise of myriads of beating wings, as a flight of swallows wheeled round and round, then darted down among the osier beds with a sound like a rushing wind.

Night after night they had gathered thus, only to disperse again in the day; but on the next morning, when the first breath of dawn stirred among the reeds and the light mists began to roll away from wood and meadow, they rose on the wing, no longer darting hither and thither as fancy directed,

but, obeying the mysterious signal that summoned them forth on their journey, they banded close together and set out toward the sea.

Swifter than the river itself, swifter than the boats that went rocking on its waves, they flew steadily on their course, following the trackless road with no chart or compass to guide them.

"How much further have we to go?" asked one swallow of her mate.

"Many, many miles!" was the answer. "Do you not remember how long the way was by which we came?"

"No: I remember nothing. The thought of our nest in the eaves, of the long summer twilight, of the cries of our little ones, has blotted out all memory of what came before. Let me return!"

"You cannot return," said the swal-

low. "Summer does not last forever. In a little while the ground will be covered with frost and snow, and the cruel winds will tear the leaves from the trees. I know, for the sparrows told me. We must hasten on while there is time, to the land where snow never falls."

"But we shall never find the way to that land! There is nothing but sky above and sea beneath."

"Did we not find the way here? And shall we not find the way back again? Fear nothing; only keep close to me."

His mate said no more, and mile after mile they sped on their way, through winds and clouds, through sunshine and through storm.

"My wings are weary," she said at last. "I cannot fly any longer; I shall sink into the waves."

"No, no," answered the swallow; "we are going to rest. See, there is a ship beneath us; we shall settle on the rigging, and you will soon feel strong again."

The birds had already slackened their speed, and now they poised themselves above the ship, and with a circling motion descended slowly upon the rigging, amid the delight and surprise of the passengers, who were ready to welcome any incident in the monotony of their voyage. There was one, however, who took no more share in this than he did in their other interests. The Emigrant, they called him, for he told them that he had chosen emigration because he had no link left to bind him to his native land; and there was a sombre weight upon his brow, and a look of sadness in his eye, that checked their friendly advances.

But now, having rested their weary wings, the birds began to think of flight. One after another they rose in the air, wheeled round and settled down again; till at last they all gathered together and set out once more upon their airy voyage. All, that is to say, but one. The swallow and his mate had been separated as they settled down upon the ship, and fear of the curious strangers around them prevented him from regaining her side.

And now, as he flew forward once more, she followed him with eyes of

despair, for her wing was broken, and with all her efforts she could not rise from her perch.

No one noticed her at first. All eyes were fixed on the flock of birds already fast disappearing from sight, and one among the passengers, a born musician, lifted up his voice and sang:
Oh! swallow, swallow, flying, flying south,
Fly to her and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

Oh! tell her brief is life, but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the north,
And brief the moon of beauty in the south.

His voice floated out upon the waters, and the bird on the rigging made one last effort to follow in the track of her companions. She fluttered a moment in agony, and then dropped helplessly on the deck at the singer's feet.

The Emigrant started forward and lifted the tiny creature in his hands, while the rest of the passengers clustered round.

"It often happens," said the captain coolly, when he saw what was going on; "they dash themselves against the rigging when they light. Better kill the poor little thing at once and put it out of its misery."

"No!" said the Emigrant, raising his eyes for a moment from the little quivering bird that lay in his palm.

There was a strange look on his face, and his fellow-passengers wondered at him, while the captain shrugged his shoulders and walked aft. He said no more, but with skilful fingers wove a nest of straw and wool and laying his charge within it sat down to watch by its side.

With dim and failing eyes the swallow looked up into the sky, and yearned once more to feel her wings pulsating through the wide waste of air. If only she could fly, how eagerly she would hasten after the mate who had left her alone in her anguish!

But suddenly in the clear sky overhead a little black speck appeared; nearer and nearer it came, till at last with a plaintive cry it darted down upon the edge of the nest. It was the swallow's mate, and the Emigrant hardly dared to draw his breath; but the little heart beat only for the one it loved, and no human spectator had power to frighten or disturb it.

Softly he fluttered down by the side of the wounded bird and called to her in loving accents, "Why are you here? I missed you, and I have come back to fetch you."

"I cannot come; my wing is broken, and I shall never fly again."

The passengers would have gathered round to look and wonder, but the Emigrant drove them all away. Hour after hour he sat by the side of the nest, guarding it jealously from every intruder, and listening to the twittering of the birds until it seemed to him that he understood their language of love and sorrow.

The swallow stretched his wings over his mate as though with the warmth of his own heart he could hinder the cold approach of death; he cried to her as though his voice could penetrate the veil of darkness that was creeping round her. But all his efforts availed nothing; feebler and feebler grew the notes that answered to his own, fainter and fainter the heart that beat against his breast, till at length with one last flutter the little bird lay still and silent forever.

The swallow needed no one to tell him that life was gone. Mournfully he drooped his head over the tiny form as he took his last farewell, and rising on the wing hovered circling over the nest; then spreading his wings he flew sadly away over the waste of desolate waters.

The Emigrant leaned upon the rail watching the bird's departing flight, and the passengers seized the opportunity of surrounding the nest.

"How could it find its way back to the ship?" said one.

"I cannot tell," said another, "nor how it will find its way now after its lost companions!"

"And how could it know that its mate had been left on board?" asked a third.

So they wondered and questioned, but the Emigrant paid no heed to their idle talk; tears were rising fast in his eyes, and as he turned away to hide them he murmured once more the singer's words:

Oh! swallow, swallow, flying, flying south,
Tell her brief is life, but love is long!

—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

SLEEPINESS AND SLEEPLESSNESS.

BY ALFRED SCHOFIELD, M. D.

"HALF our days we pass in the shadow of the earth, and the brother of death extracteth a third part of our lives."

The subject of this paper is one that is certainly increasing in interest and becoming of more importance daily.

Although brain workers, or "heads," are said to differ from physical workers, or "hands," in that the former cannot sleep, while the latter cannot wake; nevertheless when sleep can be procured it is of the very first importance for our head workers of the present day.

In most cases the difficulty of getting sleep after hard mental work is removed by a short spell of physical exercise. "After supper walk a mile" is an old saying, full of sleep-giving wisdom, and is based on sound physiology. We shall understand the *modus operandi* better if we consider for a

moment the way in which sleep ordinarily comes to pass.

The amount of blood circulating in the brain is dependent on the activity of that organ: the greater the amount of thought, the greater the amount of blood; the more profound the brain rest, the lesser the quantity in circulation. The blood was made for the brain, not the brain for the blood; hence it is not strictly true that a small amount of blood in the head produces brain rest, but rather that it is the result of it.

The fact of an increased flow of blood to the head during mental exertion has been most ingeniously proved for us by Mosso, an Italian physiologist who constructed an ingenious balance in which a man could lie down so that his head exactly balanced his heels. When a man so balanced commences to think over some problem, or some

interesting subject, his head gradually descends while his heels ascend, owing to the increased weight of the brain from the increased amount of blood circulating in it.

Sleep is a condition depending on many interdependent factors which we will consider.

The first of these is *habit*. The man who retires to rest at exactly the same hour, or a young child put to bed at eleven o'clock every morning, will go to sleep naturally after the first few days, provided the hour is adhered to exactly. It takes a much longer time to acquire the habit of sleeping in the daytime, but even this can be successfully accomplished by adults with perseverance. Those who are not able to go to sleep at regular hours have often very broken nights, though the contrary is sometimes the case; because habit is only one, after all, of the seven factors that we shall enumerate.

The second one is *suggestion*. Hypnotism has been so degraded by needless experiments, so vulgarized by exhibitions, and so surrounded with an atmosphere of trickery and deceit, that any allusion to its powers is received with natural suspicion. Nevertheless there can be no doubt, where once the will is surrendered, of the power of suggestion.

Now most sleep, not all, comes by suggestion. We may fall asleep without knowing it in a sitting or even a standing position; but most sleep is the result of deliberate intention: we feel the pressure of the bed and bed-clothes, we know the meaning of the still, darkened room, we remember the reason for laying aside our clothes, we hear the clock strike ten or eleven, and the servants going upstairs to bed—and all these sights and sounds whisper the sweet word "sleep" to the tired brain.

The third factor is *environment*. Our surroundings, as we have seen, are different in the bedroom from anywhere else. The bed rests our weary limbs, the soft pillow our tired head, the stillness our ears, the darkness our eyes, the warmth soothes our cutaneous nerves, and all together conspire to produce sleep. But then, again, this

environment must be suited to the individual. A hard bed suits one, a soft bed another, a spring bed a third. One wants linen, another cotton sheets; some prefer heavy blankets, others light eiderdown quilts. The pillow must be of down for one, of horsehair for another; high for one, low for another. The amount of air must be regulated for each one; the size of the room and the amount of quiet must be considered. Often, indeed, subtler questions still arise, as, for instance, whether the bed lies north and south or east and west.

The fourth factor is the deliberate *action of the will*. If we will to keep awake, we can do much to accomplish it; if we will to sleep, other circumstances being favorable, we go to sleep—the will turns the scale. The will controls our actions: hence we deliberately close our eyes, and extend our limbs in the most easy postures. We deliberately withdraw our minds from all distracting and disturbing thoughts. Great men, with commanding wills, have well-nigh the power of compelling sleep independently of surroundings and other factors. Indeed, in spite of the most sleep-dispelling surroundings some men can sleep at will; in others the faculty seems to be inherited. In either case there can be no doubt of its value, and the great help it affords in getting through an enormous amount of work.

It is told of Pitt, that at the time of the mutiny of the Nore, when the marines were said to be marching on London, he was roused from his sleep for instructions, and that when the messenger subsequently returned to contradict the rumor, he found the Prime Minister again asleep, even in these alarming circumstances. Wellington slept calmly before Waterloo. Napoleon's faculty of sleep has been often noted. There is a basis of reason in the saying, that "great men are the men who can sleep at any time." They are in good condition for thought or action at any moment. Lord Palmerston might often be seen, in the intervals of hot debate, fast asleep in his seat, with his hat well over his eyes.

The fifth factor is the *blood*. The popular scientific reason for sleep is

what is called the anæmia of the brain, or, in other words, its bloodlessness. We do not dispute the fact, but question whether it is cause or effect. At first it is clear that the tranquillity and rest of brain lessen the blood flow, and that the lessened blood-supply is thus the effect; but later on it is quite possible, this decrease being continued, that it in its turn becomes the cause of the deeper sleep that follows.

The sixth factor is *fatigue*. The more we are bodily fatigued the easier is it to sleep, and certain forms of brain fatigue, not brain excitement, are also favorable to sleep. We all know how well laborers sleep, and, as a rule, all who undergo physical toil, especially in the open air. An outdoor life is highly conducive to sleep.

The last factor we shall name is the *temperament* of the person. Some are nervous, others sanguine, others lymphatic, others bilious, and so on, and there can be no doubt that some not only require, but get a far greater amount of sleep than others. So that to lay down fixed laws is contrary to sound physiology.

In going to sleep every part does not go to sleep at once, but sense after sense reaches the inactive anæmic stage, when consciousness disappears, the sight, the touch, the hearing, the smelling, all go one by one. As in the Kreutzer Sonata, each musician, toward the end, rises and extinguishes his light and leaves the orchestra in turn, till only two or three, and at last but one is left, and then, the last going with his light, darkness and silence supervene; so are the lights turned out in the brain, one by one, until all consciousness is lost. Cold weather favors sleep, as is seen so strikingly in the hibernation of animals.

We need not spend much time in proving the necessity for sleep. Every organ of the body has its periods of work and rest, but, as a rule, these succeed each other at brief intervals. The heart acts seventy times a minute, and rests as often, and so on. But the body as a whole only rests once in twenty-four hours, and then for a prolonged time.

Infants sleep about four fifths of their life. Children require from ten

to twelve hours, youths about nine; but the time required afterward varies greatly according to the temperament and occupation. John Wesley's dictum of six for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool is more honored in these hard-working days in the breach than in the observance, and many men would be fools indeed if they took less than eight hours. Humboldt is said to have required but four hours; but I do not know if this is true. Some take insufficient sleep for years, spending their nights in study or amusement; but Nature takes her revenge sooner or later on all such.

To deprive a man utterly of sleep is to doom him to the most horrible of deaths, and nothing is so depressing as want of sleep; and nothing invigorates the body and mind like its restoration.

All sleep, however, is far from being the same sleep. The quality varies quite as much, and is quite as important, as the quantity.

Some sleep mainly consists of dreams.

In dreams, although there is complete absence of will-power and intelligent guidance, the mind is only partially at rest, and the sleep is not therefore so refreshing or good.

It is believed that all animals that possess the higher brain-centres dream. Dogs and cats often start and bark or mew in their sleep.

Dreams are generally a mosaic of the events of the day combined with those of earlier date, all wrought up into a continuous and fantastic whole.

When the sleep is getting lighter toward morning the mind seems to awake before consciousness returns, and dreams take place. In profound sleep there are no dreams.

Sometimes the subject that has last occupied the brain is that dreamt of. The section of the brain engaged in hard study has probably not been so completely emptied of blood as the other parts of the brain, and hence retains its activity after it is lost elsewhere. Dreams not only depend on the quantity but the quality of the blood. Bad blood, or that overlaid with carbonic acid from sleeping in too close a room, produces bad dreams, just as when awake it produces depressed thoughts. The dreams are always

dreadful when sleeping on the back, from the pressure of the stomach behind on the great solar plexus, one of the great nerve-centres of the body.

In sleep-walking the impressions produced by the still active mind are sufficiently vivid to awake not only the ideal centres to activity, but the motor centres as well.

Sleep when dreamless and profound throughout is far the best. Going to bed at night and rising in the morning are like a veritable death and resurrection. Life begins afresh, and with renewed power, hope, and courage.

Placid, motionless sleep is much more restful than when the body is continuously tossing to and fro. The very fact of resting still in bed is a great refreshment, even when one cannot sleep. Sleep is generally most profound in the first few hours. As the brain-centres get refreshed sleep becomes lighter.

Having spoken of sleepiness, let us turn to the more painful topic of sleeplessness. The causes of sleeplessness are as various as the factors in sleepiness.

The temperament is often against it, especially if naturally of a nervous or irritable or anxious kind. Severe mental strain, worry, shock, too great bodily exhaustion, dyspepsia, hunger, heat, discomfort in bed, noise, light, irregular habits, bad circulation, old age, are all causes of sleeplessness.

The methods of inducing sleep are still more numerous than the ills that destroy it.

In the first place, the bedroom should be well ventilated, not only for sleep, but in order that the greatest benefit may be derived from it. It is stated on high authority that out of every one hundred parts of oxygen that we require for the use of the body, thirty-three parts only are absorbed during the day, and sixty-six at night. There can be no doubt that we should always strive (though we shall never succeed) to have the air inside a bedroom as pure as the air outside. To this end the windows should always (with but the rarest exception) be open at the top in such a way that no direct draught can blow upon the sleeper.

This can easily be accomplished by the aid of any of the ingenious devices now in vogue and known to any sanitarian.

Sometimes sleeplessness arises from hunger. The dinner is early, at 1.30, then there is tea about 6, and nothing more till 8.30 next morning. In this case there is no cure like a plate of porridge-and-milk about 9.30.

In extreme cases I have done more, and given a mutton-chop and a little stout about 8, with the best results.

Some find relief by having sandwiches or biscuits by the bed in the night, to be taken when awake.

Warm beverages before retiring to rest are good, drawing the blood from the brain down to the stomach. A bowl of soup will thus often procure sleep.

Anything that draws the blood from the brain and thus favors the condition of sleep-anæmia is sound in principle and may be successful in practice.

Hydropathic remedies, including wet compresses round the body, 3 yards of linen or flannel 15 inches wide, the last 1½ yard covered with mackintosh and well wrung out of warm water, and wrapped round the body with the mackintosh outside, act like a large poultice round the body, and draw the blood from the brain.

One learned theologian finds rest only by adopting a similar bandage round each leg, whereby the blood is drawn still farther away from the brain. Hence hot bottles are good, and not bad things or needless luxuries.

In extreme cases of bad circulation, with a hot head and cold feet, still more energetic measures are needed in the shape of a mustard foot-bath, for fifteen minutes, or a general hot bath at 100° for the same time, or a hydropathic "pack" for half an hour. We will not describe this last and most powerful means of inducing sleep in cases of bad circulation and irritable brains, especially in the case of children, as the details are too complicated to be carried out successfully unless they have first been witnessed.

Another class of methods of securing sleep when deprived of it through over-activity of brain consists in reducing the brain to a state of rest by constant

monotonous exercise, such as listening to an uninteresting book read aloud in a monotone. We will not specify the books that would be suitable for this purpose, as that would be unkind, but we know several. Some soothe their brains by counting imaginary sheep jumping through an imaginary hole in an imaginary hedge, and similar devices, which more often fail than succeed, because the very effort of imagination, being an effort, defeats its object. But the idea is a good one, and is best carried out by counting something that exists. Now, in a dark bedroom nothing can be seen to count, and there ought not to be much to hear. The very best thing, therefore, is to count your own breaths, and go on steadily till you fall asleep. This is a plan not generally known, and can be safely recommended.

An ingenious friend of mine who cannot sleep at night has fitted up a joiner's shop in the corner of his dressing-room. His insomnia arises, like so many, from incessant brain-work, and his brain is too active to allow him to sleep above an hour or so. Then he wakes up, and could not sleep again till he invented this device. He gets up, puts on a warm dressing-gown, and goes to his bench, putting down a little food to warm, works steadily away for an hour or so, making a box, or

book-shelves, or what not, and then he goes to bed and gets refreshing sleep for some hours. The plan has cost him a good deal of money that could ill be spared, but he told me, only an hour ago, that it well repaid him, and hence I think I can safely recommend it. I may add he is over seventy years of age.

The sound of running water is very soothing and sleep-producing, but is not often available for purposes of sleep for obvious reasons.

Simply walking about the room till tired, or taking, as it has been called, a cold-air bath, is an effectual plan, but one to be adopted with caution, for fear the cure may be worse than the disease by inducing a chill.

With children all night lessons should be abolished, and hot bottles given, not only to induce sleep, but that they should sleep in a straight instead of curled-up position, which has a great bearing on their future growth.

But I must cry halt, as I already have an uneasy feeling that this article will be one of those that will be recommended, if slowly read in a monotone, to produce sleep in the shortest time on record. If such be the result, whatever may be its demerits, it surely will not have been written in vain.—*Leisure Hour*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

SIR EDWARD SULLIVAN is engaged on a volume of "Tales from Scott," which is intended to do for Scott what Lamb's Tales did for Shakespeare. It will be fully illustrated, and will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

It is a curious coincidence that Walter Pater's last publication, "The Child in the House," in containing reminiscences of his own early years, should deal particularly with his impressions of death. He tells us how the desire of beauty only intensified his fear of death.

A NEW volume of letters by James Russell Lowell will shortly appear under the title of "Mr. Lowell in England: a Series of Familiar Letters." The book will be edited by Mr. George Washburn Smalley, who will write an

introduction. It will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

IN Portugal, the publication of a literary work by a woman, without her husband's consent, frees him at once from his marriage vows.

WALTER BESANT is credited with the authorship of these somewhat cynical views of life as it is lived: "Out of ten men nine are born to work for the tenth. Resolve to be the tenth. Without tramping, the cleverest cannot get rich. The consolation of those who fail is to depreciate those who succeed. The greatest things are done by the greatest fools. Wise men never attempt anything. When you lose a leg begin at once to practise with a wooden one. Men's motives are mercifully

hidden by their shirt fronts. Observe moderation in all things—especially in virtues. The best way to make a man honest is to make him ashamed of being found out. There may be pride even in confessing mistakes. Everybody says that gentle birth is an accident, and everybody treats it as an achievement. The most charming attribute of friendship is the right of candor."

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI has written an opera libretto in which he gives his ideas regarding brandy-drinking. It bears the title, "The Brandy Distiller." A woman has composed the music. It has already been produced in Russia, but, it is said, has had no effect on the peasants, whom the count wished to influence.

A LETTER of Robert Browning was recently sold in London, in which he speaks enthusiastically of the liberal treatment his wife received from American publishers. They paid her \$100 apiece for her poems, and offered \$2600 a year for an amount of labor which would cost his wife and himself but a single morning a week. The letter was written from Florence in 1860.

"NEVER get tired of journalism," said Sir Edwin Arnold the other day to a pressman, "for it is the cleanest profession of all." During the last thirty years Sir Edwin himself has written probably more than 10,000 leading articles.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES said recently of Hawthorne's well-known diffidence: "It was always an adventure whether one would succeed in enticing Hawthorne into anything like communicative intercourse. He went his solitary way through life like a whale through the crowds of lesser fishes in the sea. You might stand in your boat and hurl your harpoon at him as he passed—it was hit or miss. If you succeeded in bringing him to, he was genial enough company for a while in his abstracted Olympian way. If you missed him, you would hardly have another chance for a year."

It is declared by some students of English history that in "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," Mr. George Meredith has followed in part the history of the great Earl of Peterborough and Anastasia Johnson.

THE death of Leconte de Lisle deprives France of the last of her classic poets. She is now given over wholly to the "Decadents." It has been suggested that in the whirligig of

time it is not improbable that he will be succeeded by Paul Verlaine in the respect and admiration of the *jeunesse littéraire*.

STOFFORD BROOKE has accepted the Lowell Lectureship. His subject will be "Modern English Literature."

IBSEN confesses that he cannot write with any inspiration without a tray before him which contains a little bear in wood, a little black devil holding a wax candle, and several rabbits and cats made of copper. "This may appear to you to be ridiculous," said Ibsen, "but so it is. As to the use I make of them, that is my secret, and I shall not divulge it to any one."

DR. JAMES WEIR observes that mechanical geniuses or those who deal mainly with material facts do not, as a rule, show any signs of mental degeneration. In proof of this one need only instance Darwin, Galileo, Edison, Maxim, Watt, Rumsey, Howe, Morse, etc. It is only the genius of aestheticism, the genius of the emotions, that is generally accompanied by unmistakable signs of degeneration. Swinburne's poems show the mental bias of their author, who is described as peculiar and eccentric. Many of the men who have aided in making the world's history were victims of epilepsy, as was Julius Cæsar, military leader, statesman, and author. Many men of genius have suffered from spasmodic and choreic movements, notably Lenau, Montesquieu, Buffon, Dr. Johnson, Santeuil, Thomas, Campbell, Napoleon, and Socrates. Suicide, essentially a symptom of mental disorder, has carried off many a man of genius, including such immortals as Chatterton, Blount, Haydon, Clive, and David. Alcoholism and morphinism are now recognized as evidences of degeneration, and have had as victims Coleridge, Sheridan, Steele, Addison, Hoffman, Charles Lamb, Burns, and many others. In men of genius the moral sense is sometimes obtunded or absent. Sallust, Seneca, and Bacon were suspected felons; Rousseau, Byron, Foscolo, and Caresa were grossly immoral; while Casanova, the gifted mathematician, was a common swindler.

MR. KIDD's remarkable book on "Social Evolution" has reached its sixth edition in this country, while the book seems to be almost equally successful in England, where the publishers are advertising the fourth edition.

MR. ARTHUR O. MUDIE, of Mudie's Library, declares that the three-volume novel controversy now going on in England "helps us toward securing the one-volume novel for which we have been asking for years past."

THE LAW AND LAWYERS OF PICKWICK.—Mr. Frank Morley's humorous lecture on this subject, which Mr. Frank Lockwood delivered at the Morley Hall, Hackney (London), last December, has now been published by the Roxburgh Press as a daintily got-up small book, with a sketch of Sergeant Buzfuz for frontispiece. "No Dickens lover," says *The Literary World*, "will be content until he has added it to his library."

THE first volume of the new Edinburgh edition of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's works will be ready for delivery to subscribers on November 1st. Its contents will be in the first place national, and in the second autobiographical, consisting of "Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh," originally published by Messrs. Seeley in 1878, followed by "Memories and Portraits," reprinted with some corrections from the volume published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus in 1887, and concluding with some additional papers of the same class selected from the volume entitled "Across the Plains." A new portrait of the author, etched by Mr. W. Hole, will be given by way of frontispiece. The next numbers of the series to be issued will probably belong to the section "Travels and Excursions." Of this section the first volume will consist of the "Inland Voyage" and "Travels with a Donkey," reprinted with the original frontispieces designed by Mr. Walter Crane; the second of the "Amateur Emigrant" (the chief part of which has never before been published) and the "Silverado Squatters."

MISCELLANY.

ENNUI AND THE OPIUM-PIPE: A CHINESE VIEW.—I let the idle hours slip by, and smoked opium. This will be considered a damaging avowal, an enormity. My friends the missionaries will give me a sad glance, and pass by. My staid comrades of the steel pen and the steel pen-coat will say they didn't expect this of me, and reluctantly give me the cold shoulder. But what is the good of daring to exercise your own judgment if you are to conceal the results? My judgment was this: Smoking a pipe of poppy is a slow and painful, I should say pleasant, process. It is

painful when it gives you the stomach-ache and the cramp in your under-elbow; when you have to hold your hand over a lamp for half an hour, and then at the propitious moment seize a cumbersome bit of bamboo which won't go into your mouth; or when it is being fed by an individual interested in the amount you consume, and whose only consideration is that you shall become addicted to it, and a regular customer, with the ruin of your immortal soul into the bargain. But when you want to drag out the hours in laziness and not ennui; when your only object is to do as the Roman does, for a brief moment snatched from the years of routine; when you are well posted in the statistical fact that it takes months of regular nips to make you a mere novice in its slavery, and positively venture to think for yourself and see that it hooks on only to poor effete Asiatics, who have taken no exercise in their lives and have no possible way of getting through the livelong day unless they drown themselves; then you are not afraid to do it. When a man has got books and cigars, work and ambition, lusty lungs and legs aching for exercise, is he a fair subject to succumb to the superior attractions of an undeniably uncomfortable attitude in a dingy room, over a very laborious pipe, that gives you one whiff for ten minutes' hard labor with the treacle?

For a Chinaman I venture to corroborate the view that physically it's not such a bad thing after all. Look at his environment. No exercise. No papers. No books. No music. No wife, in the sympathetic sense. No dogs, no cartridges to make, no billiards; no whisky, no fireside, no easy-chair. Chinamen have wrestled with this *ennuyeux* condition with all the subtleties of protraction that the most ingenious invention could suggest. They have a theatre that lasts for five hours, and then sends them home dead, or at least deaf; but as men's lives are almost as limited as a cat's, they can't stand it more than once a week. They spread their meals over two or three hours, and cook them so excellently that they are far from surfeited; but with the aid of the melon seed, another ingenious discovery of protraction, can go on eating in the interval until the next meal comes round. They have novels and pamphlets that have been known to take six generations from the Conqueror downward to get through; in these cases the family generally dies out with the man who sees where the title comes in. They have a pipe that holds one

whiff, and has to be cleaned out and refilled for the next, and instead of matches, a blotting-paper spill which has to be scientifically blown for two minutes before it inflames. They have roads crowded with every conceivable stumbling-block in the shape of unlevel paving stones, holes, and cuttings, that go round instead of across every field or grave they can by any conceivable stretch of imagination touch, like the canal at Kaotzu, that traverses a mile in fifty direct yards, for fear the water should run away too fast and disappear. But the most brilliant and successful device was the opium-pipe. Any one can go and swallow a handful of the drug, or drink off a bottle of its concoction, and kill themselves in five minutes; or you can take it in pills and kill yourself in a year. But here you have a means of ruining the lining of your stomach and your purse, of estranging all your friends and relations, of holding yourself up as a blotch and abhorrence to the calm self-satisfied horizon of philanthropic beer-swiggers, and of providing a swollen revenue to a hated foreigner and an incapable government, and yet drag along in your misery and enjoyment with redoubled energy for years and years and years! Little could that wag of a wandering quack have expected to produce such stupendous results when he hobbled along hawking his poppy-juice tobacco as a new cure for the dysentery!—*Temple Bar.*

CURIOUS BEQUESTS.—Curious bequests! Assuredly there have been a good many of them in this world—most of them unjust. Strictly, we suppose, we should speak of bequest with regard only to personal property, and talk of "devise" for the realty, just as the "testament" should deal with the personal and the "will" with the real; but the greater in both cases has long ago included both, and bequest it may therefore be. There is a refreshing quaintness about some of the old bequests. Walter le Taillour, for instance, in 1305, according to the will recorded in the City of London Court of Husting, left "to Richard his son the reversion of a tenement held by Richard le Bakere for life, receiving yearly, immediately after the testator's death, a rent of half a mark and weekly one penny tart in respect of the said tenement." He also left fourpence to London Bridge. There is, however, a spirit of geniality about this will which is very different to that of the man who left his son-in-law "one penny to buy him a whistle."

One man leaves his money to his son "on condition that he shave off his mustache;" another leaves his to his nephews "on condition that they rise at four o'clock in the summer and five o'clock in the winter;" another leaves his to a friend "on condition that he always wears black;" another that the fortunate man should always wear a mourning ring. "Surely," they say, "we can do as we like with our own"—and they do it, at least to their own satisfaction. There was John Reed, for example, who left his head, "to be prepared so as to be used as the skull of Yorick in the play of 'Hamlet' by Shakespeare," having evidently felt the inconvenience of not having an article of the kind in stock. There was Dr. Wagner who left his limbs to different friends for dissecting purposes; there was Dr. Ellerby who left his heart to one man, his lungs to another, and his brain to another to be preserved from decomposition, and pleasantly added, "if either of the gentlemen named fail to execute this, I will come and torment them until they shall comply!" thus reminding us of the Mr. Zimmerman who desired in 1840 to be buried plainly and in a decent manner, "and if this be not done I will come again—that is if I can!"

One gentleman, a cremationist before his time, wishes his body to be placed in one of the gas retorts of the Imperial Gas Company. Another, desiring his body to be converted to useful purposes, suggests fiddle-strings, smelling-salts, and optical lenses as being the forms in which he would like it to appear for the benefit of mankind. One man, Crampton, takes the other side, and requires his coffin to be filled up with plaster of Paris; another, at the other extreme, leaves his body to Agassiz and Wendell Holmes for purposes of instruction, but requires that they skin him and make the skin into a couple of drumheads, on one of which is to be inscribed Pope's Universal Prayer, while the other is to bear the Declaration of Independence, and on this remarkable drum "Yankee Doodle" is to be played on the 17th of every June at the foot of Bunker's Hill—which the testator probably supposed was the site of an American victory. It is significant, however, that the drumming was to take place at sunrise, doubtless in commemoration of the state of affairs before the battle began.

A good many testators leave a joke behind them, hoping apparently to enjoy it in a future state. Occasionally these jokes take the form of the bequest of apparently worthless

articles, which prove on possession to be of considerable value. It is astonishing what a lot of trouble people will put themselves to in preparing these little surprises. The case of the heir of Linne is simplicity itself to some of them. One of the most absurd examples of this elaborate fooling was that furnished by the trousers man, who owned no less than seventy-one pairs of those useful garments. These he directed to be taken as they were and sold by public auction, no person being allowed to buy more than one pair. The first pair fetched but a trifle, and great was the purchaser's joy at finding bank-notes to the value of £200 in the pocket. The bidding progressed by leaps and bounds as every subsequent pair was found to contain a similar amount; but the residuary legatee was anything but gratified at the return he got for that £14,000 and the trousers. As there are some that minimize, so there are some that magnify, these being mainly those who have daughters to marry, a legacy, though quite unrealizable, having often proved an aid to marriage, though not to happiness.—*Leisure Hour*.

THE LONDON BEAUTY.—Lena, "The Beauty," is seven and thirty years old. She is the best-dressed woman in London. She is so shallow and brilliant that one feels she ought to make a great name. Her beauty is perfectly preserved. An excellent digestion, and a heart and conscience which have given her no sort of trouble, have contributed to this desirable result. "I shall be thirty-eight next birthday," she is in the habit of saying with the most delightful candor, "and I should be constantly mistaken for my own daughter if I were not so very much better-looking." Her husband? He is a fool, of course. What could he have been but a fool to think that Lena, brilliant and nineteen, could be marrying him for anything except his money? What can he be now but a fool to go on worshipping this woman who insults him a dozen times a day with her scornful good-humor and her cruel wit? The world scorns scarcely less than she does herself his slow patience and long-suffering. "My husband has no brains to speak of, you know," says Lena conversationally. Her husband can hear the remark from the other end of the table. "He wrote a prize poem at Cambridge," she continues, enjoying herself very much; "that speaks for itself." Presently Sir George falls ill. The illness is alarming; it even alarms Lena. In the very middle of the season she

goes down to the coal country to nurse her husband. She puts on a very becoming cap and a delightful apron. The sick man always lies so that he can see her. She has done her best to break his heart, and he loves her still. The touch of her hand raises in him now a thousand tender emotions. She is still the one woman in the world for him. And she leaves him. The deadly dulness of the place and the monotony and depression of a sick-room soon get intolerable. She has always been quite selfish. Admiration is the breath of her life. And who is there to admire one in the coal country? She goes back to town, and a telegram informs her of his death. She laments him and curses herself passionately for a few days. But there is the estate to see about, and one's black, and all sorts of things. "I am not sure that black is not more becoming to me than anything else," she says. The fact affords her a great deal of consolation.—*Cornhill*.

RUSKIN MANIA.—Much harm has been—nay, is being done to great men's memories by too zealous devotees. This is an age of literary hero-worship; and with no one has hero-worship been carried to such an extent as with John Ruskin. Every word of the "Master" has at times been quoted as that of an inspired prophet. Yet few writers are so little able as he to bear the strain of literal interpretation. The student of Ruskin, whatever his other abilities, must have an understanding and sympathy above the average man. He must "possess his soul in peace." And, above all things, he must be endowed with a saving sense of humor. Unfortunately, it is from seriously minded people that the greater number of earnest disciples come. It must be always so. But—you cannot always take Ruskin seriously; and this is the great reason why Ruskin mania is so prevalent. It were hardly too much to say that comparatively few worshippers at the Ruskin shrine are in full possession of their senses; of some, it is hard indeed to imagine that they "once were men." Mr. Ruskin, then, is rarely to be taken "au pied de la lettre;" and a man should look very carefully to his sanity before he thinks of becoming a Ruskinian. Prigs, it is said, are animals "who are overfed for their size." And a Ruskinian prig is very little better than others of his class. But prigs are not the only evils that result from Ruskin mania. Mr. Ruskin himself, in his prime, must have known as well as anybody that his writings

were not "milk for babes," but required a seeing eye, a discerning ear.

A young couple, ardent Ruskinians both, and burning with a divine rage against usury and luxury, once determined to carry into practice Mr. Ruskin's extremist views on the virtues of plain living (by others). They deduced from the pages of "*Fors Clavigera*" and elsewhere the theory that no man shall enjoy what he does not at least help to produce. The husband left a lucrative clerkship in a large town; he and his wife, with one accord, went to live on a farm of a few acres in the heart of the country, where they agreed not only to do the entire out-door work themselves, but to make their own clothes, churn, milk, and use no hired work of whatever kind. Their labor, they thought, would surely suffice to keep body and soul together; besides, was it not so written in the Book of the Prophet Ruskin? Even the buying of linen was wrong, according to this strictest sect of Ruskinianism; so the wife, who was a dainty, refined Englishwoman, obtained a spinning-wheel and spun the material for her own aprons and her husband's shirts. Coarse and rough they were, indeed, but what bliss to their owners to feel that no hireling's hand, no sweated labor, had ever had part or lot in their production! Early and late the pair worked—she driving cows to pasture, he tilling the bleak soil. Friends came to see them, to wonder, to implore; they could not understand how any woman, formerly fastidious and daintily dressed, could now wear shapeless working garments of her own make, or endure the rough and blackened hands which, among her many duties, she had not (poor thing!) found time sufficiently to wash.

But is Mr. Ruskin really to be held responsible for his disciples' vagaries? Surely, at that rate, no man would be found so misguided as to publish one line of his teaching! Mr. Ruskin himself—egoist, as some people have chosen to call him—had never any wish to be the fashionable idol of a worshipping crowd. "No true disciple of mine," he says somewhere, "will ever be a Ruskinian;" and still less, we may add, a Ruskin-maniac.—*Mrs. E. T. Cook, in Good Words.*

AMERICAN LIFE.—Here is one of the striking characteristics of American life. The poor man there does not growl at—is hardly envious of—the rich man; for he knows that he has his chance, and he is on the watch for it, and feels that he must act "as if he was

going to be rich to-morrow." And in the whirligig of life and time he may easily be. A sudden land boom in Seattle, or Tacoma, or Cheyenne, or Grand Forks, or Duluth? a day's palpitation in the affairs of some trust; or the unexpected confidence of a rich man who wants a working partner; or the fall and rise of a railway stock in which he has bought at "rock bottom" prices and sold "high up," may give him a "brown-stone front" all in a day. That is one reason why in business matters the rich man is so accessible. That is why the President is almost as easy to reach as the keeper of a grocery store. That is why the cabmen get down from their cabs on a reception day at the White House and walk in, just as they are, to shake hands with the President. That is also why the gentleman who went down to the Bowery, and took off his coat, when making a speech, just to show that there was no nasty pride about him, had a dismal reception. They knew why he did it, and they went all hands up for his opponent, who came straight from a dinner at his club in evening dress. The gentleman from the Bowery likes the well-groomed man; for he likes to see himself as he might be—as he may be. Such things are not impossible—as witness among so many, Mr. Richard Croker.

In the West this exists even more so; for no man knows but that the baggage man who smashes his luggage to-day may not play football with his commercial schemes to-morrow. That is why in the West the social lines are not so very distinctly drawn, neither by that Arbitrator called Money nor by Mr. Ward McAllister. If there is a tendency to gaudiness in the social life of the West, a liberal touch of "plush and gold," it is more than met by the spontaneity, the enjoyment of life, the hearty freedom, the love of doing something, the spirit of vivacity, which is inflected to the mind and temperament from Action and Progress; the charm of atmosphere which sweetens the national character, and freshens, if not refines, the manners. That bluff freshness and rude sweetness you cannot resist. And as for what is *gauche*, it is surely not harder to bear than the smug conceit of the provincial Briton or the half-bred Cockney, who is more unpleasant to meet abroad than the raw Westerner from, by, or beyond the Missouri, who at least has an eloquence of his own and a sort of humor too—a sort of silver-plated Artemus Ward humor. One thing is certain; there is character to even the crudities of the Western American. His personal-

ity is so strong that he influences most with whom he comes in contact. Who ever heard of an American, after a year or so, becoming provincial in provincial England? Yet America has hundreds of thousands of Britishers who have found it impossible to resist the pressure of the American personality. The average Englishman living in the States for a few years comes back to England with what is more than Americanisms.

I think that the American personality is the most influential in the world; it imposes itself most, and the national personality is as potential among the races as the individual. Thought and action are simultaneous in the States, and large schemes are as the breath of the nostrils; and these things, which have nothing to do with depth of mind or delicacy of manners, carry the acute, sensitive, alert American further in a day than any other race goes in three days. In any city, Northeast and West, in the United States, you can do more business in an hour than you can in London or Edinburgh in half a day. Men make up their minds with little hesitation, and abide the result of their decisions with *sang-froid* and nonchalance. Nowhere is business so much a game as in America; and yet it is thorough, too, and the average American boy knows more about it at seventeen than the English youth does at twenty-three. He is ambitious, and, generally speaking, he is moral, with sympathies for the right thing; and, however "sharp" in business, good-humored withal and commendably considerate of women. He longs for money to buy "the best of everything"—architecture of no origin, copies of the old masters, wonderful tapestries, rugs and "curios," and the plush and gold; and he will probably choose his wine badly, believing in his heart that there are only two, champagne and cocktails.—*Mr. Gilbert Parker, in the St. James's Gazette.*

OF PRECIOUS STONES.—The report of a recent case in which an expert was deceived into paying a high price for what he believed to be a precious stone, though it proved to be only a piece of crystal made to resemble a ruby, points to the fact that the ordinary purchaser, who has given no special attention to the subject of precious stones, can very easily be misled by an unscrupulous dealer. Buying jewels is as hazardous as buying horses, and could anything possibly be more risky than the latter? White sapphires have occasionally been sold as diamonds, and as a proof

that white topaz may easily be confused with them, one has only to recall the fact that the largest diamond in the world, the Braganza, belonging to the Crown of Portugal, and valued at fifty-eight millions sterling, is by many considered to be only a topaz. Carbon, in a pure crystallized state, is in every color of the rainbow, red, orange, green, blue, and even black, and occasionally the colored are as valuable as a brilliant of the same size. The jewels next in hardness to the diamond are the sapphire and the ruby, called by experts corundum, or crystallized clay. Blue corundum is called sapphire; red, ruby; green, oriental emerald; orange, oriental topaz; and violet, oriental amethyst. The word oriental distinguishes these from real emerald, topaz, and amethyst, which are distinct minerals.

The largest and most famous ruby in the world forms part of the Imperial State Crown made for the Queen in 1838. It is believed that this ruby was worn in front of the helmet of Henry V. at Agincourt. It can be traced back to 1367, when King Pedro of Castille presented it to the Black Prince, and is valued at half a million sterling. The most precious sapphires and rubies, when cut and polished, show rays from the centre to the sides, in the form of a six pointed star. On this account they are called star sapphires or rubies. It is difficult to produce a gem upon these stones on account of their exceeding hardness, but there are a few good intaglios and cameos extant in both; one, a cameo head of Cupid, by Isler, on a sapphire; another, a front face cameo of Diana on a ruby, by Pistrucci. Topaz is the next jewel in degree of hardness. It consists of about half clay, one third flint, and the rest fluoric acid. The best are yellow, with sometimes a greenish tinge. Some found in Brazil are perfectly colorless, and are called "nova-mina" diamonds. They are more brilliant when polished than any jewel. There are a few blue topazes found—these are taken by the uninitiated for sapphires.

The emerald is supposed to be particularly lucky to those born in the month of May, the old rhyme running as follows:

"Who first beholds the light of day,
In spring, the flowery month of May,
And wears an emerald all her life,
Shall be a loved and happy wife."

She is also to be wealthy, and to possess an eloquent tongue. The cat's-eye belongs to June, the ruby to July, the moonstone to August, the sapphire to September, and the opal

to October. The name may be regarded as a synonym for hope, in the belief of the ancients. The Queen is extremely fond of opals. The topaz is November's stone, and the turquoise December's. The humble garnet is January's, and the pearl belongs to February, the jacinth to March, and diamonds to April. Strangely enough, this most magnificent and costly of jewels is known as the emblem of innocence, probably owing to the purity of its exquisite whiteness. Opal, though it scratches glass, is not so hard as the other jewels, and consists of flint combined with about ten per cent of water and no clay. It is very liable to be broken, being brittle. This jewel was sold at enormous prices in the time of the Roman Empire. Real opal is found in Hungary, and an exquisitely beautiful kind is brought from Mexico. When exposed to wet, or even damp, it loses all its brilliancy and color, and though these qualities may be restored by carefully warming and drying it, this process, if often repeated, turns it yellow by degrees, and it loses its lustre in consequence. The episode of the Baroness Hermione of Arnheim, in Sir Walter Scott's "Anne of Gelestein," will be remembered in connection with this peculiarity of the opal. A similar superstition is connected with the turquoise, which is supposed to turn green if the giver lose affection for the person to whom he gives it. This beautiful blue stone is a mineral containing play and flint.

Lapis lazuli, a peculiar stone, varying in shades from sky blue to dark blue, comes from various parts of Asia, and has usually specks of yellow or white iron pyrites, which some authorities believe to be gold or silver. The fine blue color for painting, called ultramarine, is made from lapis lazuli by grinding it into powder and purifying it from pyrites and other substances which are mixed with it in its natural state. As painters know well, this color is now difficult to obtain genuine, since a mode of making it artificially has been discovered by chemical analysis. The difference in price is great, the artificial ultramarine being sold for eight or ten shillings a pound, whereas a similar weight of fine real ultramarine would cost from £80 to £100 sterling and upward. The artificial cannot be distinguished from the real by even the most careful chemical tests, the only means of detecting the former being by the microscope, which shows the absence of the sparkling particles of the broken stone, from which the real ultramarine is never free. The amethyst is the

softest of all the stones called jewels. It is crystallized flint, otherwise rock crystal, tinted in various shades of violet, this color being produced by iron and manganese. The cause of the unpopularity of amethyst for jewelry is that it loses its color at night. Cairngorm, the well-known Scottish stone, is yellow rock crystal colored by iron.

Moonstone is a sort of felspar. Cats-eye is of similar composition and appearance, but darker in color, the light always being in a line, whence it derives its name, that of the moonstone, on the other hand, being diffused. This curious stone is popularly supposed to bring good luck to the wearer. It looks best when set in diamonds. Beryl or aqua marina is first cousin to the emerald in nature and composition, though rather harder. Its color is bluish or sea-green, and it is often set in cheap jewelry with a green foil behind it to look like emerald. The chrysoberyl is sister to the beryl, but has more yellow in the green. Another beautiful stone which resembles both is called chrysolite, a pure lucid green characterizing it. *Apròpos* to this and its mention in the Revelation, it may be remarked that the best Hebrew scholars among the Jews themselves do not know from the Hebrew names what are the stones alluded to in the Old Testament. Moses writes in Exodus 28: 18, Ja halom; Ezekiel the same; but Jeremiah and Zechariah have the word Shimar, all being translated diamond. "Shimar" is the Hebrew name for diamond at the present day. Peridot is another name for chrysolite. This mineral is harder than glass, but less hard than quartz. It is often transparent, but sometimes only translucent. Olivine is a variety of this stone in a bottle-green color. Jacinth resembles garnet, though lighter in color and with more of a golden-brown tint in the red, which may almost be defined as orange. Tourmaline is a mineral in brown, blue, green, and red varieties, the two latter being much esteemed in jewelry. Tourmaline is also black. When heated crystals of this stone exhibit electric polarity.—*Daily News (London)*.

THE COMPLETE LEADER-WRITER.—Under the above heading there is a delightfully ironical article in *Macmillan's Magazine* which will amuse journalists who do not take themselves too seriously:

As for the specific mental qualifications of the Ideal Leader-Writer—"there never was a situation," says Carlyle, "that had not its ideals"—we must admit that they are mainly

negative. First and foremost comes the absence of a sense of humor. If the Leader-Writer perceives how ludicrous is his assumption of omniscience and infallibility, he may be seriously hampered in his work; if he laughs too much while he is patting an aged statesman on the back or taking an archbishop severely to task, he must waste time; if his fancy is outrageously tickled by the contrast between the earnestness of his statements and the inadequacy of his convictions, he may be tempted into dangerous compromise. A man must not let himself be cajoled by his perception of the comic, any more than he must allow himself to be bullied by the vain shows of conscience. And on this latter point one word may be necessary and sufficient. Let the Leader-Writer be as upright and independent as he will in private life, he must remember, if he is to succeed, that inside the office his business is that of an advocate only; if he remembers this, he will be saved much humiliation. Some people call this want of principle, but that is ridiculous. We prefer to regard it as absence of pedantry, and to set it down as the second great qualification for the Ideal Leader-Writer. He ought to be able to write with equal ability on either side of any subject, remembering always that he is merely there to give the best expression he can to his editor's policy, which policy is in its turn shaped in accordance with what is believed to be the wish of the bulk of the regular subscribers. Hence the Leader-Writer endeavors to say what the average reader would say himself if he could; and this is as it should be, as the average reader pays for it. A third qualification closely akin to the last-named is freedom from long-sightedness. Some people suffer seriously from this defect in its physical form, and wear refracting glasses to rectify it. We cannot suggest an analogous remedy to the Leader-Writer, and we congratulate him who is so constituted for this exalted calling as to be mentally blind to anything that tells against his case and to everything that is too far ahead to interest the readers of to-day's paper. Perhaps none of us need despair of reaching this happy state, but it is much when Nature spares a man laborious effort. Let the novice remember that to-morrow and his party's nearest object should be the extreme limits of his mental horizon.

There needs little warning against depth of thought and the habit of careful literary work; these are so easily and naturally avoided in

most instances. Nearly all men are so far fitted to be Leader-Writers. The impatient and sensitive young man must look sharply after himself in one or two particulars. Complacency, fluency, and the tranquillity which comes from ignoring anything one does not happen to understand, are what he must most cultivate. If, by so doing, his writing becomes a trifle fatuous or a little too decorated for refined tastes, that does not greatly matter. The daily paper's business is to appeal to the million, not to pander to fastidiousness. For this reason, too, allusions to history, books written before the penultimate year, and literary parallels must be sedulously avoided. Certain quotations, however (from Shakespeare's most frequently acted plays, Macaulay's Lays, or the better-known poems of Tennyson), are always appropriate. The Bible may also be used, but it needs careful treatment, and is, as a rule, only safe in very earnest democratic prints. About Latin there is little chance of going wrong: you would be considered illiterate if you did not use "*Ex Africa semper aliquid novi*" whenever Uganda or Mr. Rhodes or the Dual Control was your theme; and it was noticed as a strange oversight, or else a foolish piece of affectation, that a certain Unionist journal omitted to remark "*Omnium consensu imperii capax nisi imperasset*" soon after the appointment of Lord Rosebery to the Premiership.

There is, however, at least one essential qualification for the Leader-Writer. We do not refer to a knowledge of grammar and spelling, though this is an advantage; still, printers' readers belong to a very superior class, and they are generally able to rectify any little slips of this sort; besides, if an accident does happen, so very few people will notice it. But there is one power he absolutely must have, and here again the young man is generally at an advantage compared with the old, since it depends upon muscle and nerve rather than brain. *He must be able to write fast*; and the possession of this power will alone go far to the making of the Complete Leader-Writer.

A LOVER'S CATECHISM.—If we may judge by many books, and articles yet more numerous, holy matrimony continues to agitate the minds of thinkers. While the world marries and is given in marriage, in the fearless old fashion, a multitude of counsellors bids mankind beware, and, as to marriage, mend it or end it. The difficulty, of course, is that nobody knows

how a love-match will wear. It was different in the palmy days of Otaheite, where they practised the old Hedonism, "as chance or fancy led," and subsequent differences of taste and character were matters of no importance. They are very important where man has "one unceasing wife," and woman has one unceasing husband. "In the long rubber of connubial life" rubs must come, and the problem is to foresee them and avoid them while it is yet time. An Italian writer advises the swain to cross-examine the nymph's maid, if she has one, and her farmers, if she is a landholder, and her coachman, and her late governess. But there is a trifling want of chivalry in such an inquest. Better and more openly fair it would be to print (on the back of the lists of dances used at balls) a Lover's Catechism. Questions could be asked about tastes and ideals. Thus, "Do you prefer town or country?"—a very important question, whereupon may turn domestic tranquillity. "Are you a lady of decision, or do you like to make up your mind at the last moment?" This is momentous. There are wives, and husbands, who lay plans as deep, and as much beforehand, as any Moltke, and who are excessively annoyed if any change is made in their programme. Others enjoy the sensation of not being committed to anything; and if a train starts at 5 P.M. do not know at 4 P.M. whether or not they mean to take it. A fearful joy, perhaps, but still they snatch it, being enamored of freedom, and of the unforeseen. A decided and foresighted woman, marrying a vacillating man, is certain to be unhappy, and not to contribute much to Hedonism on his side, and *vice versa*. These inquiries, therefore, are highly necessary, yet how few think of them beforehand! "Do you love society, or is solitude, *à deux*, your ideal?" is another query which demands a truthful response. We pity the social lady married to a Zimmermann (or Obermann) as much as the stern solitary wedded to a gadabout. Either taste is blameless; the sorrow comes when the tastes clash. Then there are such ponderous considerations as "Do you still play the piano?" "Do you insist on keeping a fox-terrier?" "Do you suspect yourself of a tendency toward politics?" "Can you read Dickens?" "What do you think of 'The Heavenly Twins'?" Many other queries will suggest themselves to a reflective mind.

This Catechism ought to be presented (on both sides) and fairly faced in the earliest

hours of an acquaintance—those hours now so often wasted in frivolities. The reason is obvious. Once "an interest" is established, once the young people are "interested" in each other, it is too well known that they are capable of saying *anything*. They promise concessions which they are incapable of making, and assume tastes (such as a love of poetry, of golf, of music, of fox-terriers) which are as lovely and as evanescent as the "other crest" that the wanton lapwing provides himself with in spring. Such are lovers' perjuries, which excite a misplaced sense of humor in Jove. The Catechism, therefore, should be gone through at first before "glamour" has a chance. Of course, it will be of little service to the "soft enthusiasts" who love at first sight, but they are an insignificant minority. It may conceivably be suggested that "The Lover's Catechism" will prove a mere Galeotto; but, at the very least, it would be a great aid to conversation.—*Saturday Review*.

ARTIFICIAL whalebone is now made by treating leather first with sodium sulfid, and then with potassium sulfate, stretching it on a frame and drying slowly at a temperature of 50° to 60° C.

AGE OF TREES.—It is very generally assumed that when a tree is cut through, the number of rings is a reliable indication of the age of the tree. The view is in fact well supported by abundance of careful observation of the scientific foresters of Europe; but the law which holds good for a climate with a winter sufficiently cold to arrest development, is found to be wholly unreliable in tropical and extra-tropical countries. A most remarkable instance is described by Charnay in connection with his investigation of the stone ruins of Palenque, a small Indian village in the State of Chiapas, Mexico. For convenience of access to the so-called "Palace," Charnay caused all the surrounding trees to be felled, and one of the fallen trees was found to have 1700 rings, which, being regarded as annual rings, indicated a great age for the buildings. This was in 1871. On Charnay's return, twenty-two years later (1893) he found a strong second growth, with stems about ten inches in diameter. A number of these were cut down, and Charnay found, to his astonishment, that some of them showed as many as 230 so-called annual rings. Further investigation of other trees brought out the fact that in some specimens a new ring was formed almost every month.